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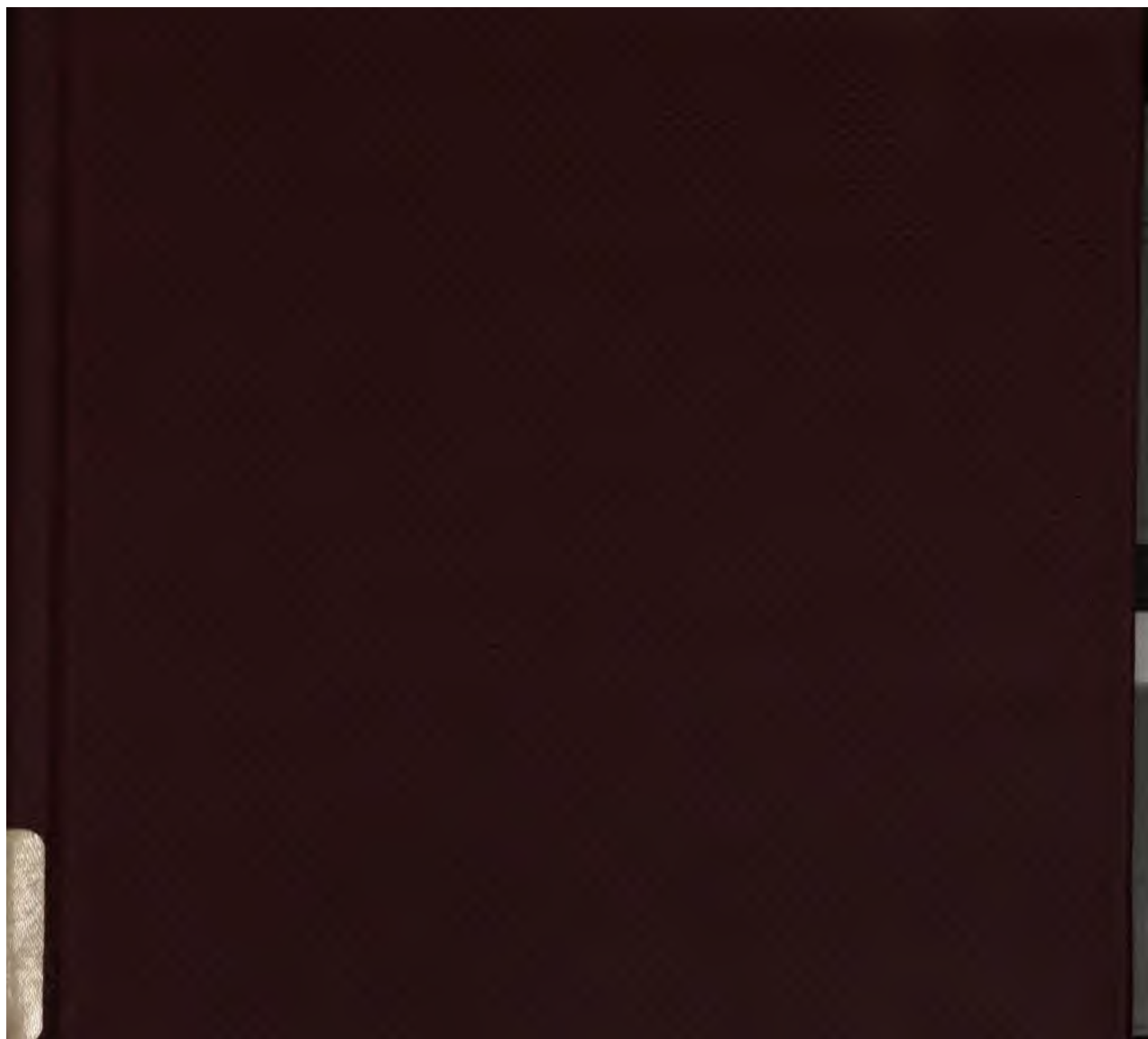
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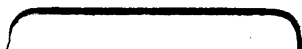
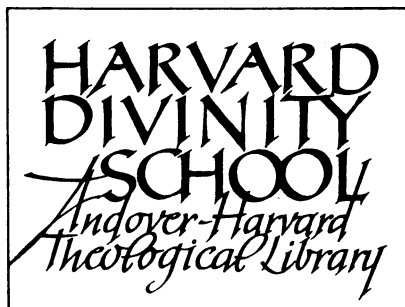
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10/10/10



THE
(ENLARGED)
MORNING LIGHT!

A CHOICE COLLECTION OF NEW AND OLD SONGS FOR

SUNDAY SCHOOLS,

Prayer Meetings, Praise Meetings, Conference Meetings,

AND

THE HOME CIRCLE.

BY

S. W. STRAUB,

Author of "Golden Rule," "Good Cheer," "Crown of Glory," "Convention and Choir," "Woodland Echoes,"
"The Star Singer," etc.



CHICAGO, ILL.:

PUBLISHED BY S. W. STRAUB.

1882.

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1882

PREFACE.

IN the preparation of *THE MORNING LIGHT*, the changes and improvements that have been made in Sunday school work has been kept constantly in view. While tunes and words especially useful and pleasant for the children have been carefully prepared, unusual effort has been made to produce pieces that are alike useful and interesting to young and old. Except a few very choice pieces from other works, and the indispensable standard tunes for prayer meetings, etc., the tunes and words are fresh and new, by many of the best writers of this country, among which are the following well known authors: T. Martin Towne, W. F. Werschkul, J. M. Stillman, Dr. Geo. F. Root, J. F. Fargo, James McGranahan, C. C. Casé, C. R. Reed, and many others, some of which may be less known, but equally good. Thanks are hereby tendered to all who have aided by their contributions.

A new feature of *THE MORNING LIGHT* is that it contains a number of German melodies, arranged and harmonized especially for this work. These tunes are far superior to the average, and are exceedingly popular in the old country, but are comparatively new here.

It is with great pleasure that attention is called to the words in *THE MORNING LIGHT*. It is confidently believed that they are superior in Christian sentiment and poetic merit, having been mostly written by authors of established reputation, including E. E. Rexford, Miss Maria Straub, S. Fillmore Bennett and Mrs. Emma Pitt.

Many pieces are marked "Better as Solo and Chorus." If there is no one who will sing the solo, let it be taken by a class or division, or make it chorus all the way. It is merely suggested that the pieces would be more effective with solo.

Those who have not the time to examine all the pieces in *THE MORNING LIGHT*, will get a very fair idea of the book by examining the tunes on the following pages: 3, 4, 17, 20, 21, 27, 31, 39, 42, 45, 47, 52, 54, 57, 63, 65, 68, 72, 76, 93, 95, 96, 99.

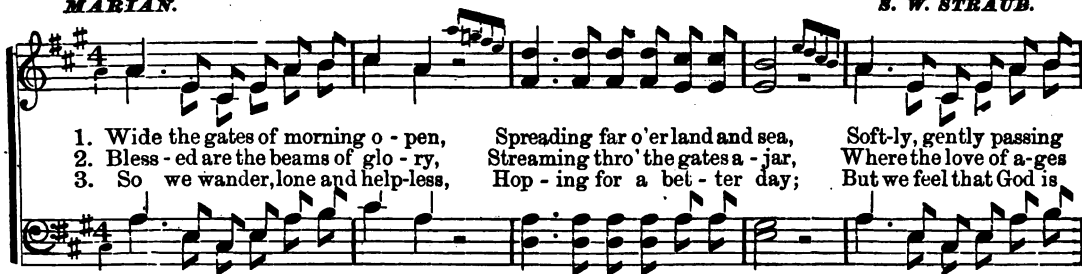
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MORNING LIGHT.

Morning Light.

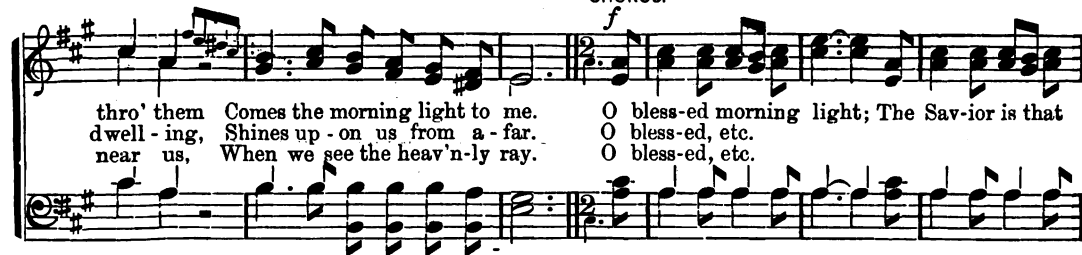
MARIAN.

S. W. STRAUB.

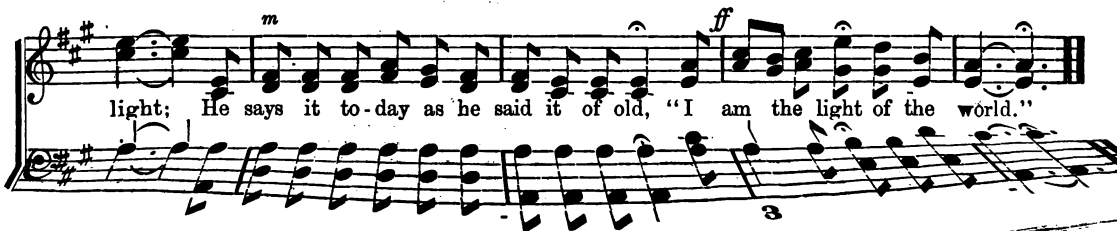


1. Wide the gates of morning o - pen, Spreading far o'er land and sea, Soft-ly, gently passing
2. Bless-ed are the beams of glo - ry, Streaming thro' the gates a - jar, Where the love of a - ges
3. So we wander, lone and help-less, Hop - ing for a bet - ter day; But we feel that God is

CHORUS.

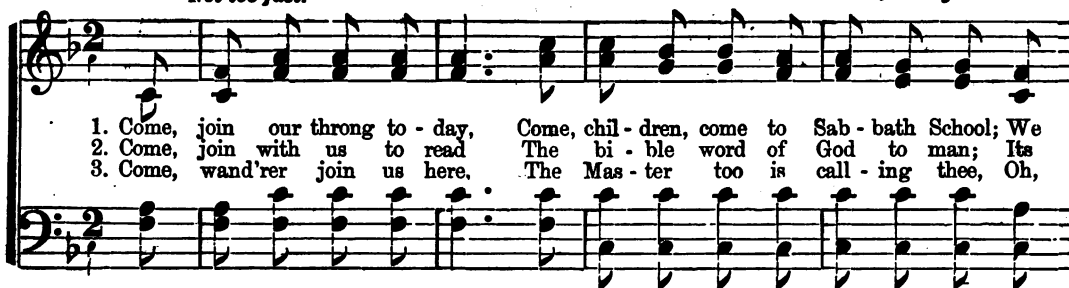


thro' them Comes the morning light to me. O bless-ed morning light; The Sav-ior is that
dwell - ing, Shines up - on us from a - far. O bless-ed, etc.
near us, When we see the heav'n-ly ray. O bless-ed, etc.



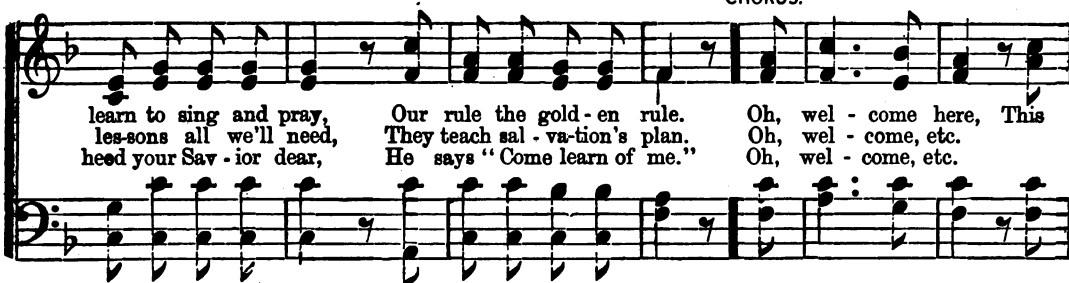
light; He says it to-day as he said it of old, "I am the light of the world."

Welcome Here.

*M. S. Not too fast.**Arr. by S. W. S.*


1. Come, join our throng to - day, Come, chil - dren, come to Sab - bath School; We
 2. Come, join with us to read The bi - ble word of God to man; Its
 3. Come, wand'rer join us here, The Mas - ter too is call - ing thee, Oh,

CHORUS.



learn to sing and pray, Our rule the gold - en rule. Oh, wel - come here, This
 les - sons all we'll need, They teach sal - va - tion's plan. Oh, wel - come, etc.
 heed your Sav - ior dear, He says "Come learn of me." Oh, wel - come, etc.



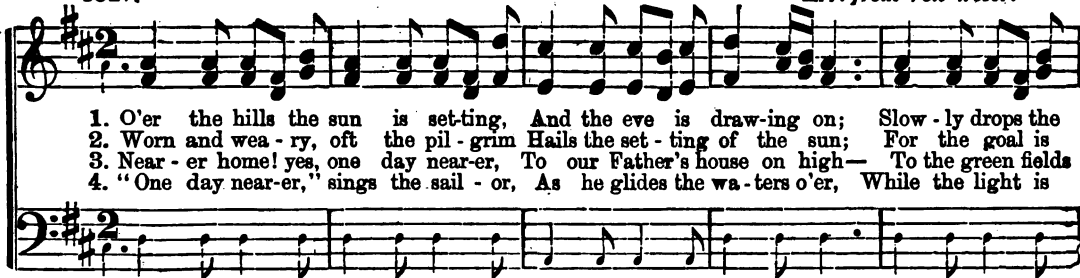
bright and ho - ly Sab - bath day, Come join us in a song, This ho - ly Sab - bath day.

Nearer Home.

5

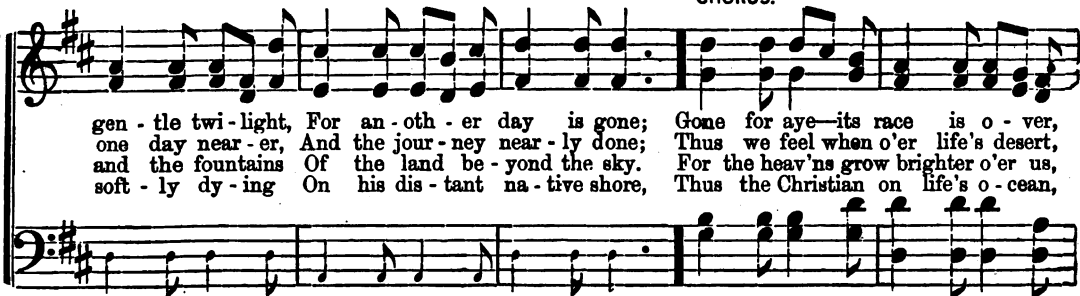
DUET.

Arr. from Von Weber.

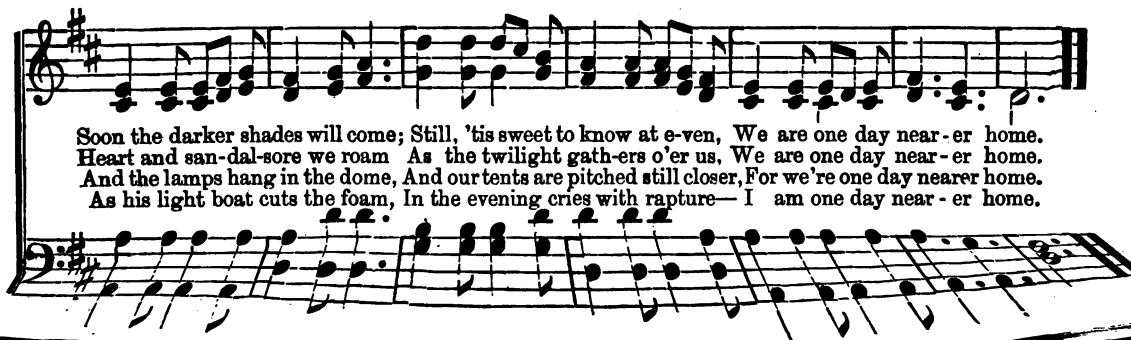


1. O'er the hills the sun is setting, And the eve is drawing on; Slow-ly drops the
 2. Worn and wea-ry, oft the pil-grim Hails the set-ting of the sun; For the goal is
 3. Near-er home! yes, one day near-er, To our Father's house on high— To the green fields
 4. "One day near-er," sings the sail-or, As he glides the wa-ters o'er, While the light is

CHORUS.



gen-tle twi-light, For an-oth-er day is gone; Gone for aye—its race is o-ver,
 one day near-er, And the jour-ney near-ly done; Thus we feel when o'er life's desert,
 and the fountains Of the land be-yond the sky. For the heav'n's grow brighter o'er us,
 soft-ly dy-ing On his dis-tant na-tive shore, Thus the Christian on life's o-ccean,



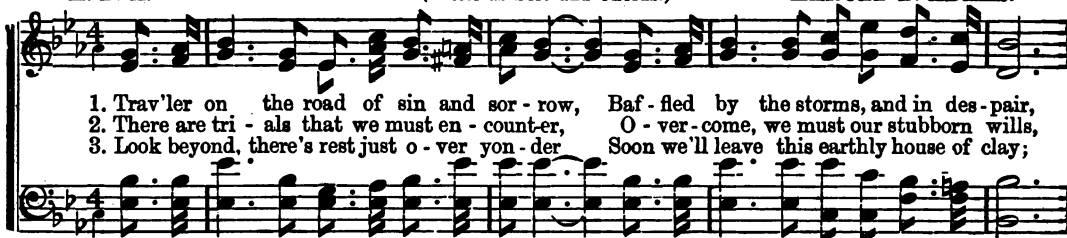
Soon the darker shades will come; Still, 'tis sweet to know at e-ven, We are one day near-er home.
 Heart and san-dal-sore we roam As the twilight gath-ers o'er us, We are one day near-er home.
 And the lamps hang in the dome, And our tents are pitched still closer, For we're one day nearer home.
 As his light boat cuts the foam, In the evening cries with rapture— I am one day near-er home.

Look Beyond!.

H. B. A.

(Better as Solo and Chorus.)

HAROLD B. ADAMS.

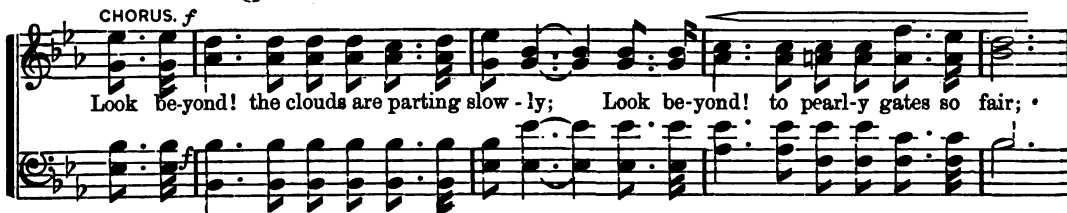


1. Trav'ler on the road of sin and sor-row, Baf-fled by the storms, and in des-pair,
 2. There are tri-als that we must en-count-er, O-ver-come, we must our stubborn wills,
 3. Look beyond, there's rest just o-ver yon-der, Soon we'll leave this earthly house of clay;

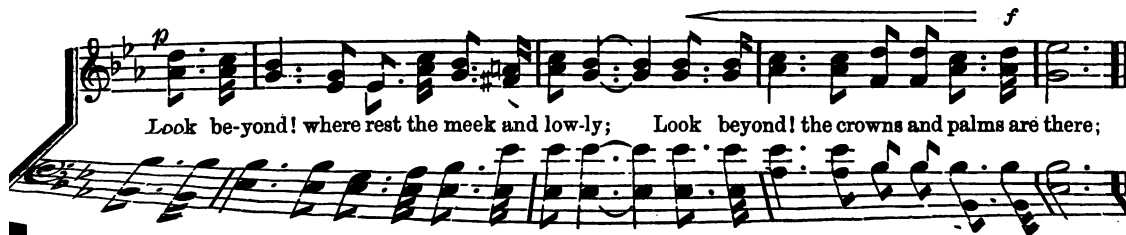


Fear not, for the dawn will come to-mor-row, When will flee all tri-als, toil and care.
 Fly to Je-sus then, the liv-ing wat-er, He can wash and cleanse us from all ills.
 If we're read-y, free-ly death may sun-der, Bright will dawn the light of per-fect day.

CHORUS. *f*



Look be-yond! the clouds are parting slow-ly; Look be-yond! to pearl-y gates so fair;



Look be-yond! where rest the meek and low-ly; Look be-yond! the crowns and palms are there;

All is Well.

7

["All is well," were the last words of Mrs. Mattie Halter, of West Liberty, Iowa, a very earnest Sabbath School worker, who departed this life Nov. — 1879.]

MARIA STRAUB.

(Better as Solo and Chorus.)

S. W. STRAUB.

1. All is well, life's journey o'er, Brightly beams the oth-er shore; All is well, though dear ones part,
 2. All is well, the Savior's near, Come to comfort, guide and cheer; He who pass'd the si-lent tomb,
 3. All is well, what mem'ries dear, Crowd around the love'd one here; All is well, what glo-ries rare,
 4. All is well, life's work is done, All is well, new joys be-gun; All is well, tempt-a-tion's past,

CHORUS.

All is well.....

All is well.....

Grief and sad - ness fill the heart.
 Comes to light the dreaded gloom.
 Wait the loved one o - ver there.
 All is well, safe home at last.

life's journey o'er,
 life's, etc.
 life's, etc.
 life's, etc.

now safe ashore;

All is well, bright an - gels tell; All is well..... all is well. *rit.*

All is well, bright an-gels tell, All is well, all is well.

Beautiful Home.

With much expression.

(Better as Solo and Chorus.)

Dr. H. T. LESLIE.

1. Beau-ti-ful home, in heav'n a - far, Be - yond the bright and ev'ning star: Where an-gels love and
 2. Beau-ti-ful home, where children stay, And weary not through endless day; Where night and sor-row
 3. Beau-ti-ful home of peace and joy, Where love is e'er our bless'd employ, Where glory shines wher-

CHORUS.

serve their King, And saints, re-joic-ing, ev - er sing. Beau-ti-ful home, beau-ti-ful home,
 nev - er come, Home of the hum-ble, beau-ti-ful home. Beau-ti-ful home, etc.
 e'er we roam, Home of the hap-py, beau-ti-ful home. Beau-ti-ful home, etc.

Home of the ho - ly, beau - ti - ful home; Home of the ho - ly, beau - ti - ful home.

Welcome Sabbath Day.

9

M. A. S.

S. * S.

1. Oh, welcome, welcome Sabbath day, Glad day of sa-cred rest; I love each day of
 2. I come from work, I come from play, I come to learn His praise, Who loves each child both
 2. Oh, welcome ho-ly Sab-bath day, That bids the la-b'rrers rest, That calls to wor-ship

CHORUS.

all the sev'n, But this I love the best. I love the Sabbath day; I
 old and young—I'll help a song to raise. I love, etc.
 God, on high, The true, the ev-er blest. I love, etc.

Sab-bath day.

love the Sunday School, I love to come to sing, and pray, And learn the golden rule.

Sunday School,

M. G.

E. F. McMURRAY.

1. "God is good," the danc-ing sun - beams Paint in tints of gold. "God is
 2. "God is good," rings through the wood-land— Birds peal forth the song. "God is
 3. "God is good," all Na - ture's ring - ing With the notes of praise. "God is

good," within their pet - als Nature's flow'rs en - fold. "God is good," the sparkling raindrops
 good," the stars are beaming In their glo - rious throng. "God is good," the rain-bow smil-eth
 good," O man, re - ech - o! Grateful pe - ans raise. "God is good," and man he lov - eth

Speak in mus - ic low. "God is good," the lim-pid brooklets Rip - ple as they flow.
 From the glow - ing sky. "God is good," the south winds softly Through the for - est sigh.
 With an end - less love. "God is good," Oh, may we sing it In his home a - bove.

CHORUS.

"God is good," and man he lov - eth With an end - less, end - less love.

God is Good—Concluded.

11



"God is good," Oh, may we sing it In his hap - py home a - bove.

Angel Voices.

M. * S. DUET.

S. * S.

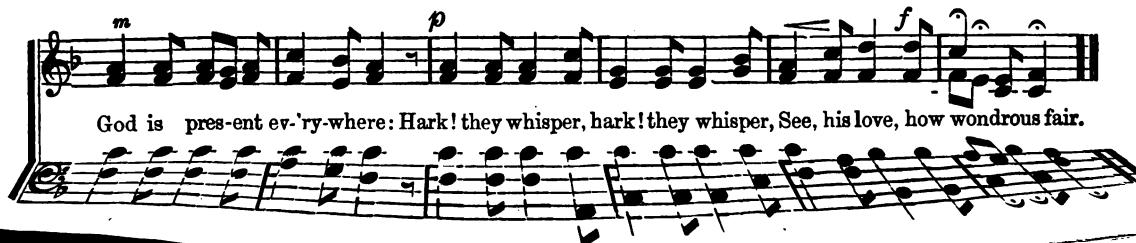


1. Hark! I hear an - gel - ic voic - es Float - ing round me thro' the air, Glid - ing on each
2. Thro' the gen - tle fall - ing rain-drops, On the breeze that fans my cheek, Come the thoughts of
3. Like the song of birds at morn-ing, Wak - ing all the world to light, So those an - gel

CHORUS.



gold-en sun-beam, Whisp'ring in each blos-som fair. Hark! they whisper, hark! they whisper,
love and heav-en, Ho - ly thoughts I can-not speak. Hark! etc.
voi - ces round me Fill my soul with pure de-light. Hark! etc.



God is pres-ent ev'-ry-where: Hark! they whisper, hark! they whisper, See, his love, how wondrous fair.

Salvation.

M. S.

S. * S.

1. Sal - va - tion! hark, the joy - ful sound, Sal - va - tion! heart and voice re - sound; Sal -
 2. Sal - va - tion! the be - liev - er sings. As to his Sav - ior close he clings; What
 3. Sal - va - tion! sings the wand'r'er lone, As Je - sus comes to guide him home; Glad
 4. Sal - va - tion! let the ech - o sound, 'Till all his pard'ning love have found; Oh,

CHORUS.

va - tion, Je - sus came to bring, Sal - va - tion, Je - sus died to give. Sal - va - tion! sal -
 joy to know the wondrous power, That rescues in an e - vil hour. Sal - va - tion! etc.
 an - gels catch the cheering sound, And joy - ous sing the lost is found. Sal - va - tion! etc.
 let it spread from shore to shore, Till sin and woe shall harm no more. Sal - va - tion, etc.

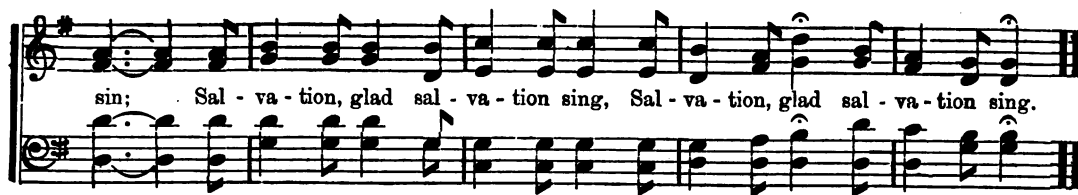
Sal - va - tion! sal - va - tion! sal -

va - tion! The joy - ful, joy - ful sound; Pro - claim it all the earth a - round, Pro -
 va - tion! sal - va - tion!

claim it all the earth around; Sal - va - tion! sal - va - tion! Sal - va - tion from all
 Sal - va - tion! sal - va - tion! sal - va - tion! sal - va - tion!

Salvation---Concluded.

13



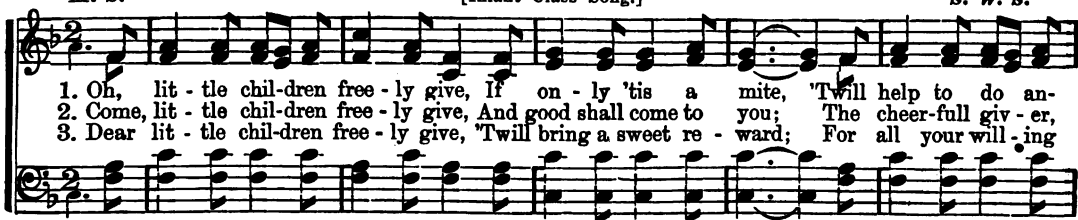
sin; Sal - va - tion, glad sal - va - tion sing, Sal - va - tion, glad sal - va - tion sing.

Freely Give.

M. S.

[Infant Class Song.]

S. W. S.

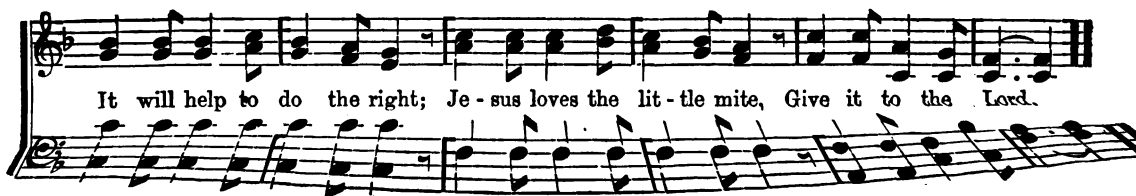


1. Oh, lit - tle chil - dren free - ly give, If on - ly 'tis a mite, 'Twill help to do an -
 2. Come, lit - tle chil - dren free - ly give, And good shall come to you; The cheer - full giv - er,
 3. Dear lit - tle chil - dren free - ly give, 'Twill bring a sweet re - ward; For all your will - ing

CHORUS.



oth - er good, And help you do the right. Give your lit - tle pen - ny bright,
 Je - sus loves, The lit - tle giv - er too. Give your, etc.
 hearts may give, Is giv - en to the Lord. Give your, etc.



It will help to do the right; Je - sus loves the lit - tle mite, Give it to the Lord.

Cling to the Rock.

MARIA STRAUB.

J. M. STILLMAN.

1. Wreck'd up-on life's storm-y sea, With the bil-lows roll-ing high, Sail-or, yield not to de-
 2. Founder'd in a sea of sin, Wreck'd thy frail and gal-lant bark, Mar-i-ner, there yet is
 3. Beat-en by de-struc-tion's flood, Fears, dread fears thy soul o'erwhelm; Sinking heart, new cour-age
 4. Firm-ly cling un-to the Rock Safe-ty lies with-in thy hold; Oh, the dread-ful sea of

spair, See the rock of safe-ty nigh, Brave-ly seek the way of life, Let no
 hope, See the gleam-ing thro' the dark, Oh, be-hold the suc-cor nigh, Je-sus
 take, Christ the rag-ing tide can stem; Trust his pow-er to res-cue thee, Firm-ly
 sin All a-round thee still be-hold! Mar-i-ner, re-new thy strength, Soon the

fears your cour-age mock; See the dan-ger all a-round, Cling, O cling un-to the Rock.
 walks up-on the sea; Trust him, he has pow'r to save, To the "Rock of A-ges" flee.
 to his prom-ise cling, He will glad-ly set thee free, Free-ly thy sal-va-tion bring.
 striv-ing will be o'er, Soon will come the life-boat near, Bear thee safe-ly to the shore.

Cling to the Rock..... cling to the Rock.....

CHORUS.

Cling to the Rock, cling to the Rock, See the might-y waves re-bound;

Cling to the Rock---Concluded.

15

Cling to the Rock..... cling to the Rock.....

Cling to the Rock, cling to the Rock, There is dan - ger all a - round;

Cling to the Rock, cling to the Rock, Cling, oh, cling to the Rock.

O Give Thanks!

First SOLO.

CHORUS.

S. * S.

1. O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good, For his mer-cy en-dur-eth for-ev-er.
 2. O give thanks unto the God of gods; For his mer-cy en-dur-eth for-ev-er.
 3. O give thanks unto the Lord of lords; For his mer-cy en-dur-eth for-ev-er.
 4. To him who alone doeth great wonders; For his mer-cy en-dur-eth for-ev-er.
 5. To him that by wisdom made the heavens; For his mer-cy en-dur-eth for-ev-er.

Second SOLO.

CHORUS.

To him that stretcheth out the earth a-bove the waters; For his mer-cy en-dur-eth for-ev-er.
 Who remembered us in our low es - tate; For his mer-cy en-dur-eth for-ev-er.
 And hath redeemed us from our en - e - mies; For his mer-cy en-dur-eth for-ev-er.
 Who giveth food to all flesh; For his mer-cy en-dur-eth for-ev-er.
 O give thanks unto the God of heaven; For his mer-cy en-dur-eth for-ev-er.

Take My Hand.

JESSIE H. BERRY.

(Better as Solo and Chorus.)

N. A. BOUSE.

1. Sav - ior, take my hand in thine, Take my hand, oh, take my hand; For thorny is the way and
 2. Sav - ior, hold my hand in thine, Hold my hand, oh, hold my hand; For by the tempter would I
 3. Sav - ior, keep my hand in thine, Keep my hand, oh, keep my hand; Then I shall safely pass the

drear, O'er which my wea-ry feet have come; Nor do I see my path-way clear, The
 fail, Shouldst thou withdraw thy hand from me; The dan-gers great ap-pall my soul; I
 way, Though dark and drear-y it may be, Un - til I reach that bless-ed day, When

CHORUS.

path that I would fol-low home. Sav - ior. take my hand, oh take my hand, Hear my
 cling, I cling and hold to thee. Sav - ior, take my hand, etc.
 I shall rest in heav'n with thee. Sav - ior, take my hand, etc.

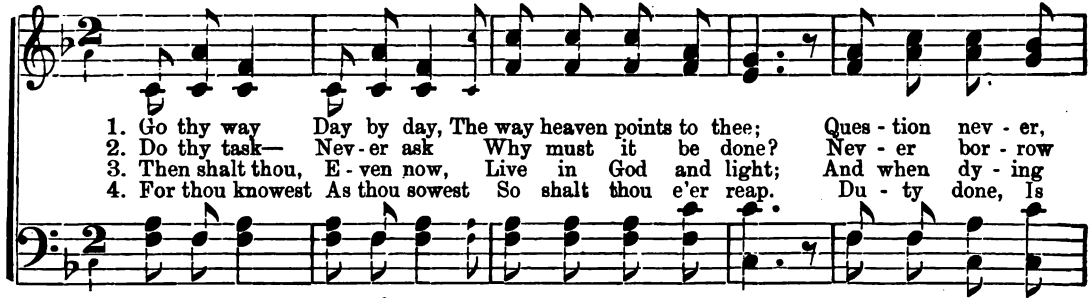
plea, O Lord, I pray; Sav - ior, take my hand, oh, take my hand In-to thine, O Lord, to - day.

Faith and Works.

17

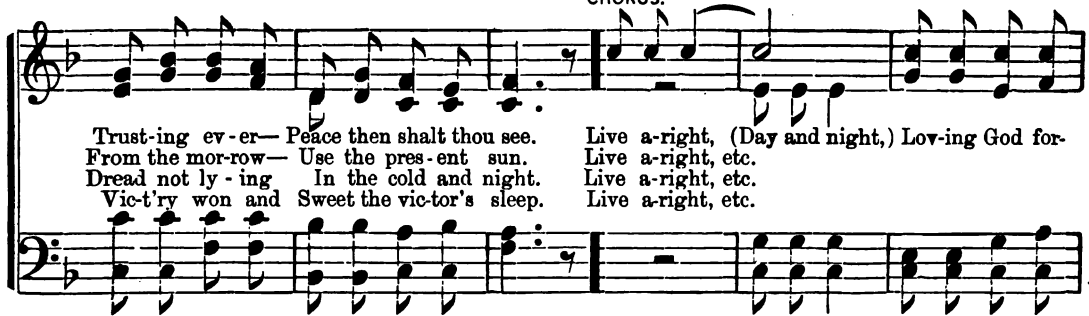
CAROLINE A. SOULE.

S. W. STRAUB.



1. Go thy way Day by day, The way heaven points to thee; Ques - tion nev - er,
 2. Do thy task— Nev - er ask Why must it be done? Nev - er bor - row
 3. Then shalt thou, E - ven now, Live in God and light; And when dy - ing
 4. For thou knowest As thou sowest So shalt thou e'er reap. Du - ty done, Is

CHORUS.



Trust - ing ev - er— Peace then shalt thou see. Live a - right, (Day and night,) Lov - ing God for -
 From the mor - row— Use the pres - ent sun. Live a - right, etc.
 Dread not ly - ing In the cold and night. Live a - right, etc.
 Vic - t'ry won and Sweet the vic - tor's sleep. Live a - right, etc.

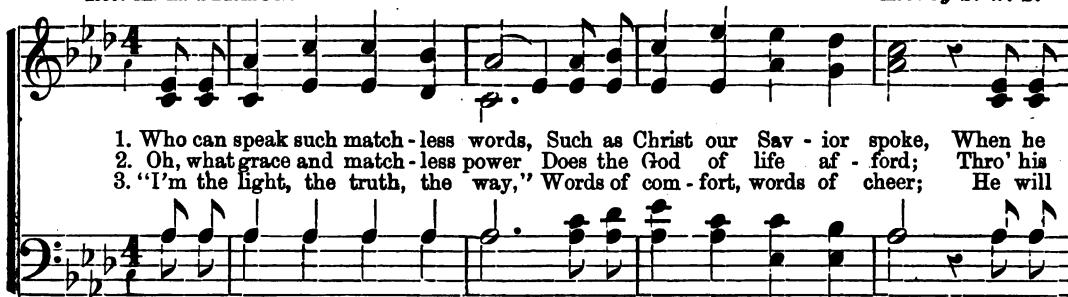


ev - er; Bear - ing cross - es, Heav - y loss - es; Mur - mur - ing— Oh, nev - er.

Who Can Speak Such Words?

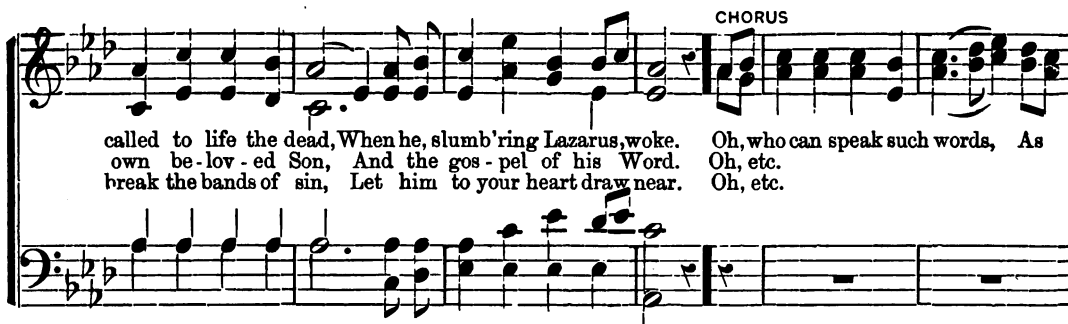
Rev. M. A. STRAUB.

Arr. by S. W. S.



1. Who can speak such match-less words, Such as Christ our Sav - ior spoke, When he
 2. Oh, what grace and match-less power Does the God of life af - ford; Thro' his
 3. "I'm the light, the truth, the way," Words of com - fort, words of cheer; He will

CHORUS



called to life the dead, When he, slumb'ring Lazarus, woke. Oh, who can speak such words, As
 own be-lov-ed Son, And the gos-pel of his Word. Oh, etc.
 break the bands of sin, Let him to your heart draw near. Oh, etc.



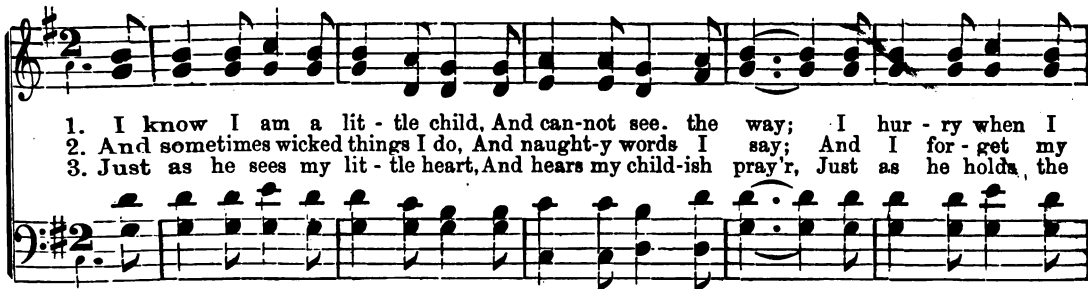
the great Mas-ter said? The bless-ed words of Je - sus Brought to life the dead.

Jesus Leads Me Every Day.

19

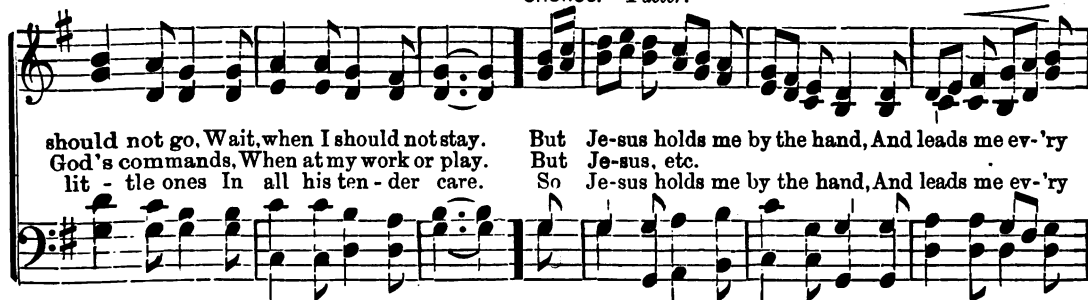
LUCIA FIDELIA W. GILLETTE.

W. F. WERSCHKUL.



1. I know I am a lit - tle child, And can-not see. the way; I hur - ry when I
 2. And sometimes wicked things I do, And naught-y words I say; And I for - get my
 3. Just as he sees my lit - tle heart, And hears my child-ish pray'r, Just as he holds, the

CHORUS. *Faster.*



should not go. Wait, when I should not stay. But Je-sus holds me by the hand, And leads me ev-'ry
 God's commands, When at my work or play. But Je-sus, etc.
 lit - tle ones In all his ten - der care. So Je-sus holds me by the hand, And leads me ev-'ry



day, And leads me ev-'ry day..... But Je-sus holds me by the hand, And leads me ev-'ry day.
 day, And leads me ev-'ry day..... So Je-sus holds me by the hand, And leads me ev-'ry day.

Echoes from the Golden Shore.

M.

(Better as Solo and Chorus.)

S. W. STRAUB.

1. We're sail-ing to a bet-ter land, We oft are by its breezes fann'd; We hear in echoes o'er and
 2. We're sail-ing to a land of rest, We feel its peace within the breast: Tho' tossed amid the billow's
 3. We soon shall touch the golden sand That borders on the heav'nly land, Shall meet, where parting comes no

We hear them o'er and o'er, In eeh-oes from the
 CHORUS.

o'er, Sweet voices from the golden shore. We hear them, hear them o'er and o'er In echoes from the
 roll, We're rearing still that peaceful goal. We hear, etc.
 more, The loved ones on the Golden Shore. We hear, etc.

shore, They come to guide us safe-ly o'er, Those voic-es from the gold-en shore.


gold-en shore, They come to guide us safe-ly o'er, Those voic-es from the golden shore.

The Gleaner.

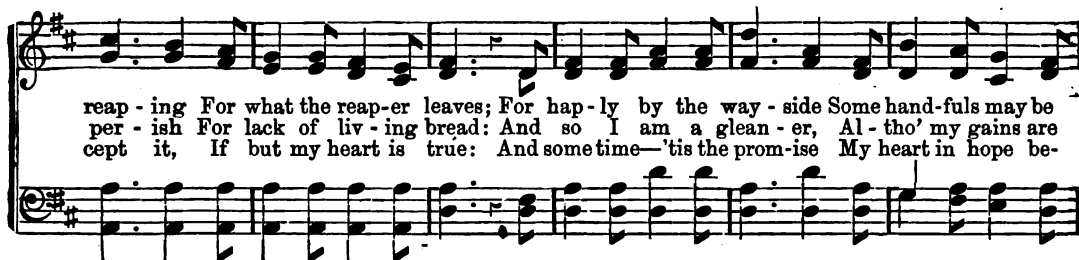
21

Miss E. E. LAY.
Spirited.

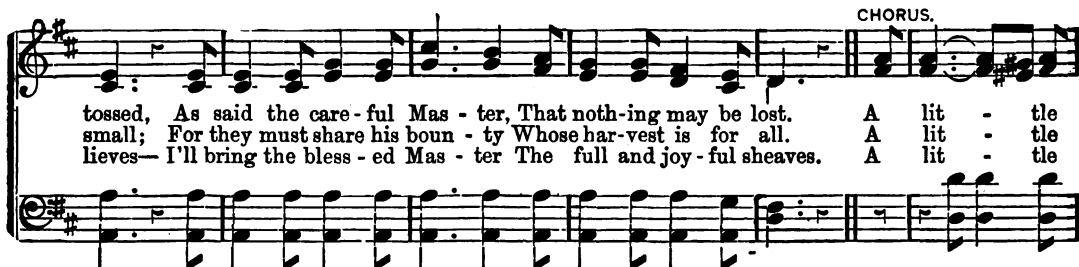
W. F. WEBSCHKUL.



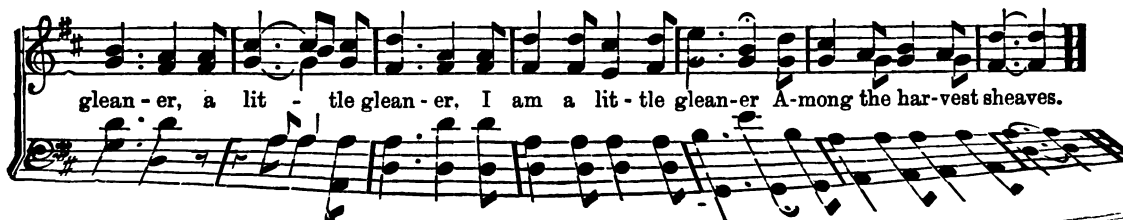
1. I am a lit - tle glean - er A - mong the har - vest-sheaves: I fol - low in the
 2. I hear the cry of hun - ger, I see the tears they shed, Of souls that waste and
 3. I'm sor - ry 'tis so lit - tle My lit - tle hands can do; But Je - sus will ac -



reap - ing For what the reap - er leaves; For hap - ly by the way - side Some hand - fuls may be
 per - ish For lack of liv - ing bread: And so I am a glean - er, Al - tho' my gains are
 cept it, If but my heart is true: And sometime—'tis the prom - ise My heart in hope be -



CHORUS.
 tossed, As said the care - ful Mas - ter, That noth - ing may be lost. A lit - tle
 small; For they must share his boun - ty Whose har - vest is for all. A lit - tle
 lieves— I'll bring the bless - ed Mas - ter The full and joy - ful sheaves. A lit - tle

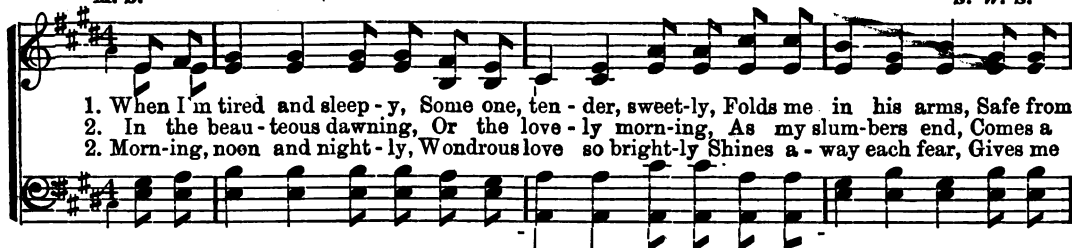


glean - er, a lit - tle glean - er, I am a lit - tle glean - er A - mong the har - vest sheaves.

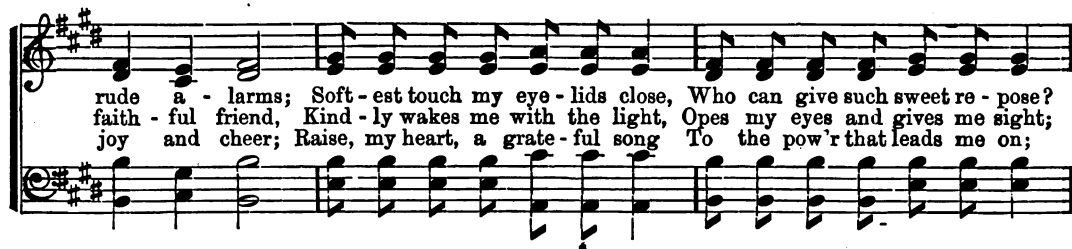
'Tis My Father.

M. S.

S. W. S.



1. When I'm tired and sleep-y, Some one, ten-der, sweet-ly, Folds me in his arms, Safe from
 2. In the beau-teous dawning, Or the love-ly morn-ing, As my slum-bers end, Comes a
 2. Morn-ing, noon and night-ly, Wondrous love so bright-ly Shines a-way each fear, Gives me



rude a-larms; Soft-est touch my eye-lids close, Who can give such sweet re- pose?
 faith-ful friend, Kind-ly wakes me with the light, Opes my eyes and gives me sight;
 joy and cheer; Raise, my heart, a grate-ful song To the pow'r that leads me on;

CHORUS.



'Tis my Father gives me rest, Folds me gen-tly to his breast. 'Tis my Fa-ther, yes, I know
 High-est prais-es let me give To the love that lets me live. 'Tis my Fa-ther, etc.
 Hand in hand I fain would go With the love that loves me so. 'Tis my Fa-ther, etc.



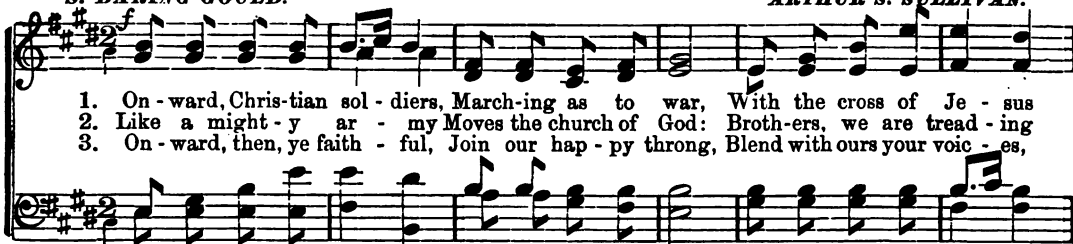
None beside could love me so, love me so, love me so, None beside could love me so.
 None be-side could love me so, None be-side could love me so.

Onward, Christian Soldiers.

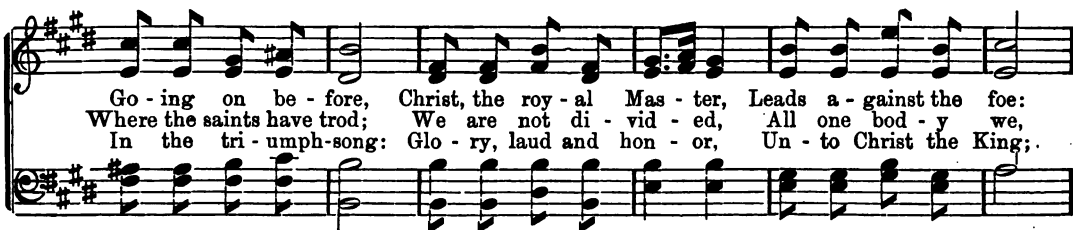
23

S. BARING GOULD.

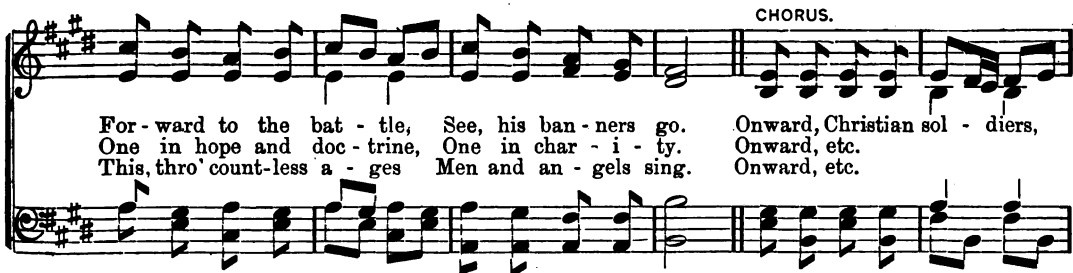
ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.



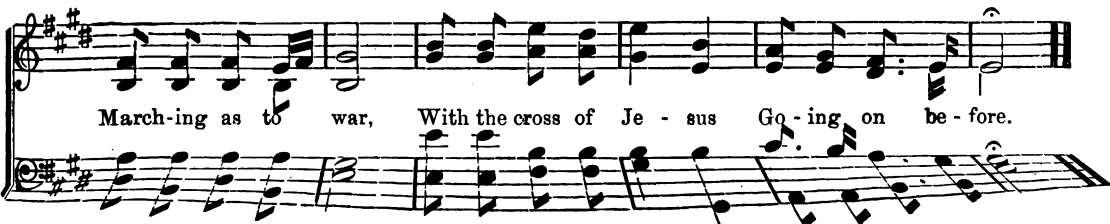
1. On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers, March - ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. Like a might - y ar - my Moves the church of God: Broth - ers, we are tread - ing
3. On - ward, then, ye faith - ful, Join our hap - py throng, Blend with ours your voic - es,



Go - ing on be - fore, Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe:
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we,
In the tri - umph - song: Glo - ry, laud and hon - or, Un - to Christ the King;.



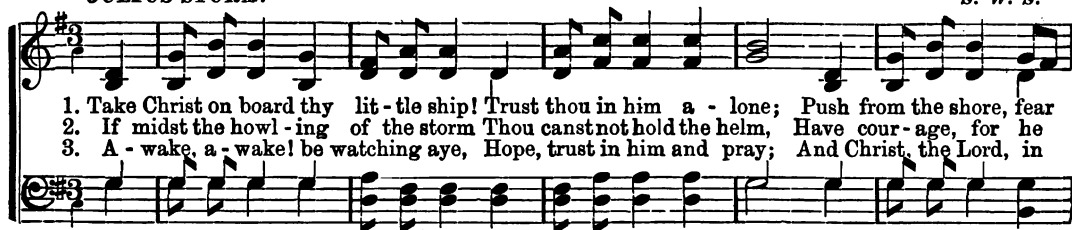
CHORUS.
For - ward to the bat - tle, See, his ban - ners go. Onward, Christian sol - diers,
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty. Onward, etc.
This, thro' count - less a - ges Men and an - gels sing. Onward, etc.



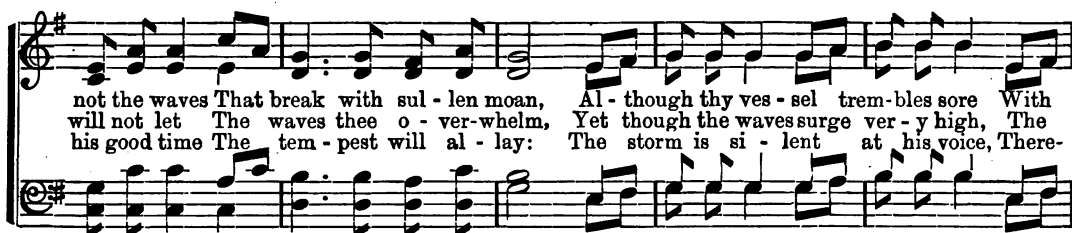
March - ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

JULIUS STURM.

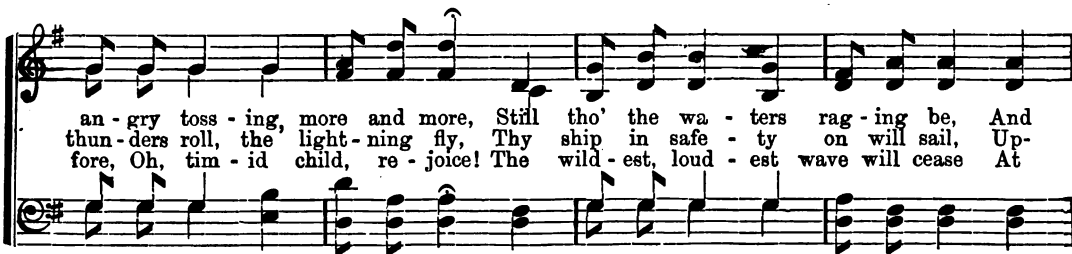
S. W. S.



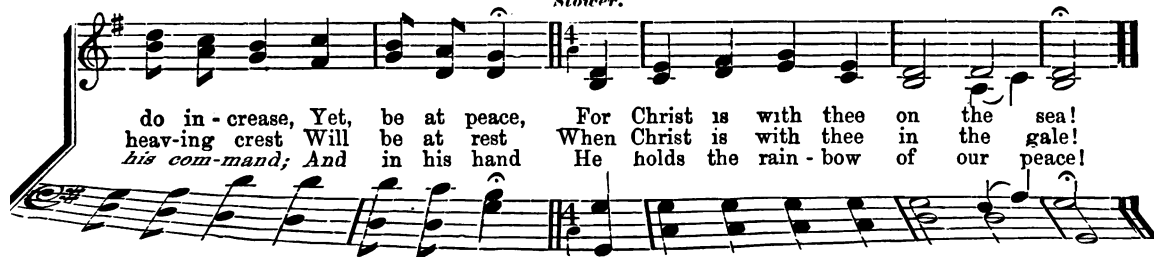
1. Take Christ on board thy lit - tle ship! Trust thou in him a - lone; Push from the shore, fear
 2. If midst the howl - ing of the storm Thou canst not hold the helm, Have cour - age, for he
 3. A - wake, a - wake! be watching aye, Hope, trust in him and pray; And Christ, the Lord, in



not the waves That break with sul - len moan, Al - though thy ves - sel trem - bles sore With
 will not let The waves thee o - ver - whelm, Yet though the waves surge ver - y high, The
 his good time The tem - pest will al - lay: The storm is si - lent at his voice, There -



an - gry toss - ing, more and more, Still tho' the wa - ters rag - ing be, And
 thun - ders roll, the light - ning fly, Thy ship in safe - ty on will sail, Up -
 fore, Oh, tim - id child, re - joice! The wild - est, loud - est wave will cease At

Slower.


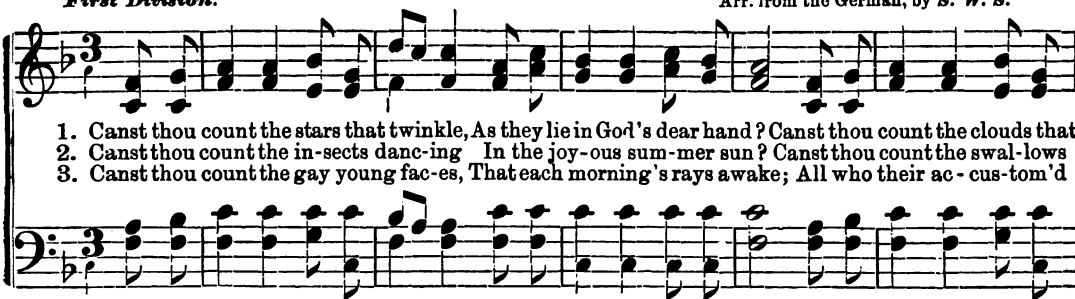
do in - crease, Yet, be at peace, For Christ is with thee on the sea!
 heav - ing crest Will be at rest, When Christ is with thee in the gale!
 his com - mand; And in his hand He holds the rain - bow of our peace!

God's Providence.

25

First Division.

Arr. from the German, by S. W. S.

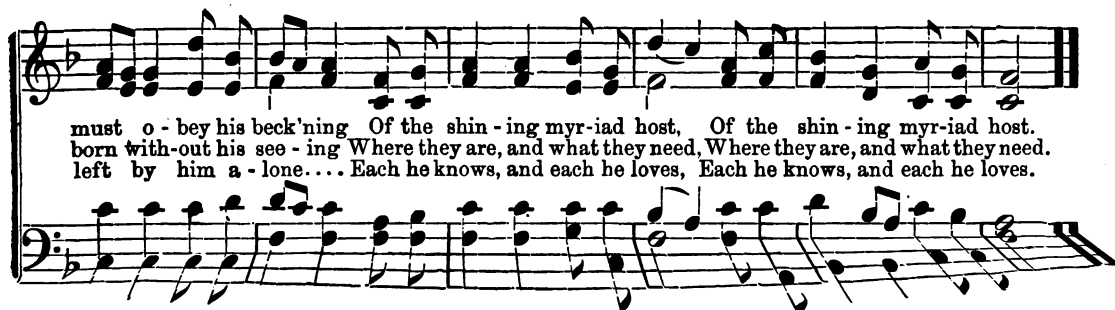


1. Canst thou count the stars that twinkle, As they lie in God's dear hand? Canst thou count the clouds that
 2. Canst thou count the in-sects danc-ing In the joy-ous sum-mer sun? Canst thou count the swal-lows
 3. Canst thou count the gay young fac-es, That each morning's rays awake; All who their ac-cus-tom'd

Second Division.



sprin-kle Rain-dropson the thirst-y land? God, the Lord, he knows their reck'ning, None but
 glanc-ing Past us, on their air-y run? God, he call'd them in-to be-ing, None is
 plac-es In the round of life re-take? God, he knows them ev'ry one. ... None is

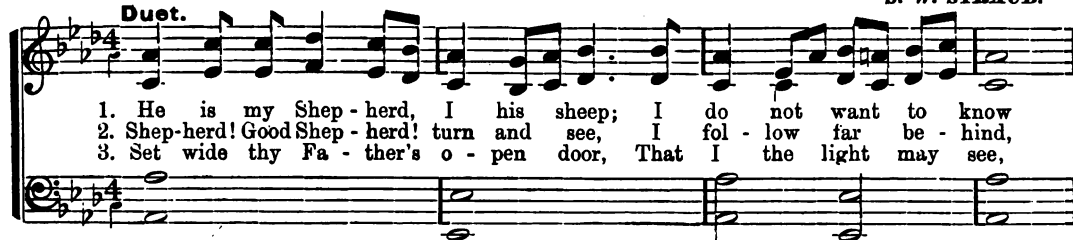


must o-bey his beck'ning Of the shin-ing myr-iad host, Of the shin-ing myr-iad host.
 born with-out his see-ing Where they are, and what they need, Where they are, and what they need.
 left by him a-lone.... Each he knows, and each he loves, Each he knows, and each he loves.

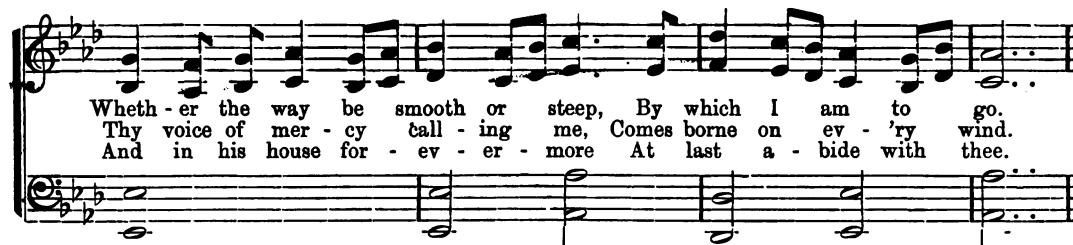
He is My Shepherd.

S. W. STRAUB.

Duet.

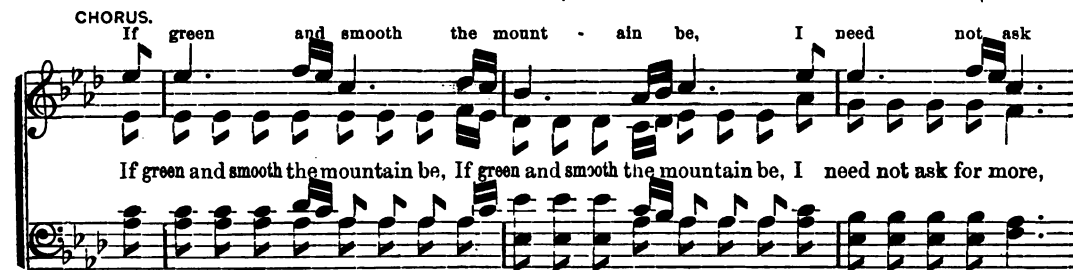


1. He is my Shep-herd, I his sheep; I do not want to know
 2. Shep-herd! Good Shep-herd! turn and see, I fol-low far be-hind,
 3. Set wide thy Fa-ther's o-pen door, That I the light may see,



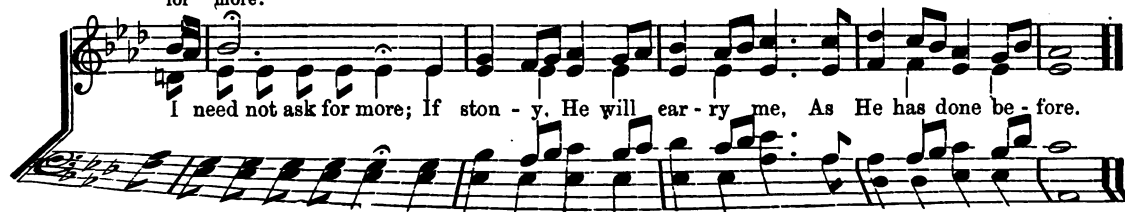
Wheth-er the way be smooth or steep, By which I am to go.
 Thy voice of mer-cy call-ing me, Comes borne on ev-'ry wind.
 And in his house for-ev-er-more At last a-bide with thee.

CHORUS.



If green and smooth the mount-ain be, I need not ask
 If green and smooth the mountain be, If green and smooth the mountain be, I need not ask for more,

for more:



I need not ask for more; If ston-y, He will ear-ry me, As He has done be-fore.

Oh, Give Me a Heart Full of Love.

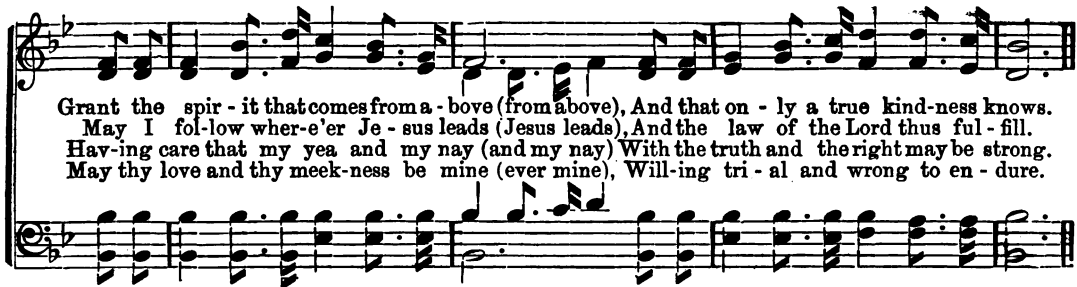
27

Mrs. H. L. CHASE.

W. A. OGDEN.



1. Oh, give me a heart full of love (full of love), Love for all, both of friends and of foes;
 2. May I to the broth - er who needs (he who needs) Give my aid with a glad, ear - nest will;
 3. O Lord, guard my lips now I pray (now I pray), Lest in words I of - fend or do wrong,
 4. O God, let me be ev - er thine (ev - er thine), Full of deeds like the Lord's, good and pure;

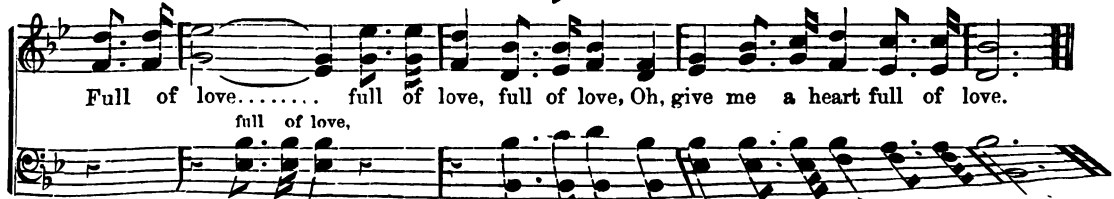


Grant the spir - it that comes from a - bove (from above), And that on - ly a true kind - ness knows.
 May I fol - low wher - e'er Je - sus leads (Jesus leads), And the law of the Lord thus ful - fill.
 Hav - ing care that my yea and my nay (and my nay) With the truth and the right may be strong.
 May thy love and thy meek - ness be mine (ever mine), Will - ing tri - al and wrong to en - dure.

CHORUS.



Full of love..... full of love..... Oh, give me a heart full of love,
 full of love, full of love,



Full of love..... full of love, full of love, Oh, give me a heart full of love.
 full of love,

[From "International Lesson Monthly," by per. of D. C. Cook.]

Jesus Loves the Little Child.

MARIA STRAUB.

C. R. REED.

Tenderly.

1. Je - sus loves the lit - tle child, Je - sus, lov - ing, ten - der, mild, Oh, I know and
 2. Let them come to me he said, Laid his hand up - on each head; Yes, the lit - tle
 3. He will hear me when I call, Kind - ly help me when I fall; He will save from
 4. Though I'm but a lit - tle child, Je - sus lov - ing, ten - der, mild, Bids me come his

CHORUS.

feel it so, To my Sav - ior let me go. He will take me in his arms,
 ones he'll bless, I will trust his ten - der - ness. He will take me, etc.
 ev - 'ry ill, Teach me how to do his will. He will take me, etc.
 blessings share, I will go to him in prayer. He will take me, etc.

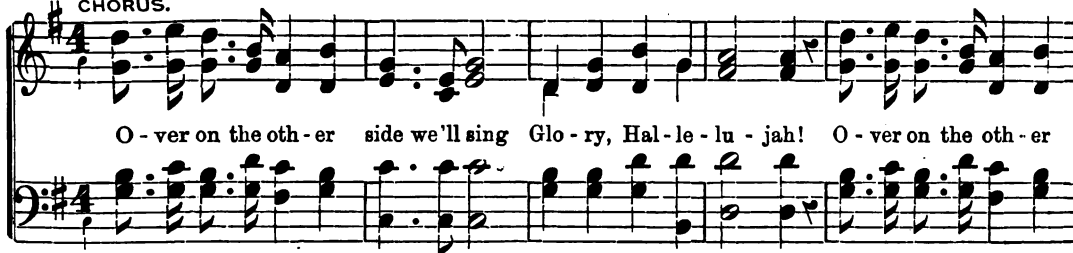
Hide me from all rude a-larms; On my Sav - ior's tender breast, Let me rest, so sweet - ly rest.

On the Other Side We'll Sing.

29

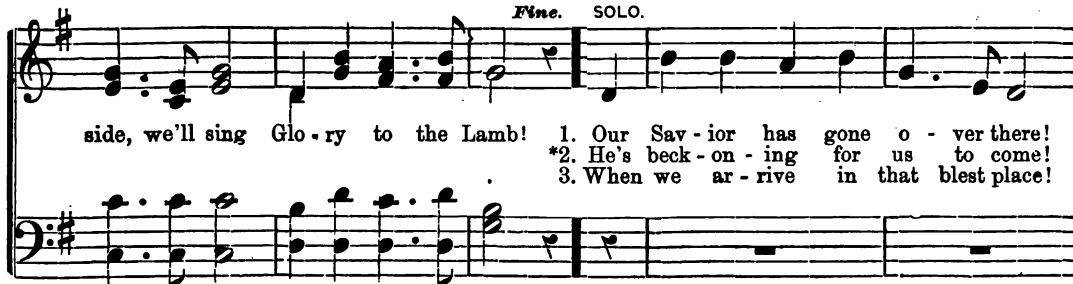
J. H. R.
CHORUS.

J. H. RHEEM.



O - ver on the oth - er side we'll sing Glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! O - ver on the oth - er

Fine. SOLO.



side, we'll sing Glo - ry to the Lamb!

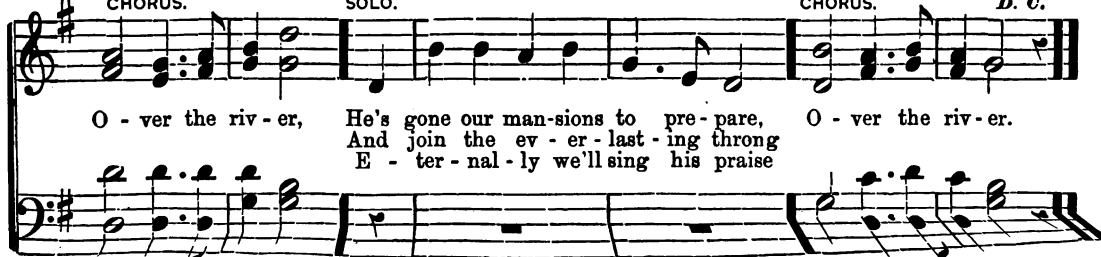
1. Our Sav - ior has gone o - ver there!
*2. He's beck - on - ing for us to come!
3. When we ar - rive in that blest place!

CHORUS.

SOLO.

CHORUS.

D. C.



O - ver the riv - er, He's gone our man - sions to pre - pare, O - ver the riv - er.
And join the ev - er - last - ing throng
E - ter - nal - ly we'll sing his praise

*No Interlude


(Used by per. of JOHN CHURCH & Co.)

The Beautiful Story.


MARIAN.

(Better as Solo and Chorus.)

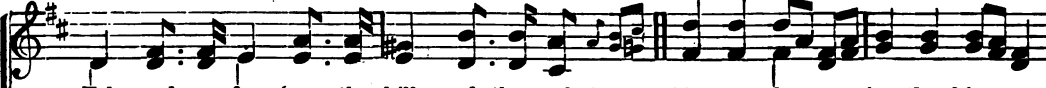
S. W. STRAUB.



1. Have you not heard of that beau - ti - ful sto - ry, Told on the plains by the
 2. Stars beam-ing forth in their beau - ty and glad-ness, Man - tling the earth with their
 3. Sing ev - er - more and for - get not the sto - ry Told by the an - gels on



an - gels of glo - ry, Told to the shep - herds while watch-ing their flocks,
 sil - ver - y bright-ness, Join the glad cho - rus and praise the Most High;
 earth and in glo - ry; Sing that the Sav - ior, the Fa - ther's own Son,

CHORUS. *Faster.*


Ech - oed a - far from the hills and the rocks? Glo - ry, glo - ry in the high-est,
 Say - ing, The Light of the world draw-eth nigh. Glo - ry, etc.
 Came to the earth that good-will might be done. Glo - ry, etc.



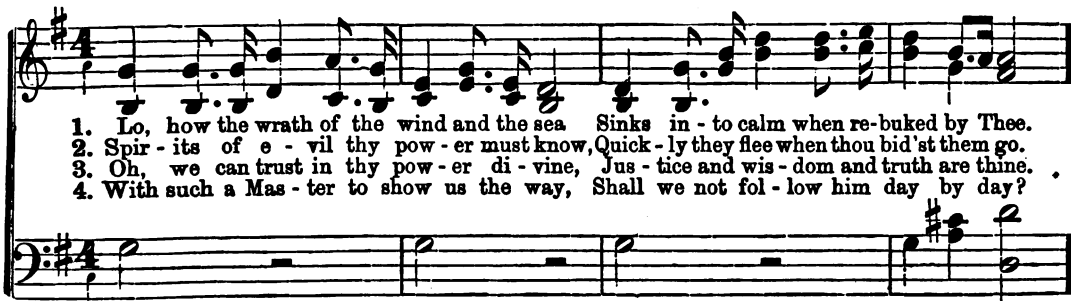
Peace on earth, good will to men; Glo - ry! glo - ry! in the highest, Peace on earth, good will to men.

Blessed Savior, Thou art Mighty.

31

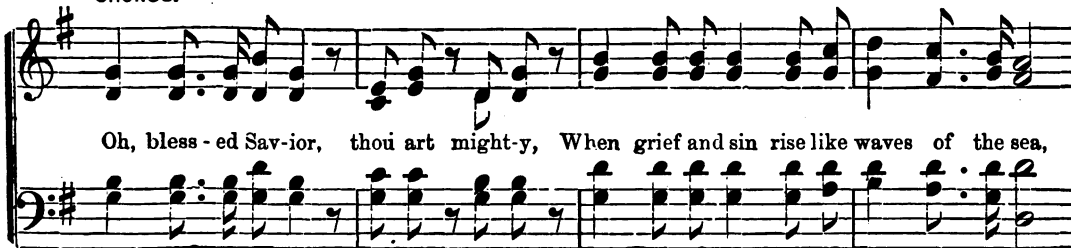
LANTA A. WILSON.

E. B. SMITH.

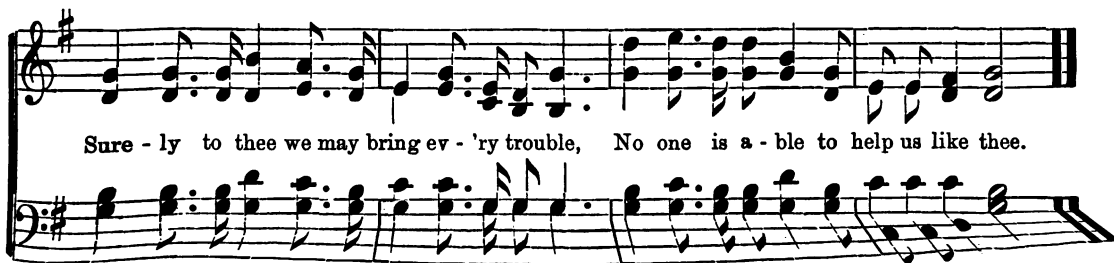


1. Lo, how the wrath of the wind and the sea Sinks in - to calm when re-buked by Thee.
2. Spir - its of e - vil thy pow - er must know, Quick - ly they flee when thou bid'st them go.
3. Oh, we can trust in thy pow - er di - vine, Jus - tice and wis - dom and truth are thine.
4. With such a Mas - ter to show us the way, Shall we not fol - low him day by day?

CHORUS.



Oh, bless - ed Sav - ior, thou art might - y, When grief and sin rise like waves of the sea,



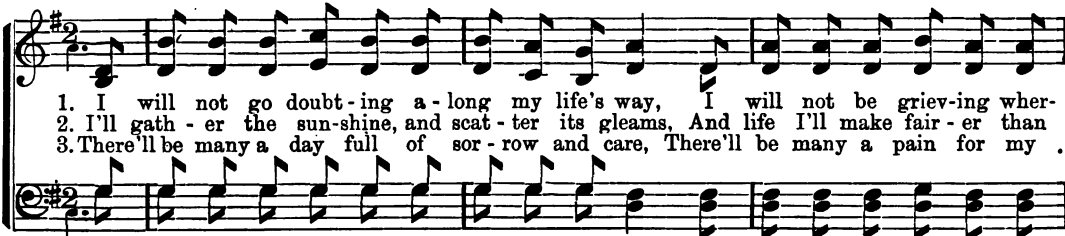
Sure - ly to thee we may bring ev - 'ry trouble, No one is a - ble to help us like thee.

[From "International Lesson Hymnal," by per. of D. C. Cook.]

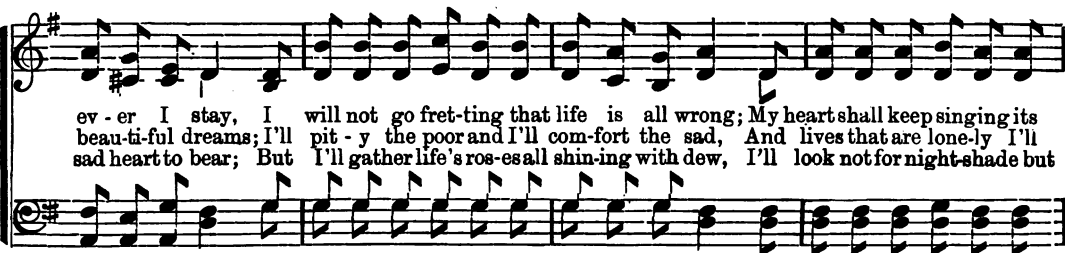
I will not Forget, Our Father is True.

LUCIA FIDELIA W. GILLETTE.

S. W. STRAUB.

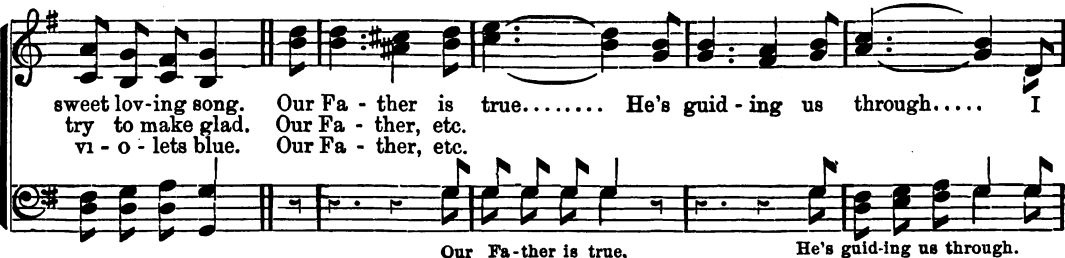


1. I will not go doubt-ing a-long my life's way, I will not be griev-ing wher-
 2. I'll gath-er the sun-shine, and scat-ter its gleams, And life I'll make fair-er than
 3. There'll be many a day full of sor-row and care, There'll be many a pain for my



ev-er I stay, I will not go fret-ting that life is all wrong; My heart shall keep singing its
 beau-ti-ful dreams; I'll pit-y the poor and I'll com-fort the sad, And lives that are lone-ly I'll
 sad heart to bear; But I'll gather life's ros-es all shin-ing with dew, I'll look not for night-shade but

CHORUS.



sweet lov-ing song. Our Fa-ther is true..... He's guid-ing us through..... I
 try to make glad. Our Fa-ther, etc.
 vi-o-lets blue. Our Fa-ther, etc.

Our Fa-ther is true, He's guid-ing us through.



will not for-get that our Fa-ther is true, He's watching and guiding us all the way through.

Rev. M. A. STRAUB.
DUET. *Not too slow.*

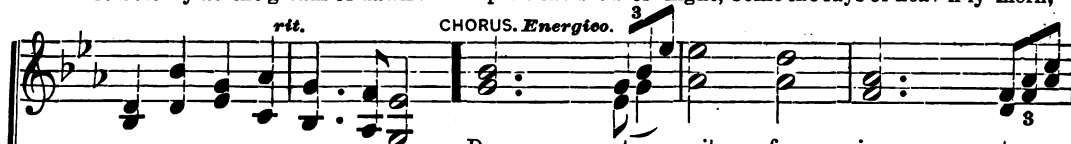
Do Not Wait!

W. F. WERSCHKUL.

33

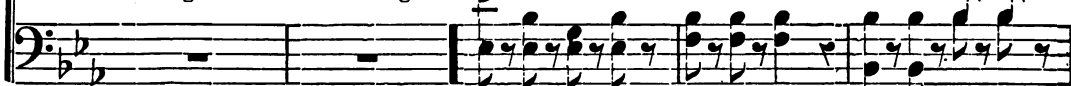


1. Do not wait for joys to come, Sad-ly pin-ing by the way; Make the joys of heav'n your own;
2. Gen-tly as the fall-ing dew Drops in pearls up-on the earth, So the an-gels bring to you
3. Soft-ly as the gleam of dawn Falls up-on the brow of night, Come the rays of heav'n-ly morn,

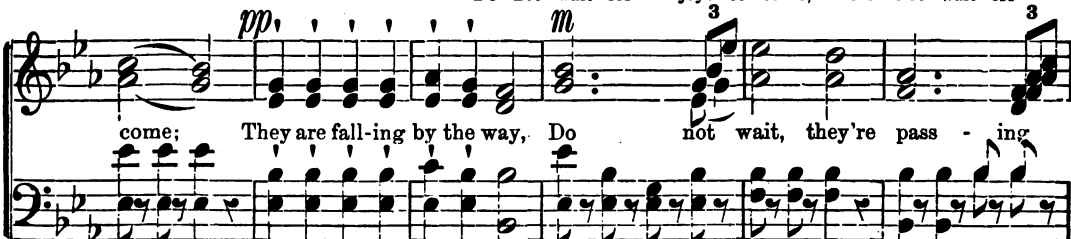


Gath-er them from day to day.
Pur-est joys of rich-est worth.
Fill-ing all the earth with light.

Do not wait for joys to
Do not wait, etc.
Do not wait, etc.



Do not wait for joys to come, Do not wait for



come; They are fall-ing by the way, Do not wait, they're pass-ing

joys to come;

Do not wait, they're pass-ing on, Do not wait, they're



on..... Gath-er, gath-er, gath-er, gath-er, Gath-er them from day to day.

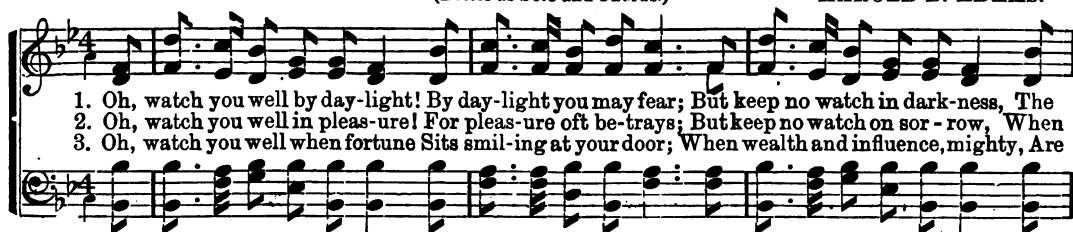


pass-ing on. gath-er O, gath-er O gath-er O

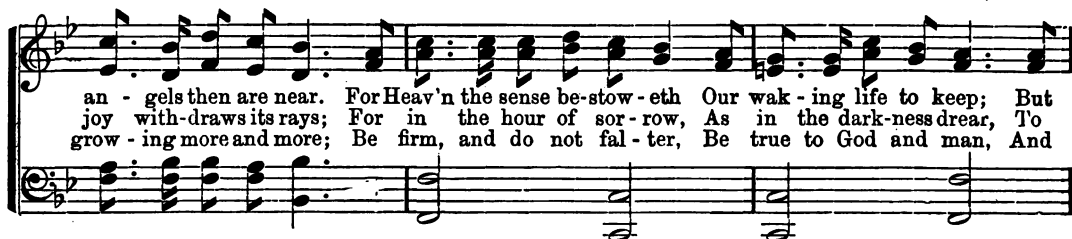
Watch by Daylight.

(Better as Solo and Chorus.)

HAROLD B. ADAMS.

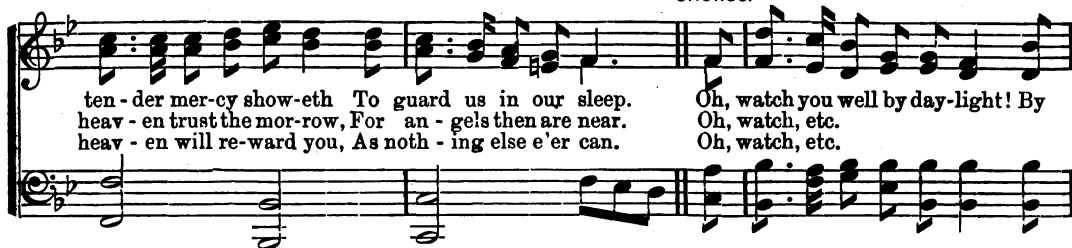


1. Oh, watch you well by day-light! By day-light you may fear; But keep no watch in dark-ness, The
 2. Oh, watch you well in pleas-ure! For pleas-ure oft be-trays; But keep no watch on sor-row, When
 3. Oh, watch you well when fortune Sits smil-ing at your door; When wealth and influence, mighty, Are

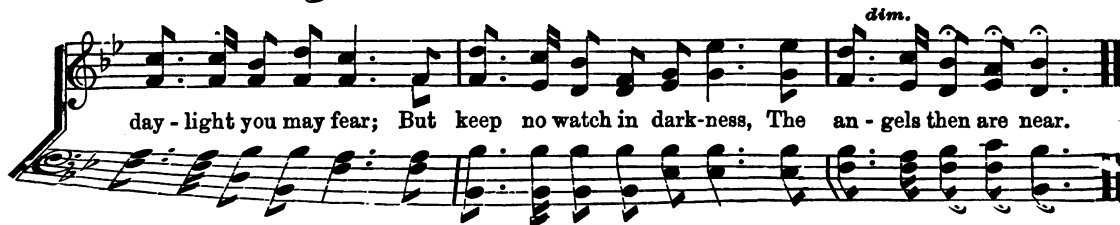


an - gels then are near. For Heav'n the sense be-stow-eth Our wak-ing life to keep; But
 joy with-draws its rays; For in the hour of sor-row, As in the dark-ness drear, To
 grow-ing more and more; Be firm, and do not fal-ter, Be true to God and man, And

CHORUS.



ten-der mer-cy show-eth To guard us in our sleep. Oh, watch you well by day-light! By
 heav-en trust the mor-row, For an - gels then are near. Oh, watch, etc.
 heav-en will re-ward you, As noth-ing else e'er can. Oh, watch, etc.



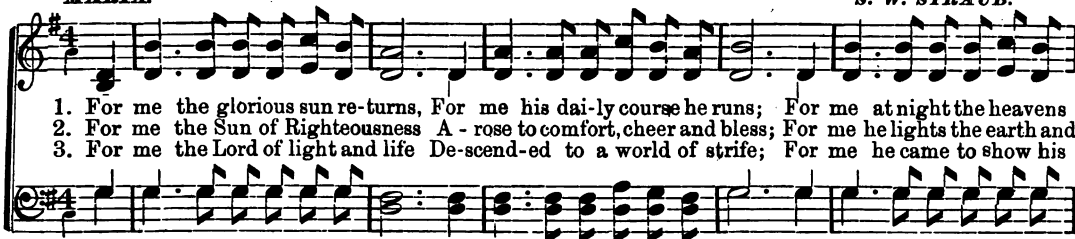
dim.
 day - light you may fear; But keep no watch in dark-ness, The an - gels then are near.

Oh, Can It Be?

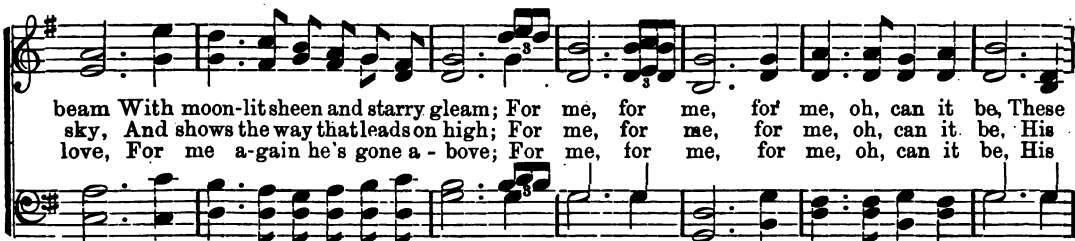
35

MARIA.

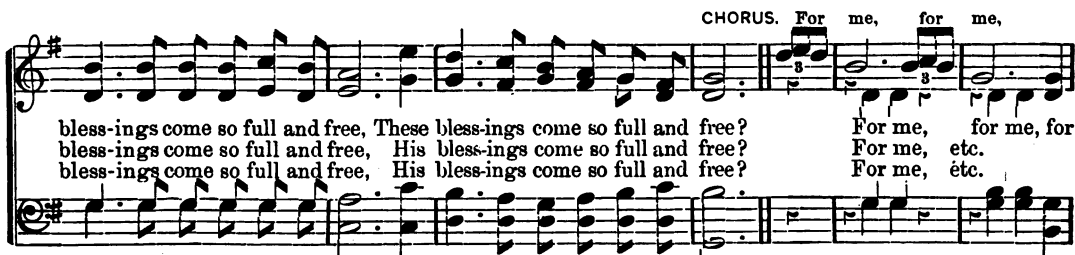
S. W. STRAUB.



1. For me the glorious sun re-turs, For me his dai-ly course he runs; For me at night the heavens
2. For me the Sun of Righteousness A - rose to comfort, cheer and bless; For me he lights the earth and
3. For me the Lord of light and life De-scend-ed to a world of strife; For me he came to show his



beam With moon-lit sheen and starry gleam; For me, for me, for me, oh, can it be, These
sky, And shows the way that leads on high; For me, for me, for me, oh, can it be, His
love, For me a-gain he's gone a - bove; For me, for me, for me, oh, can it be, His



CHORUS. For me, for me,
bless-ings come so full and free, These bless-ings come so full and free? For me, for me, for
bless-ings come so full and free, His bless-ings come so full and free? For me, etc.
bless-ings come so full and free, His bless-ings come so full and free? For me, etc.

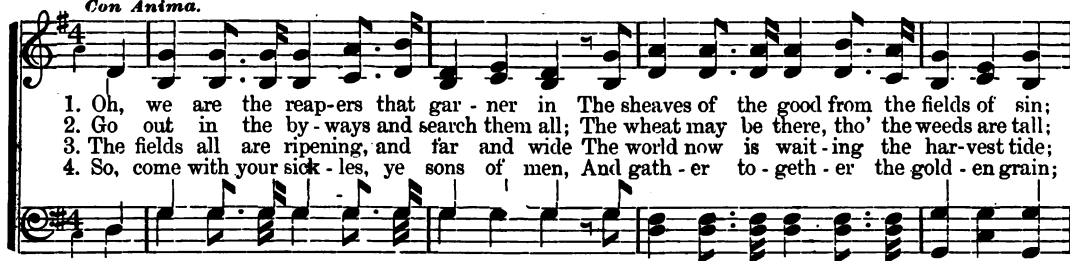


For me and grate-ful Lord to be, I can but give my-self to thee.
me, oh, yes, for me, For me and grate-ful Lord to be, I can but give my - self to thee.

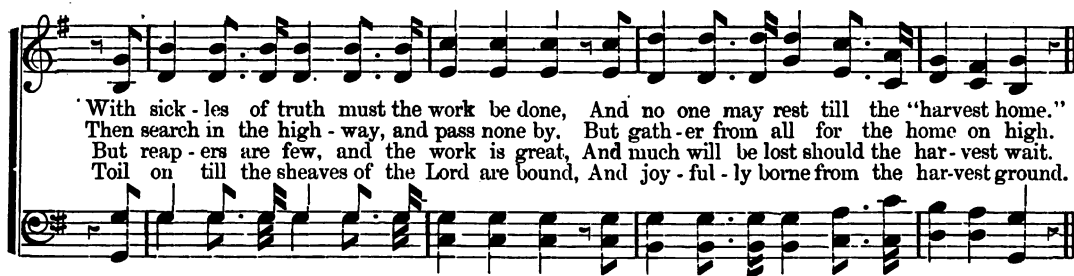
The Song of the Angel Reapers.

E. E. R.
Con Anima.

GEO. F. ROOT.

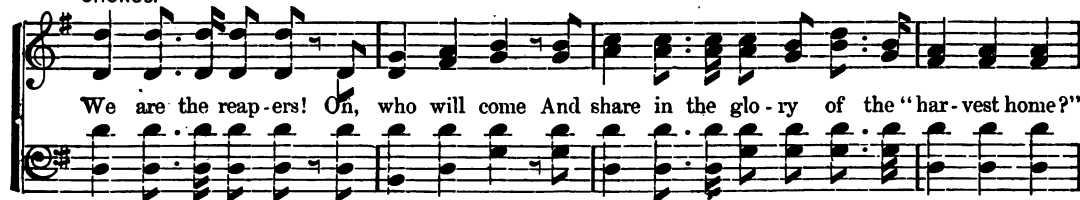


1. Oh, we are the reap-ers that gar - ner in The sheaves of the good from the fields of sin;
 2. Go out in the by - ways and search them all; The wheat may be there, tho' the weeds are tall;
 3. The fields all are ripening, and far and wide The world now is wait - ing the har-vest tide;
 4. So, come with your sick - les, ye sons of men, And gath - er to - geth - er the gold - en grain;

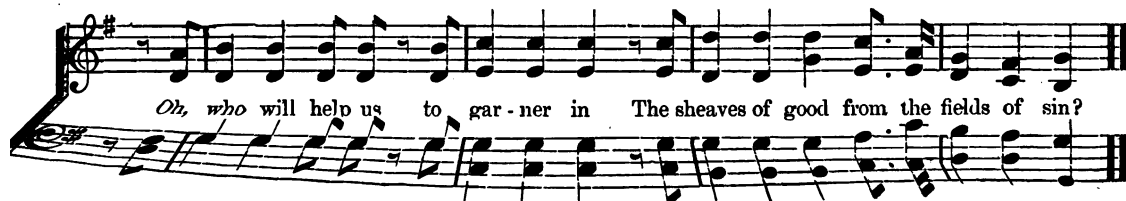


With sick - les of truth must the work be done, And no one may rest till the "harvest home."
 Then search in the high - way, and pass none by. But gath - er from all for the home on high.
 But reap - ers are few, and the work is great, And much will be lost should the har - vest wait.
 Toil on till the sheaves of the Lord are bound, And joy - ful - ly borne from the har-vest ground.

CHORUS.



We are the reap-ers! Oh, who will come And share in the glo - ry of the "har - vest home?"



Oh, who will help us to gar - ner in The sheaves of good from the fields of sin?

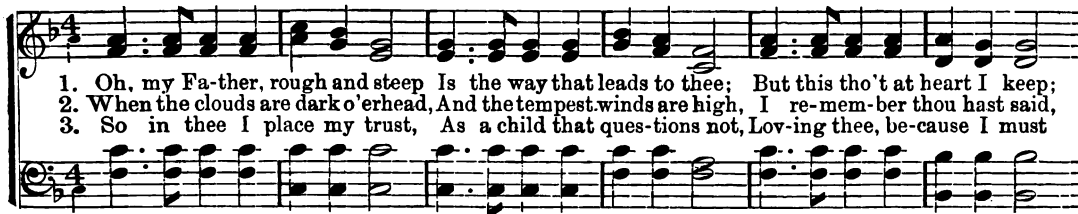
The Pilgrim's Song.

37

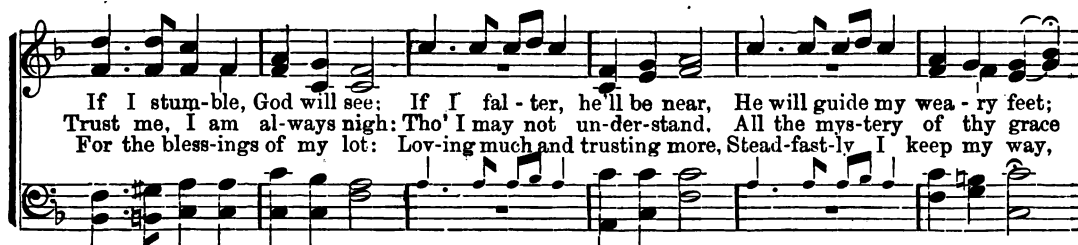
E. E. REXFORD.

(Better as Solo and Chorus.)

S. W. STRAUB.



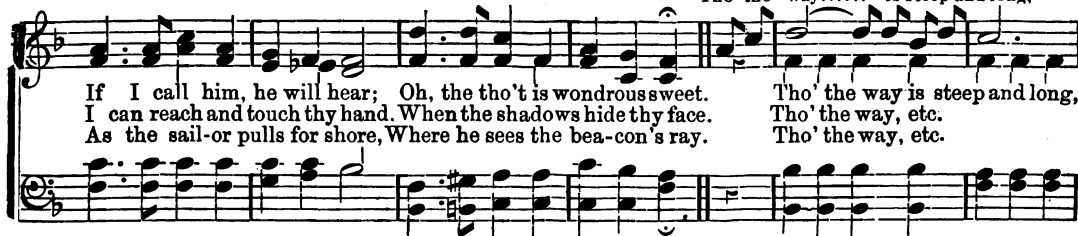
1. Oh, my Fa-ther, rough and steep Is the way that leads to thee; But this tho't at heart I keep;
 2. When the clouds are dark o'erhead, And the tempest winds are high, I re-mem-ber thou hast said,
 3. So in thee I place my trust, As a child that ques-tions not, Lov-ing thee, be-cause I must



If I stum-ble, God will see; If I fal-ter, he'll be near, He will guide my wea-ry feet;
 Trust me, I am al-ways nigh: Tho' I may not un-der-stand. All the mys-tery of thy grace
 For the bless-ings of my lot: Lov-ing much and trusting more, Stead-fast-ly I keep my way,

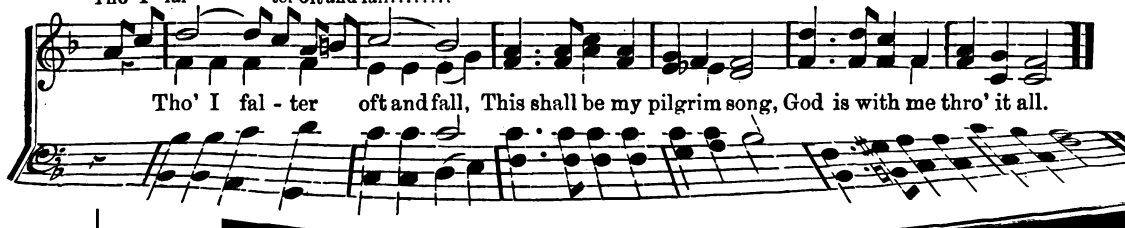
CHORUS.

Tho' the way..... is steep and long,



If I call him, he will hear; Oh, the tho't is wondroussweet. Tho' the way is steep and long,
 I can reach and touch thy hand. When the shadows hide thy face. Tho' the way, etc.
 As the sail-or pulls for shore, Where he sees the bea-con's ray. Tho' the way, etc.

Tho' I fal - ter oft and fall.....



Tho' I fal - ter oft and fall, This shall be my pilgrim song, God is with me thro' it all.

Teach Me.

* M. * Not too slow.

T. MARTIN TOWNE.

1. Teach me, O God, to know thy will, With ho - ly love my spir - it fill; I'd praise thee for the
 2. Stay thou the tem-pest in my heart, When fears a-rise and passions start; When dire temptations
 3. And tho' the world seems cold and chill, I know thou art my Fa-ther still, That when the tempests

REFRAIN.

good of life, And trust in thee thro' toil and strife. And trust... in thee.... thro'
 crowd a-round, May I in watch and pray'r be found. And trust.... etc.
 'round me roar, Thou art my God, I ask no more. And trust.... etc.

And trust in thee thro' toil and strife, And

toil..... and strife.... I'd praise thee for the good of life, And trust in thee thro' toil and strife.

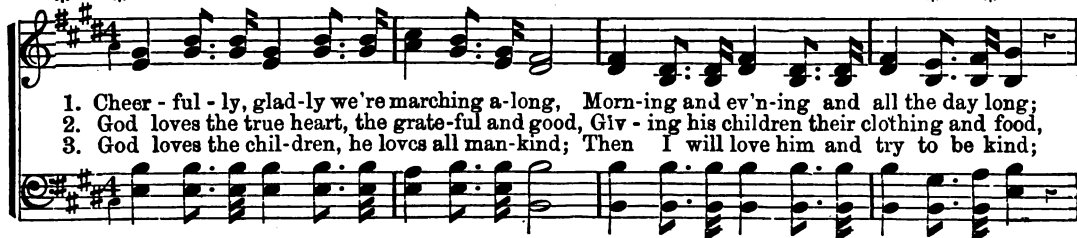
trust in thee thro' toil and strife.

Cheerfully Marching Along.

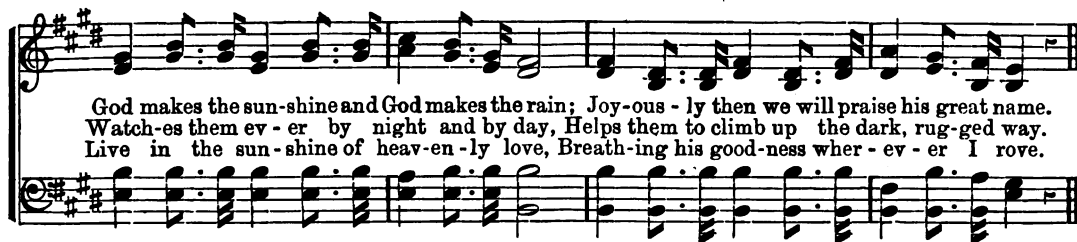
39

* A. * *March movement.*

* W. *



1. Cheer - ful - ly, glad - ly we're marching a-long. Morn-ing and ev'n-ing and all the day long;
 2. God loves the true heart, the grate-ful and good, Giv - ing his children their clothing and food,
 3. God loves the chil-dren, he loves all man-kind; Then I will love him and try to be kind;



God makes the sun-shine and God makes the rain; Joy-ous - ly then we will praise his great name.
 Watch-es them ev - er by night and by day, Helps them to climb up the dark, rug-ged way.
 Live in the sun-shine of heav-en-ly love, Breath-ing his good-ness wher - ev - er I rove.

CHORUS.



Then will I love him, then will I love him, Morn-ing and ev'n-ing, at work and at play;

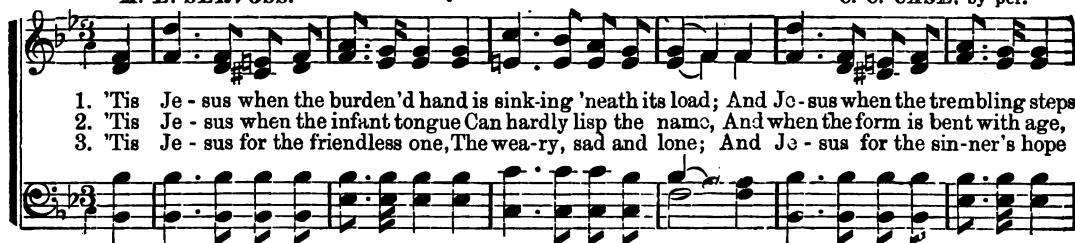


Then will I love him, then will I love him, Morn-ing and ev'n-ing, at work and at play.

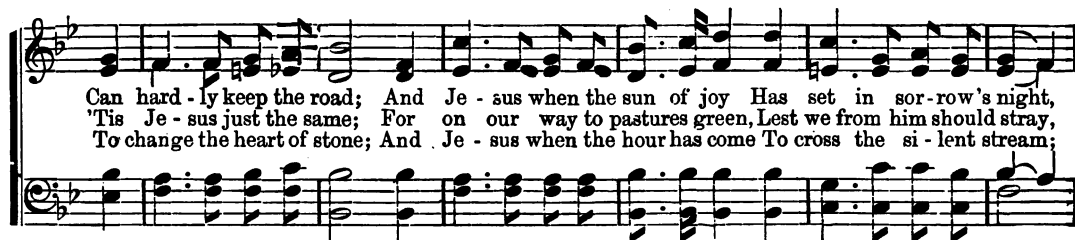
Jesus All the Way.

M. E. SERVOS.

C. C. CASE, by per.

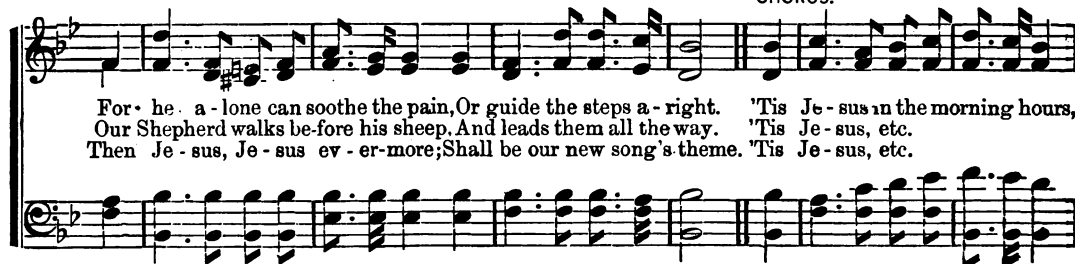


1. 'Tis Je - sus when the burden'd hand is sink-ing 'neath its load; And Je - sus when the trembling steps
 2. 'Tis Je - sus when the infant tongue Can hardly lisp the namo, And when the form is bent with age,
 3. 'Tis Je - sus for the friendless one, The wea-ry, sad and lone; And Je - sus for the sin-ner's hope

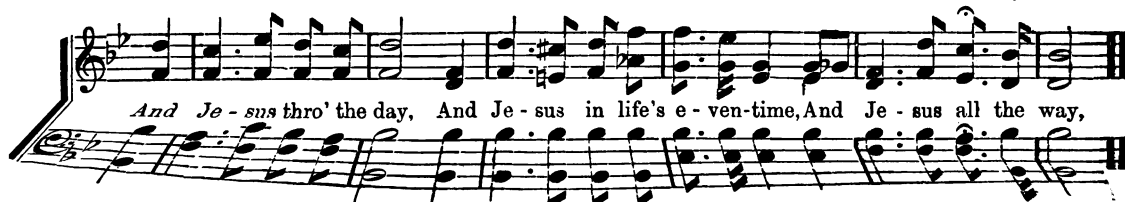


Can hard - ly keep the road; And Je - sus when the sun of joy Has set in sor-row's night,
 'Tis Je - sus just the same; For on our way to pastures green, Lest we from him should stray,
 To change the heart of stone; And Je - sus when the hour has come To cross the si - lent stream;

CHORUS.



For - he - a - lone can soothe the pain, Or guide the steps a - right. 'Tis Je - sus in the morning hours,
 Our Shepherd walks be-fore his sheep, And leads them all the way. 'Tis Je - sus, etc.
 Then Je - sus, Je - sus ev - er - more; Shall be our new song's theme. 'Tis Je - sus, etc.



And Je - sus thro' the day, And Je - sus in life's e - ven-time, And Je - sus all the way,

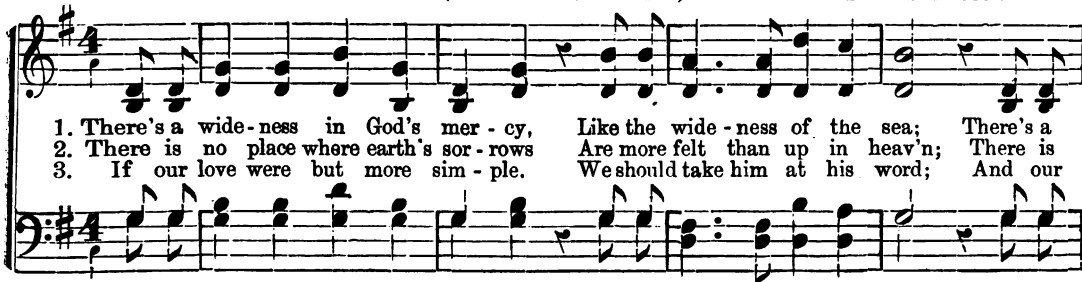
The Love of God.

41

FABER.

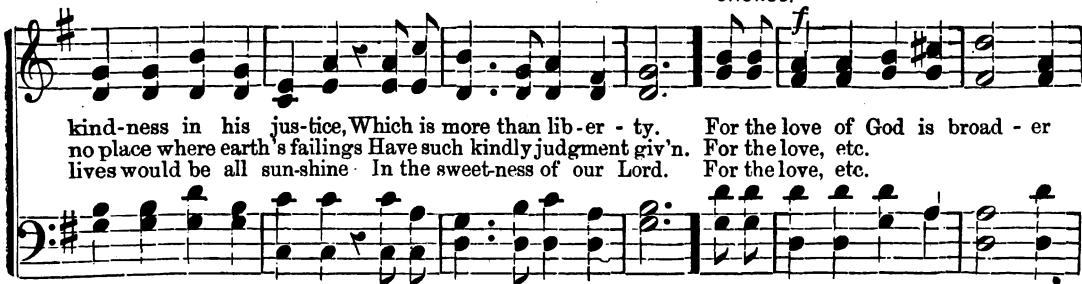
(Better as Solo and Chorus.)

S. W. STRAUB.



1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer - cy, Like the wide - ness of the sea; There's a
2. There is no place where earth's sor - rows Are more felt than up in heav'n; There is
3. If our love were but more sim - ple. We should take him at his word; And our

CHORUS.



kind-ness in his jus-tice, Which is more than lib-er - ty. For the love of God is broad - er
no place where earth's failings Have such kindly judgment giv'n. For the love, etc.
lives would be all sun-shine In the sweet-ness of our Lord. For the love, etc.



Than the meas-ures of man's mind; And the heart of the E - ter - nal Is won - der - ful - ly kind.

Tempt Me Not.

MARIA STRAUB. *With spirit.*

W. F. WERSCHKUL.



1. Tempt me not to do the wrong, When a-lone or in the throng; In temp-tation's way to lead,
 2. Tempt me not to do the wrong, Tempt me not, let me be strong; Each good promise that I keep
 3. Tempt me not to do the wrong, Tempt me not, you've tried it long; I will spurn your fair-est charm,

CHORUS.



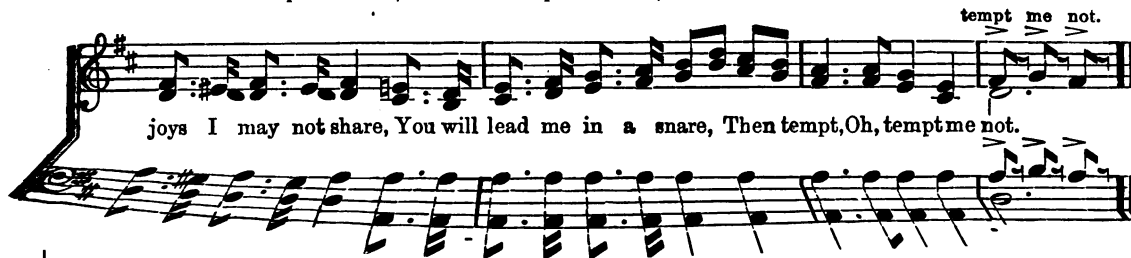
Tempt me not in word or deed. Tempt me not, tempt me not,
 Gives me last-ing pleas-ure sweet. Tempt me not, etc.
 It shall nev-er do me harm. Tempt me not, etc.

Tempt me not, tempt me not,



Tempt me not, tempt me not, Though your words are ver-y fair; In your

Tempt me not, tempt me not,



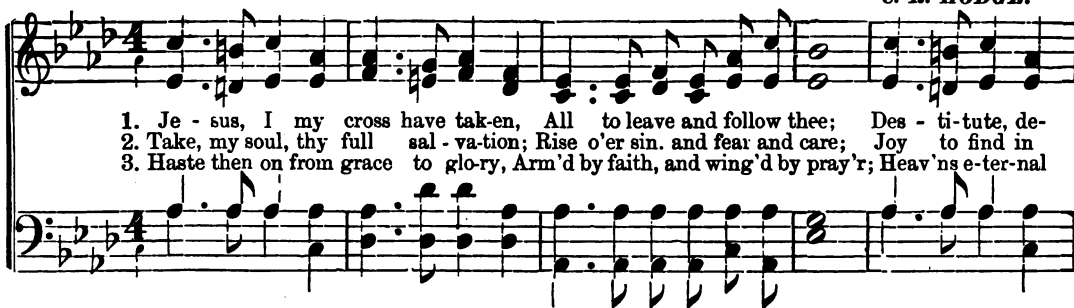
tempt me not.

joys I may not share, You will lead me in a snare, Then tempt, Oh, tempt me not.

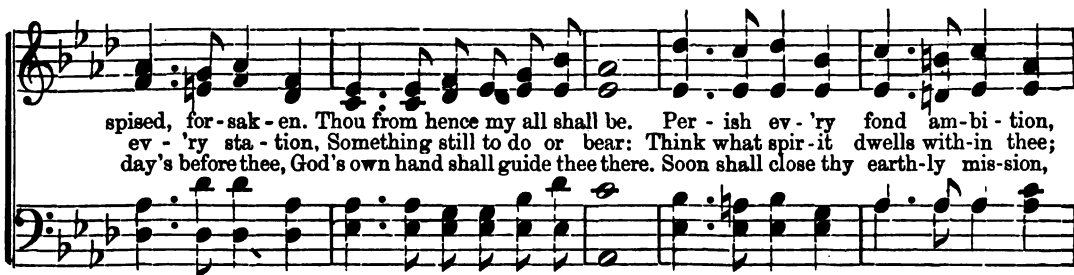
Take the Cross.

43

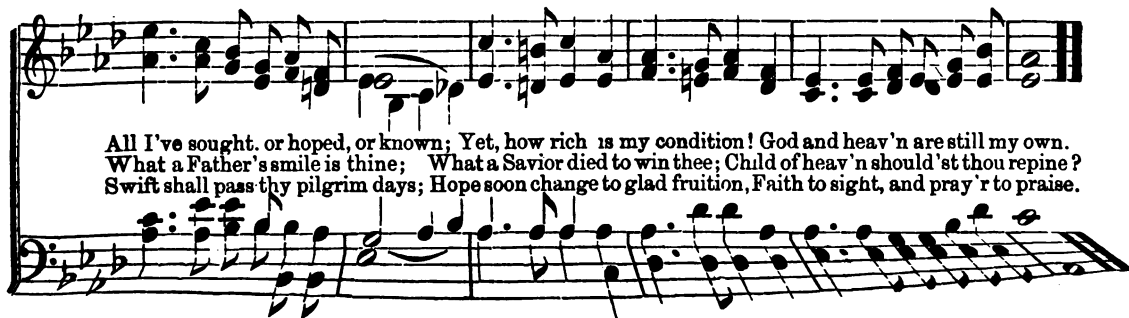
C. R. HODGE.



1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak-en, All to leave and follow thee; Des - ti-tute, de-
 2. Take, my soul, thy full sal - va-tion; Rise o'er sin. and fear and care; Joy to find in
 3. Haste then on from grace to glo-ry, Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by pray'r; Heav'n's e-ter-nal



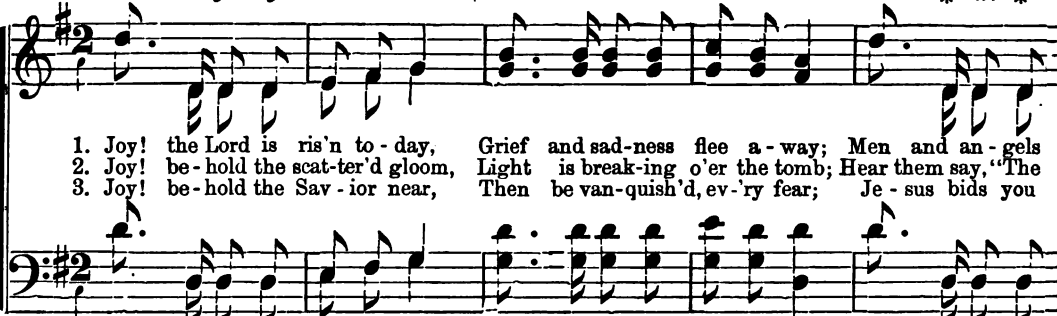
spised, for-sak-en. Thou from hence my all shall be. Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am-bi - tion,
 ev - 'ry sta - tion, Something still to do or bear: Think what spir-it dwells with-in thee;
 day's before thee, God's own hand shall guide thee there. Soon shall close thy earth-ly mis-sion,



All I've sought, or hoped, or known; Yet, how rich is my condition! God and heav'n are still my own.
 What a Father's smile is thine; What a Savior died to win thee; Child of heav'n should'st thou repine?
 Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days; Hope soon change to glad fruition, Faith to sight, and pray'r to praise.

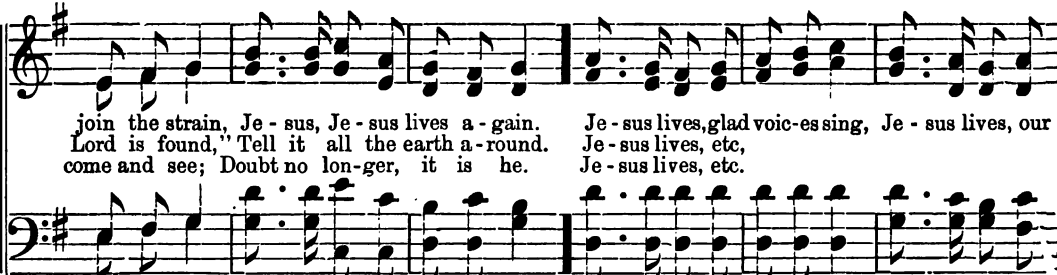
MARIA. Joyously.

* W. *

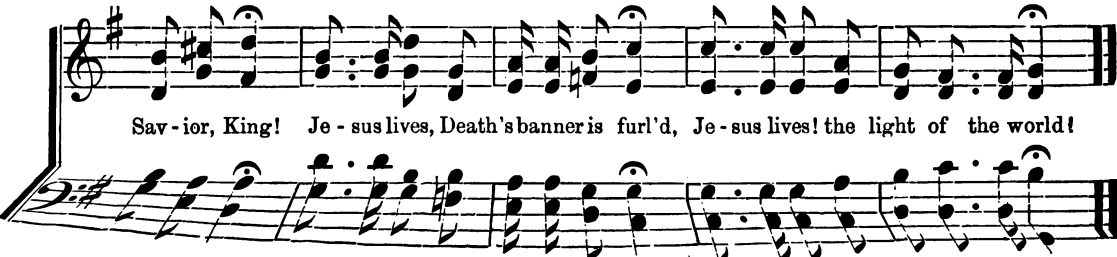


1. Joy! the Lord is ris'n to - day, Grief and sad-ness flee a - way; Men and an - gels
 2. Joy! be - hold the scat-ter'd gloom, Light is break-ing o'er the tomb; Hear them say, "The
 3. Joy! be - hold the Sav - ior near, Then be van-quish'd, ev-'ry fear; Je - sus bids you

CHORUS.



join the strain, Je - sus, Je - sus lives a - gain. Je - sus lives, glad voic-essing, Je - sus lives, our
 Lord is found, "Tell it all the earth a-round. Je - sus lives, etc,
 come and see; Doubt no lon-ger, it is he. Je - sus lives, etc.

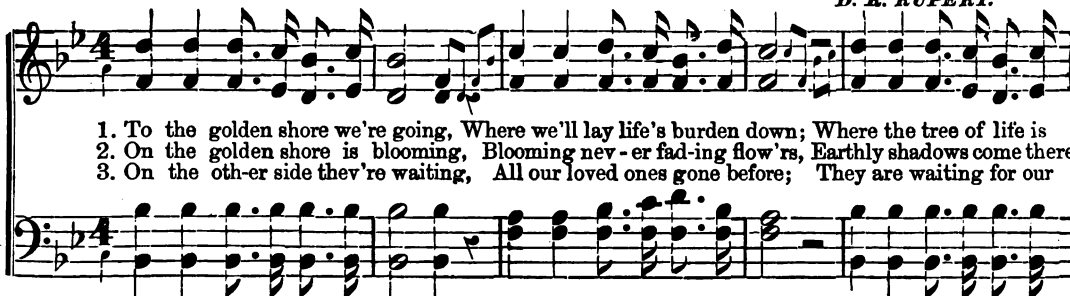


Sav - ior, King! Je - sus lives, Death's banner is furl'd, Je - sus lives! the light of the world!

The Golden Shore.

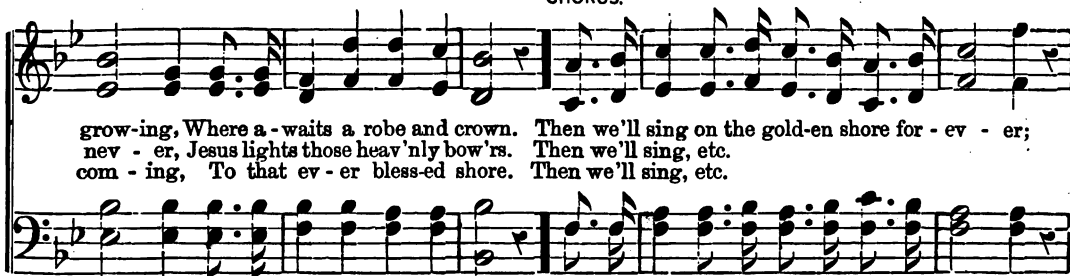
45

D. E. RUPERT.

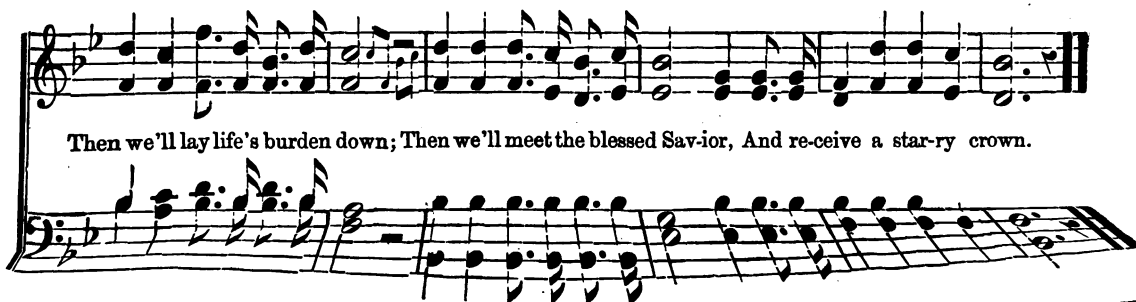


1. To the golden shore we're going, Where we'll lay life's burden down; Where the tree of life is
 2. On the golden shore is blooming, Blooming nev - er fad-ing flow'rs, Earthly shadows come there
 3. On the oth-er side they're waiting, All our loved ones gone before; They are waiting for our

CHORUS.



grow-ing, Where a - waits a robe and crown. Then we'll sing on the gold-en shore for - ev - er;
 nev - er, Jesus lights those heav'nly bow'rs. Then we'll sing, etc.
 com - ing, To that ev - er bless-ed shore. Then we'll sing, etc.

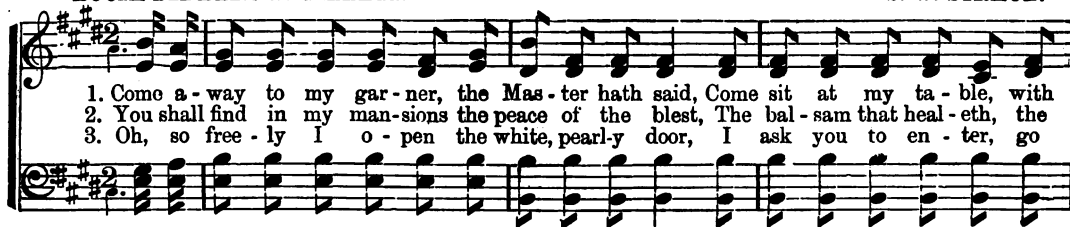


Then we'll lay life's burden down; Then we'll meet the blessed Sav-ior, And re-ceive a star-ry crown.

Come to My Kingdom.

LUCIA FIDELIA W. GILLETT.

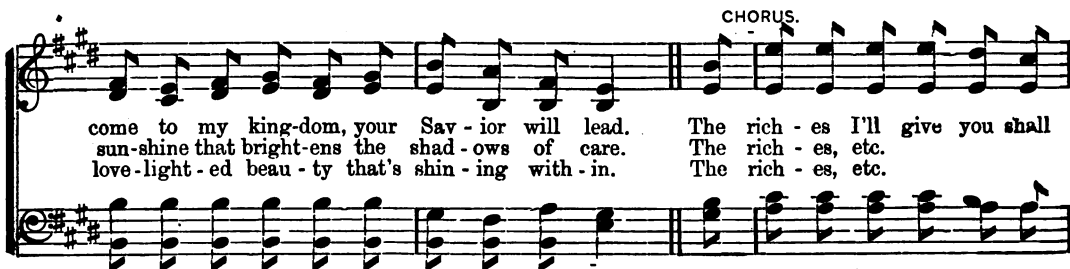
S. W. STRAUB.



1. Come a-way to my gar-ner, the Mas-ter hath said, Come sit at my ta-ble, with
 2. You shall find in my man-sions the peace of the blest, The bal-sam that heal-eth, the
 3. Oh, so free-ly I o-pen the white, pearly door, I ask you to en-ter, go



men-ty be fed, Come gath-er the com-fort your wea-ry hearts need; Oh,
 balm-giv-ing rest, The strength that is need-ed your bur-dens to bear; The
 griev-ing no more; Oh, come to my king-dom, Oh, come from your sin, To



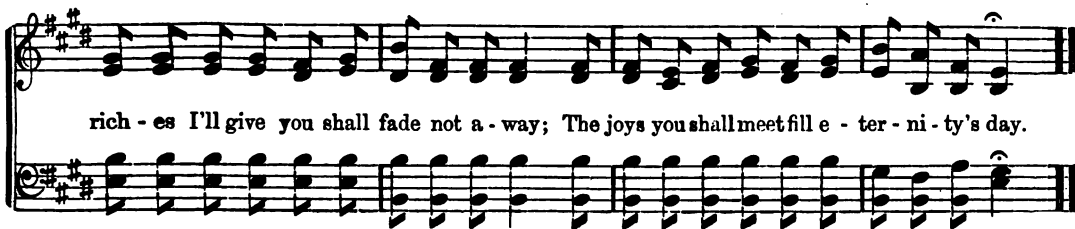
CHORUS.
 come to my king-dom, your Sav-ior will lead. The rich-es I'll give you shall
 sun-shine that bright-ens the shad-ows of care. The rich-es, etc.
 love-light-ed beau-ty that's shin-ing with-in. The rich-es, etc.



fade not a-way, The joy you shall meet fill e-ter-ni-ty's day; The

Come to My Kingdom---Concluded.

47



rich - es I'll give you shall fade not a - way; The joys you shall meet fill e - ter - ni - ty's day.

M. A. *

O Blessed Redeemer.

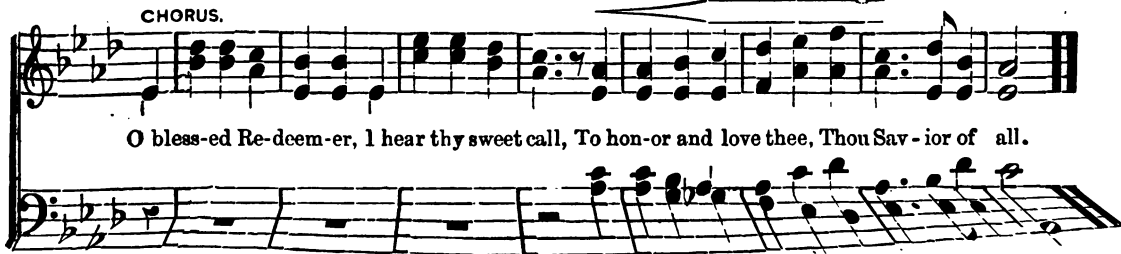
Arr. by S. W. *

Not too slow.



1. O bless-ed Re-deem-er, Once thou wert a child; And angels watch'd o'er thee, So meek and so mild.
2. In ho-ly de-votion I'll sing to thy praise; At morn-ing and ev'n-ing Glad songs I will raise.
3. For-ev-er and ev-er Thou still art the same; Thy love is un-chang-ing, And precious thy name.

CHORUS.

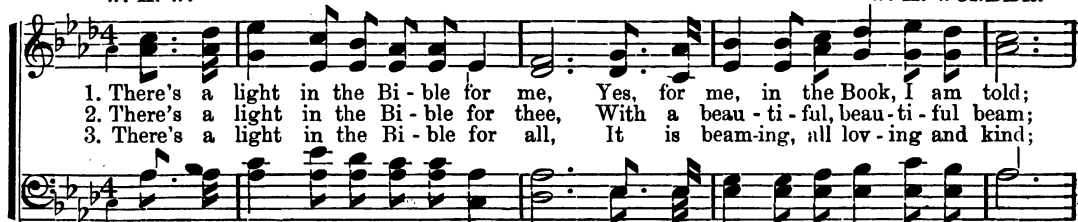


O bless-ed Re-deem-er, I hear thy sweet call, To hon-or and love thee, Thou Sav-ior of all.

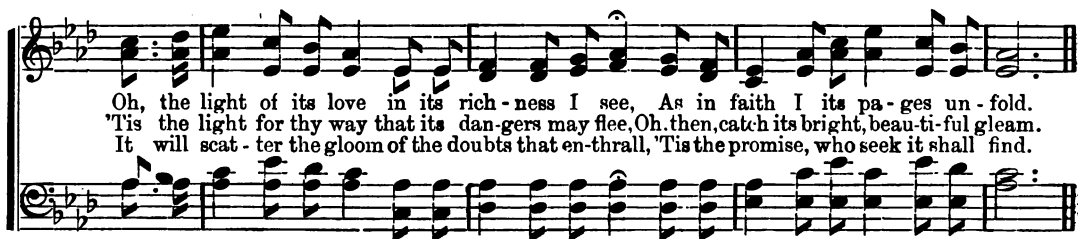
There's a Light in the Bible.

W. L. W.

W. H. WONDER.




1. There's a light in the Bi-ble for me, Yes, for me, in the Book, I am told;
 2. There's a light in the Bi-ble for thee, With a beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful beam;
 3. There's a light in the Bi-ble for all, It is beam-ing, all lov-ing and kind;



Oh, the light of its love in its rich-ness I see, As in faith I its pa-ges un-fold.
 'Tis the light for thy way that its dan-gers may flee, Oh, then, catch its bright, beau-ti-ful gleam.
 It will scat-ter the gloom of the doubts that en-thrall, 'Tis the promise, who seek it shall find.

CHORUS.



There's a light in the Bi-ble, That will shine thro' the val-ley of death;
 There's a light in the Bi-ble, there's a light for all,



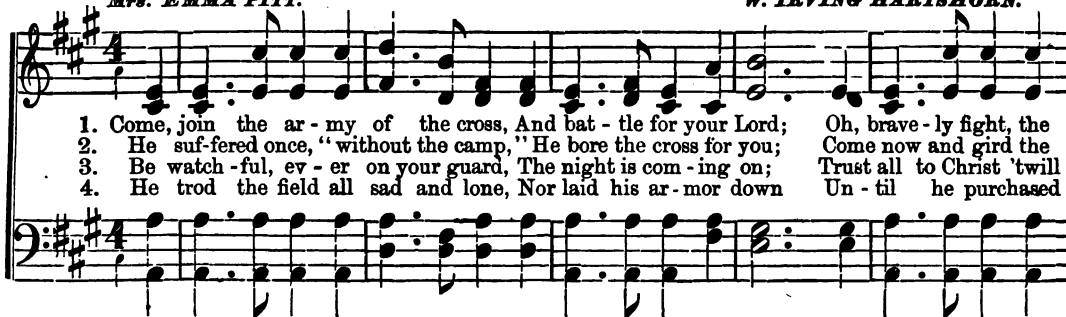
There's a light in the Bi-ble That will shine thro' the val-ley of death.
 There's a light in the Bi-ble, there's a light for all,

The Army of the Cross.

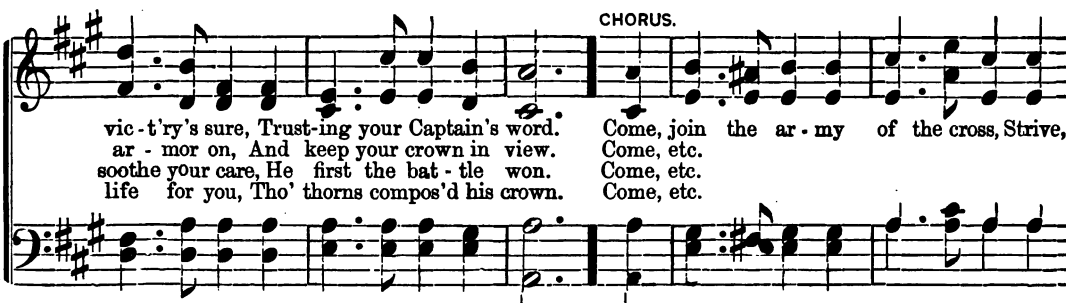
49

Mrs. EMMA PITT.

W. IRVING HARTSHORN.



1. Come, join the ar - my of the cross, And bat - tle for your Lord; Oh, brave - ly fight, the
 2. He suf - fer - ed once, "without the camp," He bore the cross for you; Come now and gird the
 3. Be watch - ful, ev - er on your guard, The night is com - ing on; Trust all to Christ 'twill
 4. He trod the field all sad and lone, Nor laid his ar - mor down Un - til he purchased



CHORUS.
 vic - t'ry's sure, Trust - ing your Captain's word. Come, join the ar - my of the cross, Strive,
 ar - mor on, And keep your crown in view. Come, etc.
 soothe your care, He first the bat - tle won. Come, etc.
 life for you, Tho' thorns compos'd his crown. Come, etc.

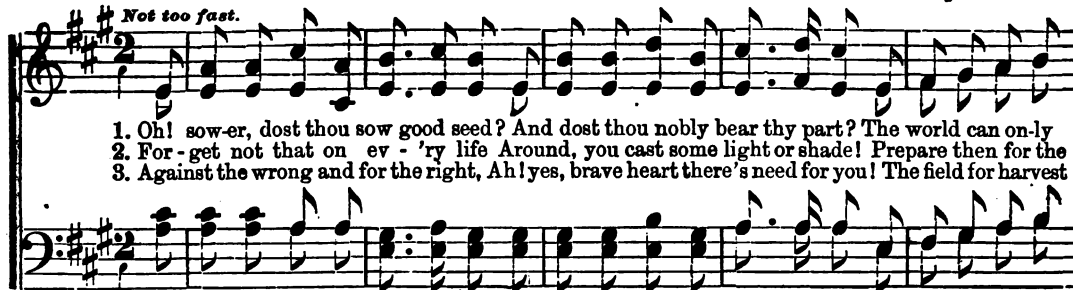


fight, and bat - tle on, Nor ev - er lay your weapons by Un - til you wear the crown.

Sowing and Reaping.

ADA L. BOBBITT.

Arr. by S. W. S.

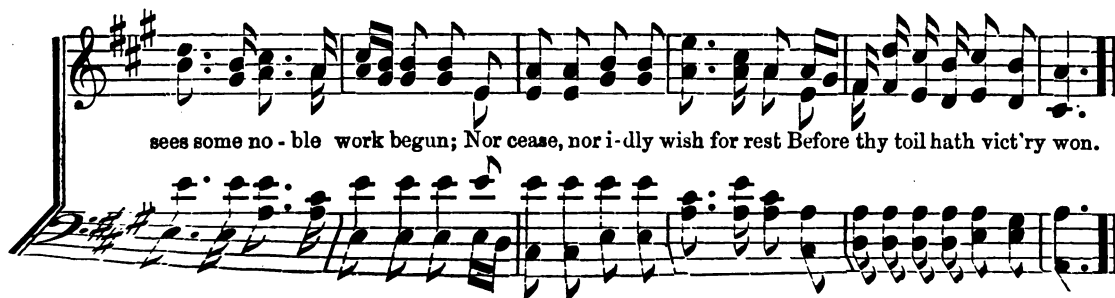
Not too fast.


1. Oh! sow-er, dost thou sow good seed? And dost thou nobly bear thy part? The world can on-ly
 2. For-get not that on ev - 'ry life Around, you cast some light or shade! Prepare then for the
 3. Against the wrong and for the right, Ah! yes, brave heart there's need for you! The field for harvest

CHORUS.



see the deeds, While God, in heaven, knows the heart. The hour is sun - lit, heaven blest, Which
 world's great strife: By patient toil are true lives made. The hour is sun - lit, etc.
 still is white; The la - bor - ers are all too few. The hour is sun - lit, etc.



sees some no - ble work begun; Nor cease, nor id-ly wish for rest Before thy toil hath vict'ry won.

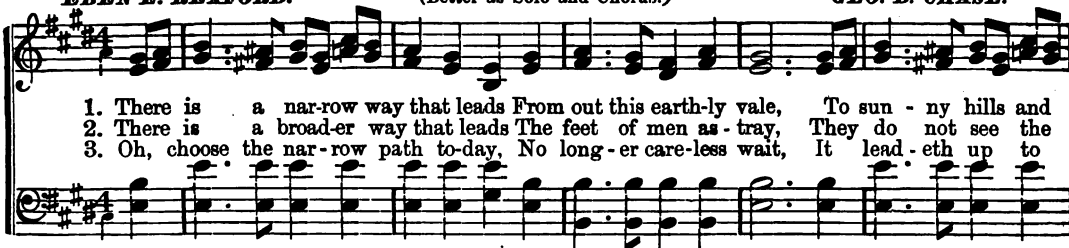
The True Way.

51

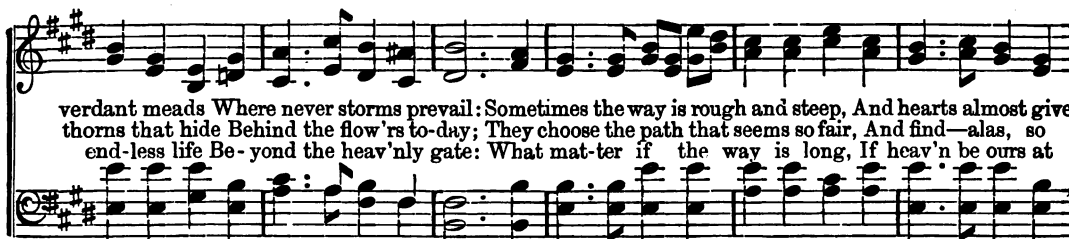
EBEN E. REXFORD.

(Better as Solo and Chorus.)

GEO. B. CHASE.

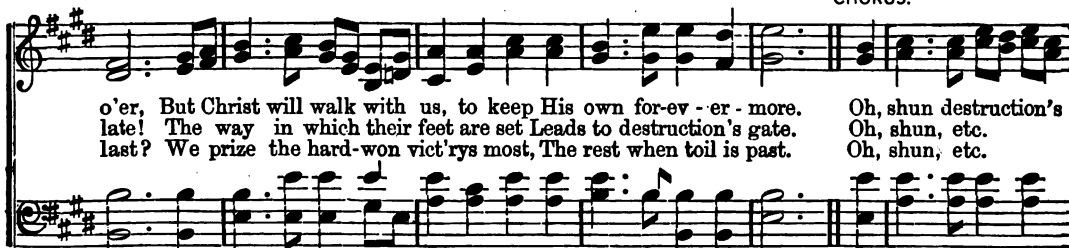


1. There is a nar-row way that leads From out this earth-ly vale, To sun - ny hills and
 2. There is a broad-er way that leads The feet of men as - tray, They do not see the
 3. Oh, choose the nar-row path to-day, No long-er care-less wait, It lead-eth up to

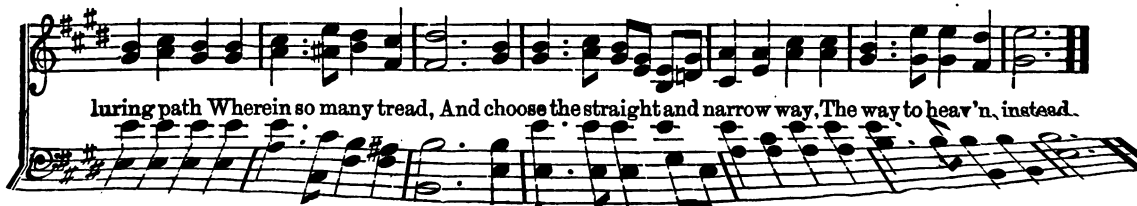


verdant meads Where never storms prevail: Sometimes the way is rough and steep, And hearts almost give
 thorns that hide Behind the flow'rs to-day; They choose the path that seems so fair, And find—alas, so
 end-less life Be-yond the heav'nly gate: What mat-ter if the way is long, If heav'n be ours at

CHORUS.

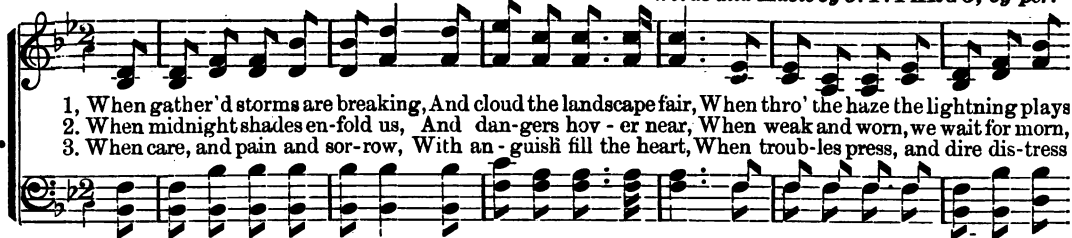


o'er, But Christ will walk with us, to keep His own for-ev - er - more. Oh, shun destruction's
 late! The way in which their feet are set Leads to destruction's gate. Oh, shun, etc.
 last? We prize the hard-won vict'rys most, The rest when toil is past. Oh, shun, etc.

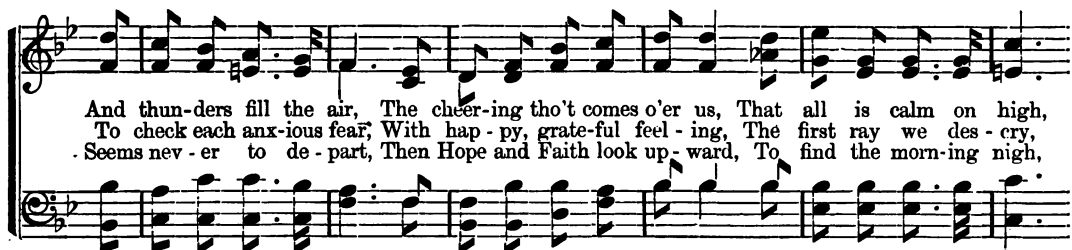


luring path Wherein so many tread, And choose the straight and narrow way, The way to heav'n, instead.

Shining in the Sky.

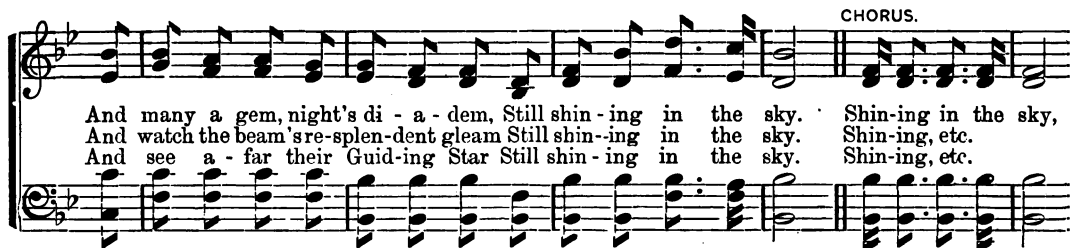
Words and Music by J. F. FARGO, by per.


1. When gather'd storms are breaking, And cloud the landscape fair, When thro' the haze the lightning plays
 2. When midnight shades en-fold us, And dan-gers hov - er near, When weak and worn, we wait for morn,
 3. When care, and pain and sor-row, With an - guish fill the heart, When troub-les press, and dire dis-tress

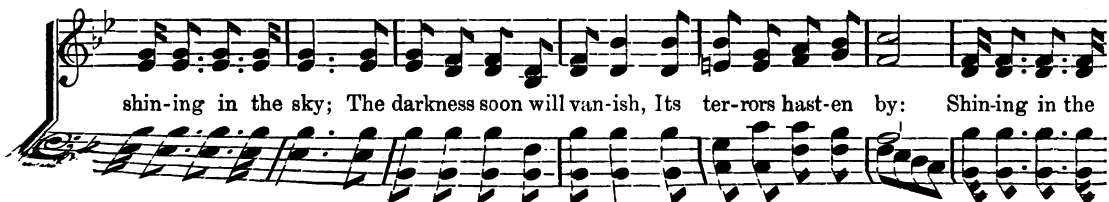


And thun-ders fill the air, The cheer-ing tho't comes o'er us, That all is calm on high,
 To check each anx-ious fear, With hap-py, grate-ful feel-ing, The first ray we des-cry,
 Seems nev-er to de-part, Then Hope and Faith look up-ward, To find the morn-ing night,

CHORUS.



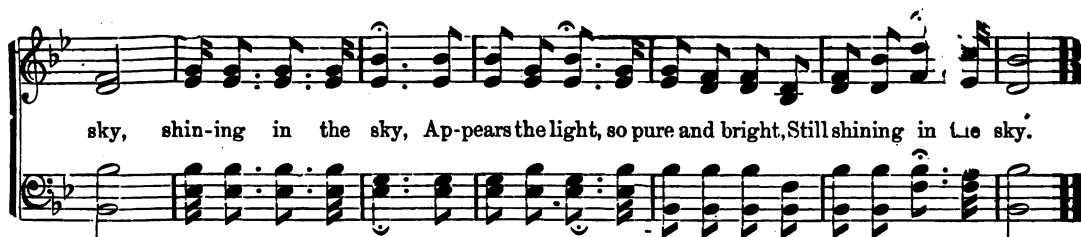
And many a gem, night's di - a - dem, Still shin - ing in the sky. Shin-ing in the sky,
 And watch the beam's re-splen-dent gleam Still shin-ing in the sky. Shin-ing, etc.
 And see a - far their Guid-ing Star Still shin - ing in the sky. Shin-ing, etc.



shin-ing in the sky; The darkness soon will van-ish, Its ter-rors hast-en by: Shin-ing in the

Shining in the Sky—Concluded.

52



sky, shin-ing in the sky, Ap-pears the light, so pure and bright, Still shining in the sky.

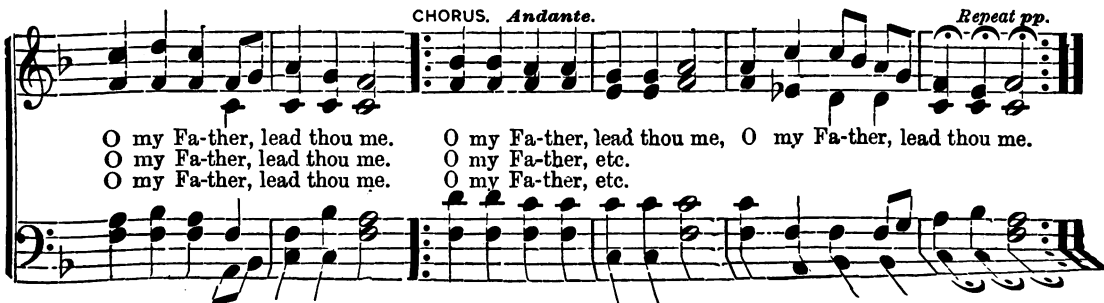
Lead Thou Me.

Moderato.

Mrs. S. W. STRAUB.



1. When the day of life is brightest, Love the fondest, hope most free, And the steps of Time beat lightest,
2. When the night of life is dark-est, And my soul shall tempted be; When to sorrow's voice I list-en,
3. Be life's pathway smooth or stony, Let my faith still cling to thee; Be life's fu-ture bright or stormy,



CHORUS. *Andante.* *Repeat pp.*

O my Fa-ther, lead thou me.	O my Fa-ther, lead thou me, O my Fa-ther, lead thou me.
O my Fa-ther, lead thou me.	O my Fa-ther, etc.
O my Fa-ther, lead thou me.	O my Fa-ther, etc.

The Dark Shall Be Made Light.

MARIAN.

(Better as Solo and Chorus.)

Melody by M. A. * Arr. by S. W. *

1. A brighter day is draw-ing near, The dark shall be made light; When morning drives the
 2. Press forward then thou anxious soul, Though oft with wea-ry feet, For joy and peace shall
 3. Bright angel forms are hov'ring near, To guide us in the right. And whisper in our

CHORUS.

shades a-way, And makes an end of night. The dark shall be made light, The
 crown your life, And all thy rest be sweet. The dark etc.
 listen-ing ear, "The dark shall be made light!" The dark etc.

made light,

dark shall be made light, When morning drives the shades away And makes an end of night.

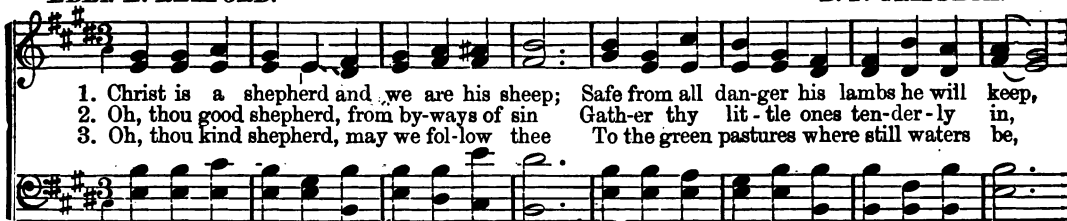
made light.

The Shepherd and His Sheep.

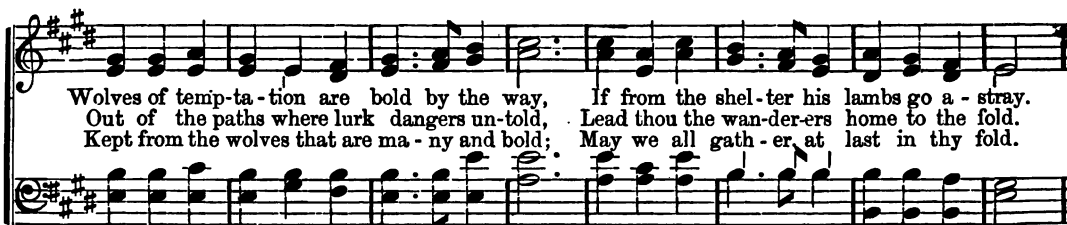
55

EBEN E. REXFORD.

B. F. GRIFFETH.



1. Christ is a shepherd and we are his sheep; Safe from all dan-ger his lambs he will keep,
 2. Oh, thou good shepherd, from by-ways of sin Gath-er thy lit-tle ones ten-der-ly in,
 3. Oh, thou kind shepherd, may we fol-low thee To the green pastures where still waters be,

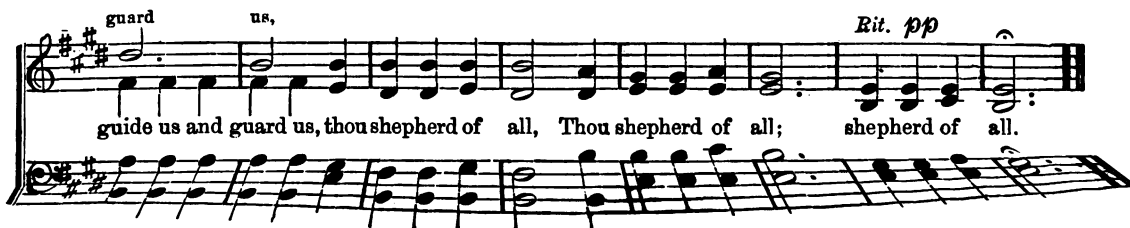


Wolves of temp-ta-tion are bold by the way, If from the shel-ter his lambs go a - stray.
 Out of the paths where lurk dangers un-told, Lead thou the wan-der-ers home to the fold.
 Kept from the wolves that are ma - ny and bold; May we all gath-er at last in thy fold.

CHORUS.



When safe - ty's a-round us, Or dan - gers be - fall..... Guide us and
 When safe-ty's a - round us, Or dangers be - fall.... Guide us and guard us, Oh,



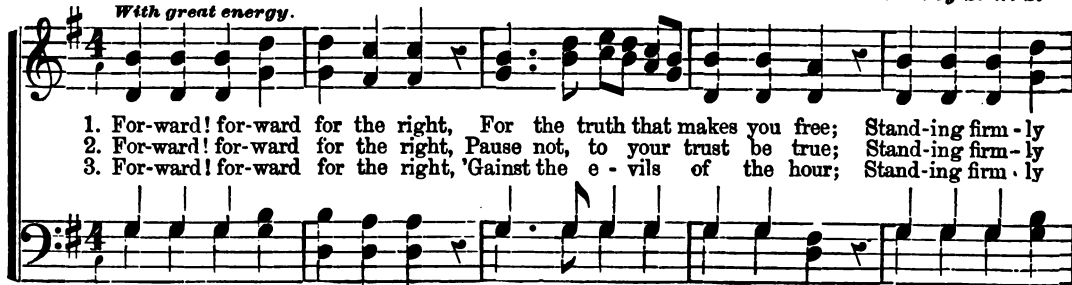
guard us,
 guide us and guard us, thou shepherd of all, Thou shepherd of all; shepherd of all. *Rit. pp*

Forward! for the Right.

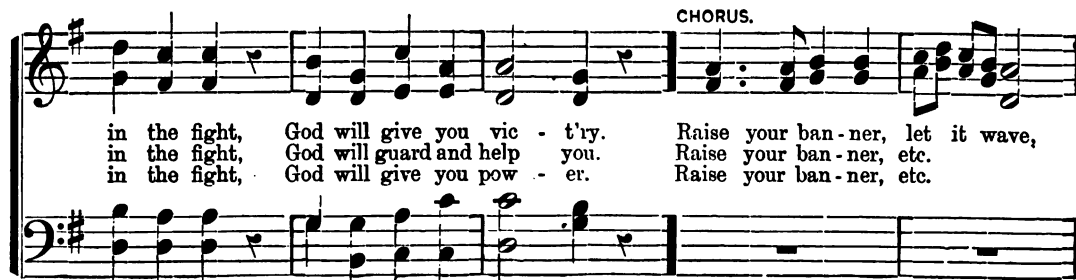
MARIAN.

With great energy.

Arr. by S. W. S.

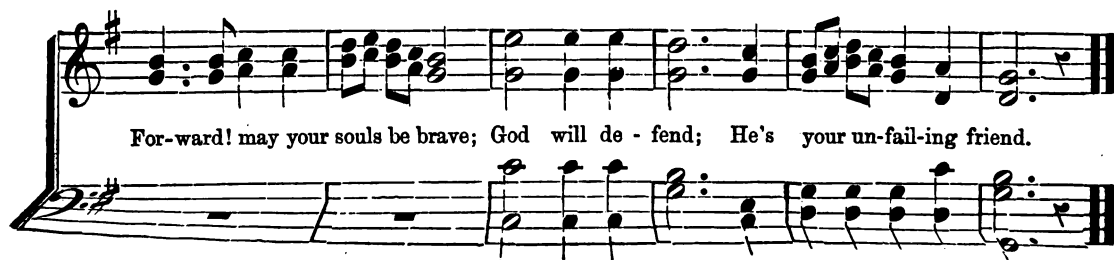


1. For-ward! for-ward for the right, For the truth that makes you free; Stand-ing firm-ly
 2. For-ward! for-ward for the right, Pause not, to your trust be true; Stand-ing firm-ly
 3. For-ward! for-ward for the right, 'Gainst the e - vils of the hour; Stand-ing firm-ly



CHORUS.

in the fight, God will give you vic - t'ry. Raise your ban-ner, let it wave,
 in the fight, God will guard and help you. Raise your ban-ner, etc.
 in the fight, God will give you pow - er. Raise your ban-ner, etc.



For-ward! may your souls be brave; God will de - fend; He's your un-fail-ing friend.

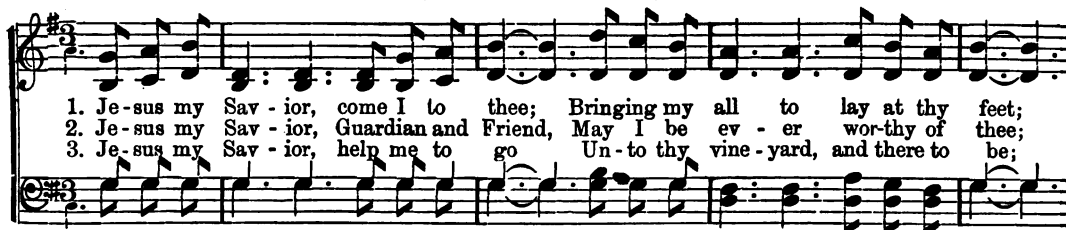
Help Me be Strong.

57

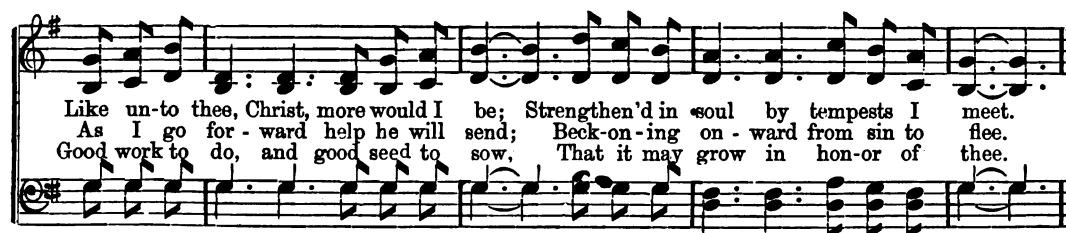
W. H. W. arr by S. W. S.

(Better as Solo and Chorus.)

W. H. WONDER.

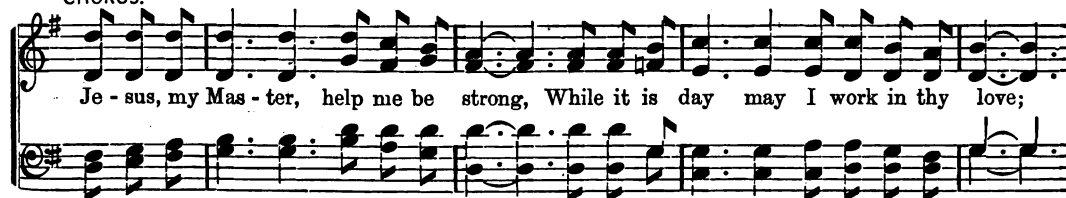


1. Je-sus my Sav - ior, come I to thee; Bringing my all to lay at thy feet;
 2. Je-sus my Sav - ior, Guardian and Friend, May I be ev - er wor-thy of thee;
 3. Je-sus my Sav - ior, help me to go Un-to thy vine-yard, and there to be;

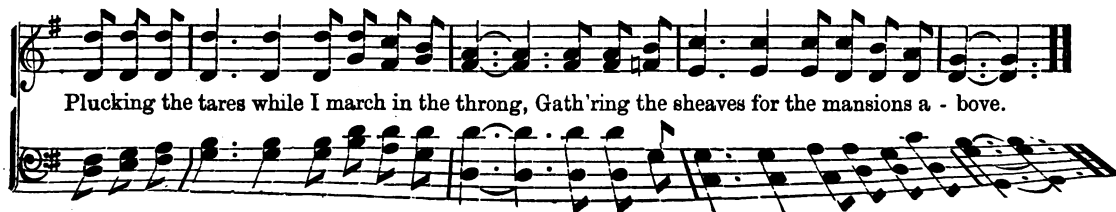


Like un-to thee, Christ, more would I be; Strengthen'd in soul by tempests I meet.
 As I go for - ward help he will send; Beck-on-ing on - ward from sin to flee.
 Good work to do, and good seed to sow, That it may grow in hon-or of thee.

CHORUS.



Je - sus, my Mas - ter, help me be strong, While it is day may I work in thy love;



Plucking the tares while I march in the throng, Gath'ring the sheaves for the mansions a - bove.

Be True, Boys!

LUCIA FIDELIA W. GILLETTE.

* W. S.

With vigor.

1. There's a work for you, boys, There's a work for your hand; There's a work for your
 2. Then find some-thing to do, Find the best that you can; For the work of the
 3. He that i - dles a - way All his noons and his morns, Finds his life's com - ing
 4. Find the work for your heart, Find the work for your hand, And so, fair - er for

CHORUS.

But be true... boys be
 heart In this beau - ti - ful land. But be true,
 boy Makes the work of the man. But, etc.
 day Full of sor - rows and thorns. But, etc.
 you Be life's beau - ti - ful land. But, etc.

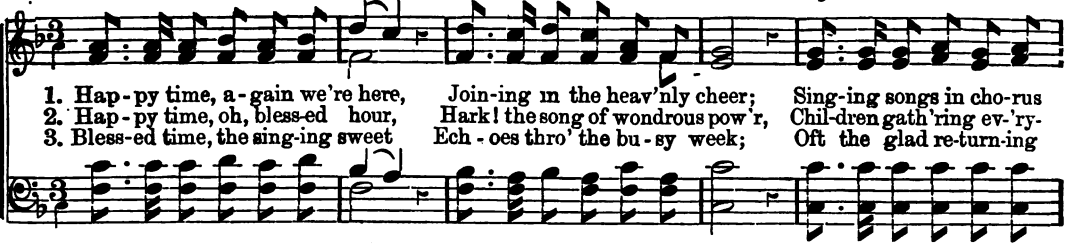
boys, be true, For the boy that is true Will brave - ly go through.

Happy Time.

59

MARIA STRAUB.

Arr. by S. W. STRAUB.



1. Hap-py time, a-gain we're here, Join-ing in the heav'nly cheer; Sing-ing songs in cho-rus
 2. Hap-py time, oh, bless-ed hour, Hark! the song of wondrous pow'r, Chil-dren gath'ring ev'-ry
 3. Bless-ed time, the sing-ing sweet Ech-oes thro' the bu-sy week; Oft the glad re-turn-ing

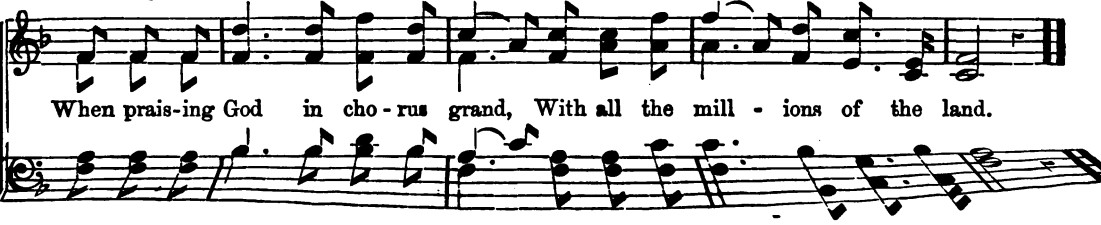


grand, With the mill-ions of the land, With the mill-ions of the land.
 where, Sing-ing hymns of praise and prayer, Sing-ing hymns of praise and prayer.
 strains, E-vil thoughts and deeds re-strain, E-vil thoughts and deeds re-strain.

CHORUS.



Oh, hap-py time! oh, bless-ed time! When join-ing in the won-drous chime;



When prais-ing God in cho-rus grand, With all the mill-ions of the land.

And He Came to Bethany.

P. P. BLISS.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

SOLO.

CHORUS.

SOLO.

1. There is love, true love, and the heart grows warm, When the Lord to Beth-a-ny comes, And the
 2. There is joy, glad joy, and a feast is spread, When the Lord to Beth-a-ny comes, For his
 3. There is peace, sweet peace, and the life grows calm, When the Lord to Beth-a-ny comes, And the
 4. There is faith, strong faith, and our home seems near, When the Lord to Beth-a-ny comes, And the

CHORUS.

word of life has a wondrous charm, When the Lord to Bethany comes. 'Twas a happy, happy day, in the
 heav'nly voice brings to life the dead, When, etc.
 trust-ing soul sings a sweet soft psalm, When, etc.
 crown more bright, and the cross more dear, When, etc.

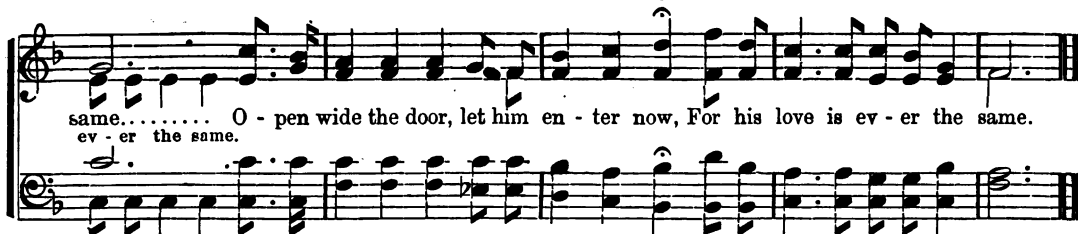
old - en time, When the Lord to Beth-a-ny came. O - pen wide the door, let him en - ter now, For his

love is ev - er the same; His love is ev - er the same,..... His love is ev - er the
 is ev - er the same, is

(Used by per. of J. CHURCH & Co.)

And He Came to Bethany—Concluded.

61

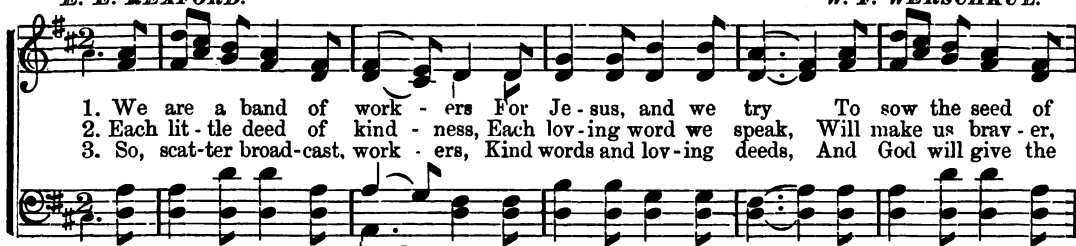


same..... O - pen wide the door, let him en - ter now, For his love is ev - er the same.
ev - er the same.

E. E. REXFORD.

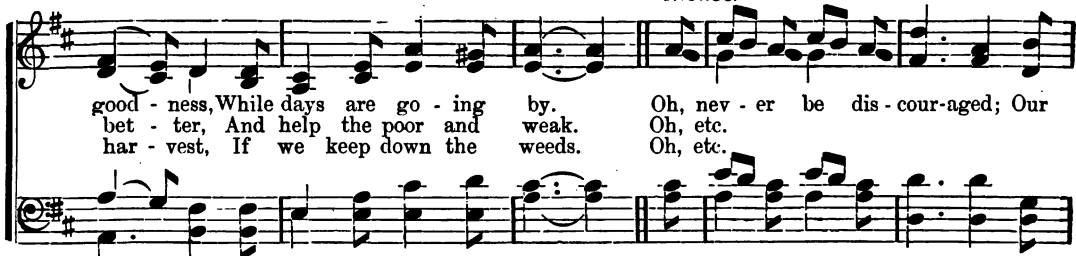
A Band of Little Workers.

W. F. WERSCHKUL.



1. We are a band of work - ers For Je - sus, and we try To sow the seed of
2. Each lit - tle deed of kind - ness, Each lov - ing word we speak, Will make us brav - er,
3. So, scat - ter broad - cast, work - ers, Kind words and lov - ing deeds, And God will give the

CHORUS.



good - ness, While days are go - ing by. Oh, nev - er be dis - cour - aged; Our
bet - ter, And help the poor and weak. Oh, etc.
har - vest, If we keep down the weeds. Oh, etc.

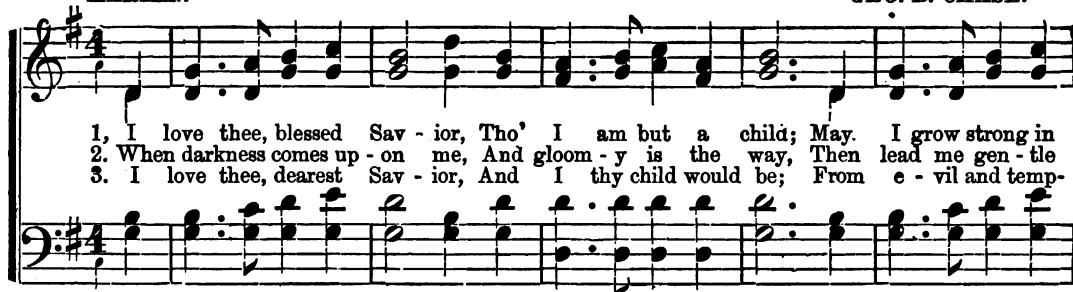


work is not in vain; From good seed, sown in spring - time, We reap the au - tumn grain.

I Love Thee, Blessed Savior.

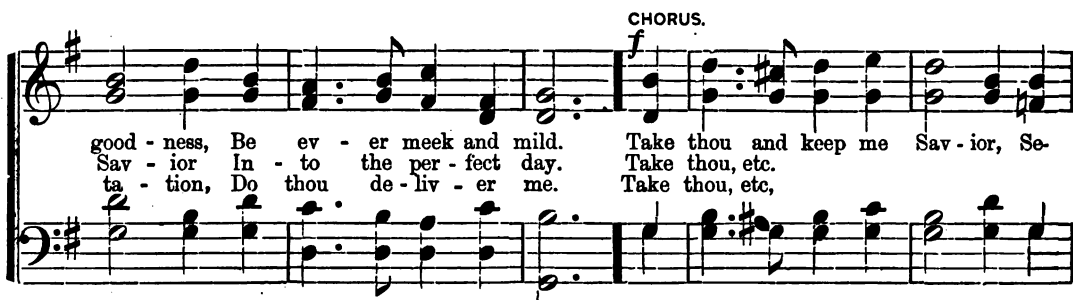
MARIAN.

GEO. B. CHASE.

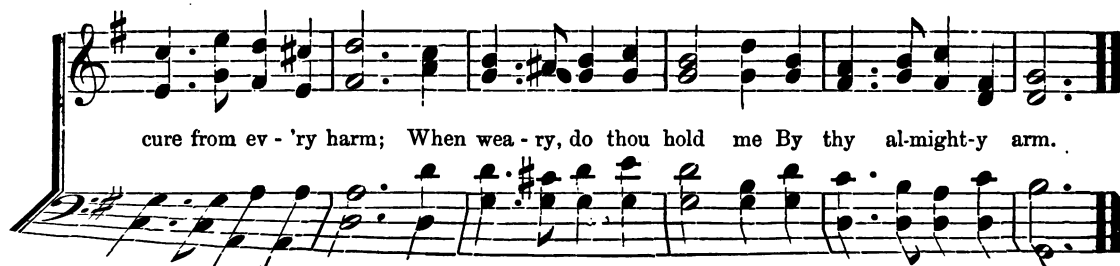


1. I love thee, blessed Sav - ior, Tho' I am but a child; May. I grow strong in
 2. When darkness comes up - on me, And gloom - y is the way, Then lead me gen - tle
 3. I love thee, dearest Sav - ior, And I thy child would be; From e - vil and temp -

CHORUS.



good - ness, Be ev - er meek and mild. Take thou and keep me Sav - ior, Se -
 Sav - ior In - to the per - fect day. Take thou, etc.
 ta - tion, Do thou de - liv - er me. Take thou, etc,



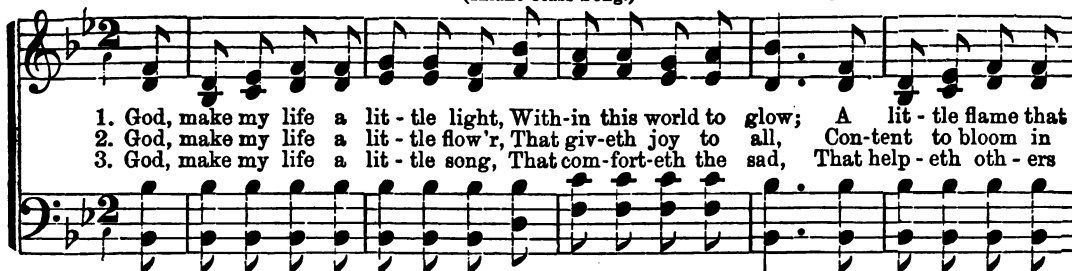
cure from ev - 'ry harm; When wea - ry, do thou hold me By thy al-might-y arm.

Little Light.


63

(Infant Class Song.)

C. E. POLLOCK.



1. God, make my life a lit - tle light, With-in this world to glow; A lit - tle flame that
 2. God, make my life a lit - tle flow'r, That giv-eth joy to all, Con-tent to bloom in
 3. God, make my life a lit - tle song, That com-fort-eth the sad, That help - eth oth - ers



burn-eth bright Wher-ev-er I may go. Lit-tle light, lit-tle light, Wher-
 na - tive bow'r, Al-tho' its place be small. Lit-tle flow'r, lit-tle flow'r, Wher-
 to be strong, And makes the sing-er glad. Lit-tle song, lit-tle song, Wher-

Lit - tle light,
 Lit - tle flow'r,
 Lit - tle song,

lit - tle light,
 lit - tle flow'r,
 lit - tle song,



ev - er I may go; Lit-tle light, lit-tle light, Wher - ev - er I may go.
 ev - er I may go; Lit-tle flow'r, lit-tle flow'r, Wher - ev - er I may go.
 ev - er I may go; Lit-tle song, lit-tle song, Wher - ev - er I may go.

Lit - tle light,
 Lit - tle flow'r,
 Lit - tle song,

lit - tle light,
 lit - tle flow'r,
 lit - tle song,

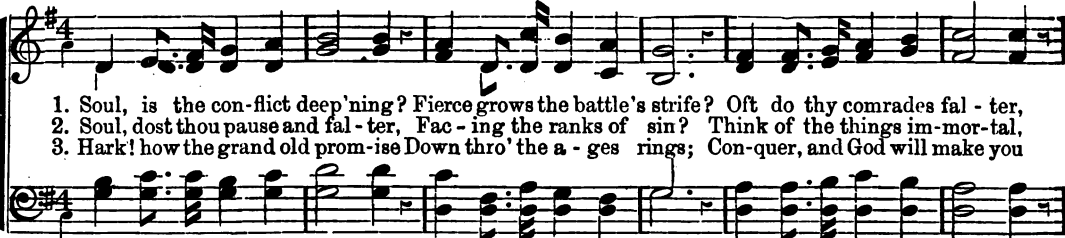
[From "Primary Songs," by per. of D. C. Cook.]

In Battle Armor.

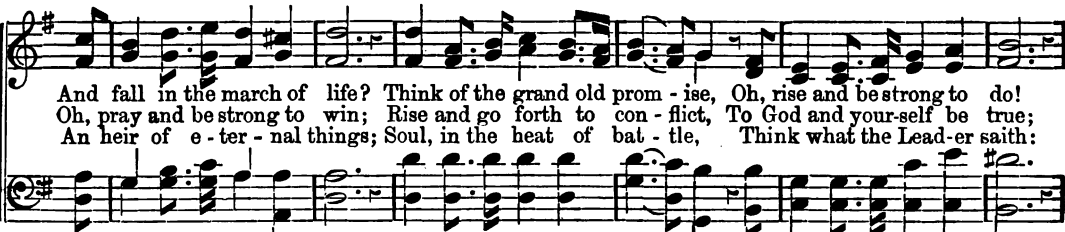
EBEN E. REXFORD.

(Better as Solo and Chorus.)

J. F. TAYLOR.

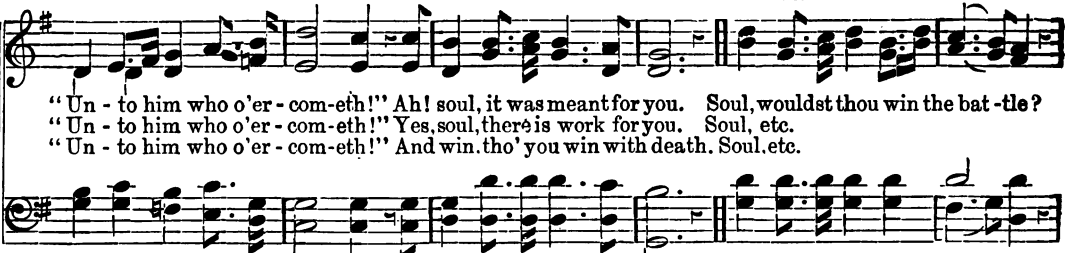


1. Soul, is the con-flict deep'n'ing? Fierce grows the battle's strife? Oft do thy comrades fal - ter,
 2. Soul, dost thou pause and fal - ter, Fac - ing the ranks of sin? Think of the things im-mor-tal,
 3. Hark! how the grand old prom-ise Down thro' the a - ges rings; Con-quer, and God will make you



And fall in the march of life? Think of the grand old prom - ise, Oh, rise and be strong to do!
 Oh, pray and be strong to win; Rise and go forth to con - flict, To God and your-self be true;
 An heir of e - ter - nal things; Soul, in the heat of bat - tle, Think what the Lead-er saith:

CHORUS.



"Un - to him who o'er - com-eth!" Ah! soul, it was meant for you. Soul, wouldst thou win the bat-tle?
 "Un - to him who o'er - com-eth!" Yes, soul, there is work for you. Soul, etc.
 "Un - to him who o'er - com-eth!" And win, tho' you win with death. Soul, etc.



Then for the fight ar - ray; Clad in the Chris-tian's ar - mor, Stand in the e - vil day.
 ar - ray;

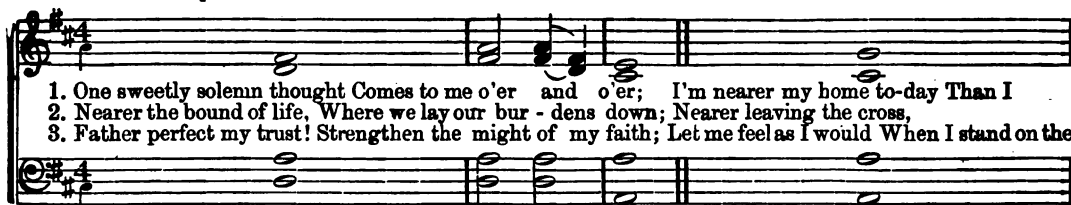
Nearer My Home.

65

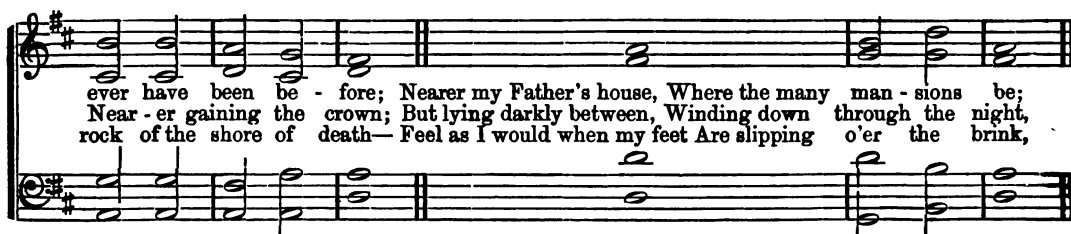
PHEBE CARY.

S. W. STRAUB.

SOLO or QUARTET.

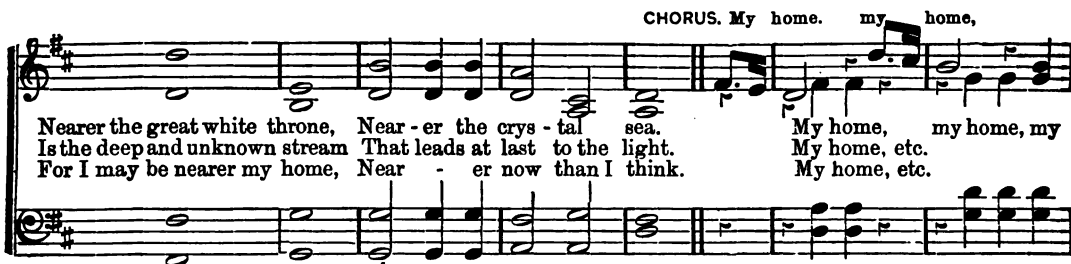


1. One sweetly solemn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er; I'm nearer my home to-day Than I
 2. Nearer the bound of life. Where we lay our bur - dens down; Nearer leaving the cross,
 3. Father perfect my trust! Strengthen the might of my faith; Let me feel as I would When I stand on the

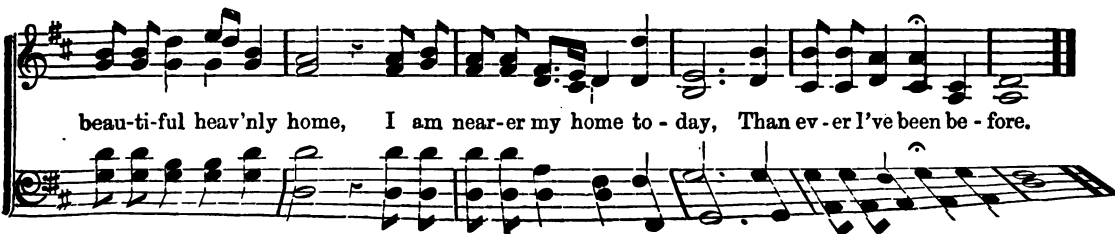


ever have been be - fore; Nearer my Father's house, Where the many man - sions be;
 Near - er gaining the crown; But lying darkly between, Winding down through the night,
 rock of the shore of death— Feel as I would when my feet Are slipping o'er the brink,

CHORUS. My home. my home,



Nearer the great white throne, Near - er the crys - tal sea. My home, my home, my
 Is the deep and unknown stream That leads at last to the light. My home, etc.
 For I may be nearer my home, Near - er now than I think. My home, etc.



beau-ti-ful heav'nly home, I am near-er my home to - day, Than ev-er I've been be - fore.

Oh, Wondrous King!

MARIA STRAUB. *With Vigor.*

N. A. BOUSE.

1. Great prince of heav-en, Lord di-vine, What maj-es-ty and power like thine; Thy
 2. Of low-ly birth, yet great thy name, Rul-er of ev-ry heart, the same, The
 3. Oh, thou to whom the power is given, The power to rule in earth and heaven, May

rule, the ho-ly sweet con-trol, Thy realm the king-dom of the soul; O Christ, thou Monarch
 rich, the high, the low-ly may Be free-men 'neath thy kind-ly sway; Who knows thy love is
 all the world thy grandeur own, And will-ing-ly her King enthrone; Reign thou, dear Sav-ior,

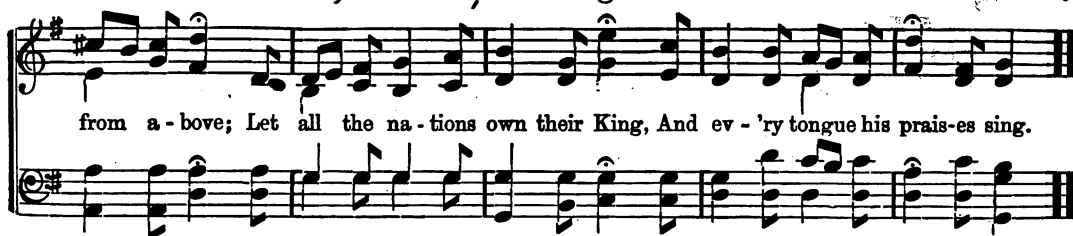
Savior, Friend, Oh, thou in whom all vir-tues blend, Let ev-'ry na-tion own thee, King, And
 not the foe, To seek thy kingdom's o-ver-throw; Rule thou till sin and er-ror cease, Then
 Lord of lords, Rule on till foe with friend accords, Till sor-row, end-less gladness brings, Reign

CHORUS.

ev-'ry tongue thy prais-es sing. Oh, wondrous King! oh, wondrous love, The ho-ly one, sent
 reign triumphant Prince of Peace. Oh, wondrous King! etc.
 thou for-ev-er King of kings. Oh, wondrous King! etc.

Oh, Wondrous King—Concluded.

67



Take His Hand.

M. S.

(Better as Solo and Chorus.)

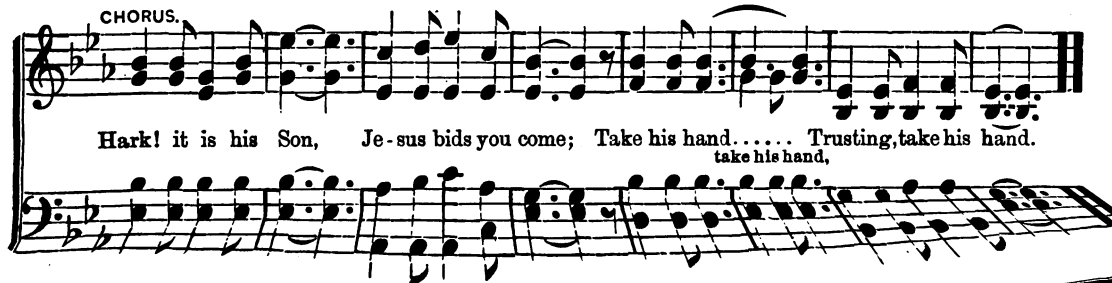
S. * S.

[NOTE.—The following lines were suggested by an incident related in a sermon by the Rev. G. R. Van Horne, of Chicago: A little Scotch boy, falling in an effort, owing to a certain required ceremony, to see his queen (Victoria), when on a visit to his country, was seen crying bitterly, by a gentleman who on learning the cause of his distress, asked him to place his hand in his. The little one did so confidently, when he was informally ushered into the august presence of Her Majesty, his queen. His guardian was no other than the queen's own son, the Prince of Wales.]

Not too fast.



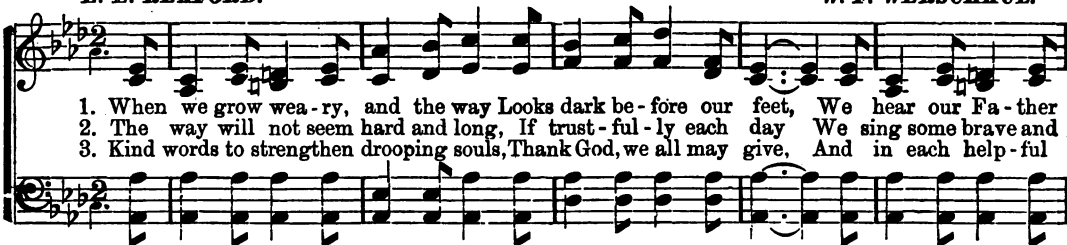
CHORUS.



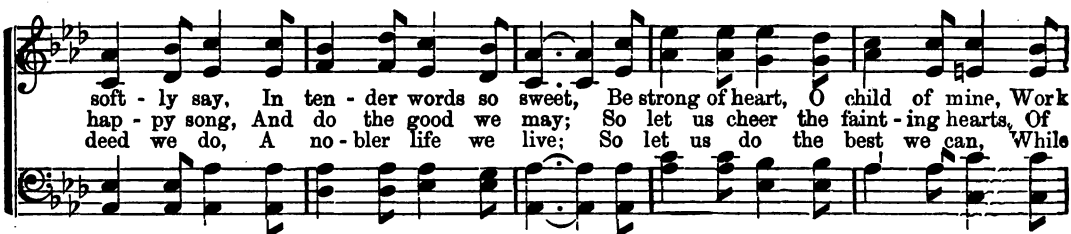
There's Rest for Thee at Home.

E. E. REXFORD.

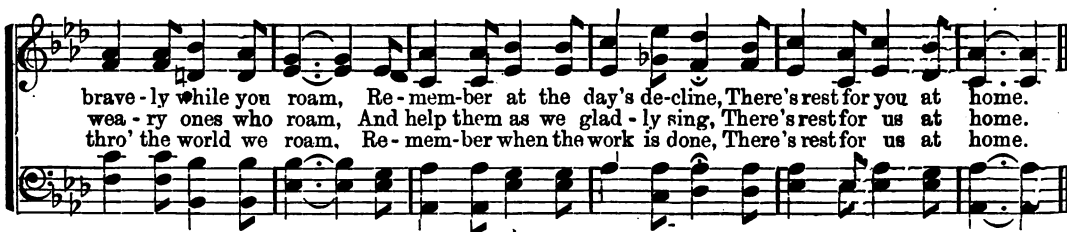
W. F. WERSCHKUL.



1. When we grow wea-ry, and the way Looks dark be-fore our feet, We hear our Fa-ther
 2. The way will not seem hard and long, If trust-ful-ly each day We sing some brave and
 3. Kind words to strengthen drooping souls, Thank God, we all may give, And in each help-ful



soft-ly say, In ten-der words so sweet, Be strong of heart, O child of mine, Work
 hap-py song, And do the good we may; So let us cheer the faint-ing hearts, Of
 deed we do, A no-bler life we live; So let us do the best we can, While



brave-ly while you roam, Re-mem-ber at the day's de-cline, There's rest for you at home.
 wea-ry ones who roam, And help them as we glad-ly sing, There's rest for us at home.
 thro' the world we roam, Re-mem-ber when the work is done, There's rest for us at home.

CHORUS.



We're go-ing home some hap-py day! O child, no lon-ger roam.....
 we're going home some happy day, We're going home some happy day, no lon-ger roam;

(From "Precious Jewels," by per.)

There's Rest for Thee at Home—Concluded.

69



The Fa-ther's ten-der voice will say, There's rest for you at home.....
There's rest at home.



The Father's tender voice will say, The Father's tender voice will say,

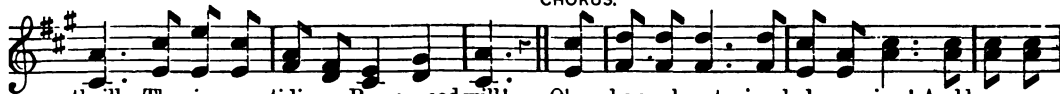
From the Danish. Happy Christmas Comes Once More. H. B. ADAMS.



1. The happy Christmas comes once more. The heav'nly guest is at the door. The blessed words, the shepherds
2. Oh, let us go with quiet mind. The gentle babe with shepherds find, To gaze on Him who gladdens
3. Come, Jesus, glorious, heav'nly Guest, Keep thine own Christmas in our breast! Then David's harp-strings hush'd so

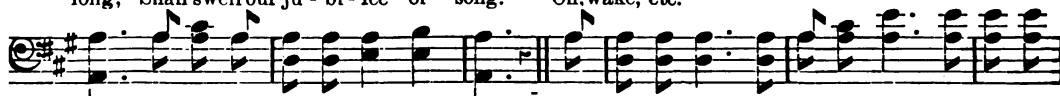


CHORUS.

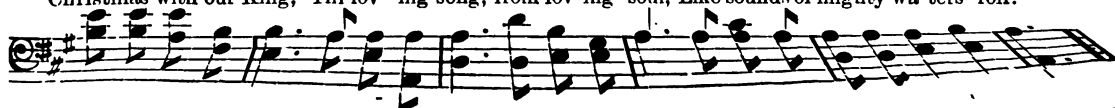


thrill. The joy-ous tidings, Peace, good will!
them, The loveliest Flow'r of Jes-se's stem.
long, Shall swell our ju-bi-lee of song.

Oh, wake our hearts, in glad-ness sing! And keep our
Oh, wake, etc.
Oh, wake, etc.



Christmas with our King, Till lov-ing song, from lov-ing soul, Like sounds of mighty wa-ters roll.



Marching Home.

March movement.

D. R. DUPERT.



1. We are march-ing home-ward with the blest, To that bright, bright world a - bove;
 2. Je - sus stands and beck - ons to us now, As we fal - ter on the way;
 3. Our dear Sav - ior has pre - pared the way To the place where all may come;



Where our friends have gone and are at rest, In that world of light and love.
 Let us then with cheer-ful hearts move on, Let us heed his call to - day.
 Let us serve him tru - ly day by day, And at last he'll bring us home.

CHORUS.



Marching home, marching home, We are marching homeward with the blest.....
 Marching home, march-ing home, We are march-ing home - ward, homeward with the blest;



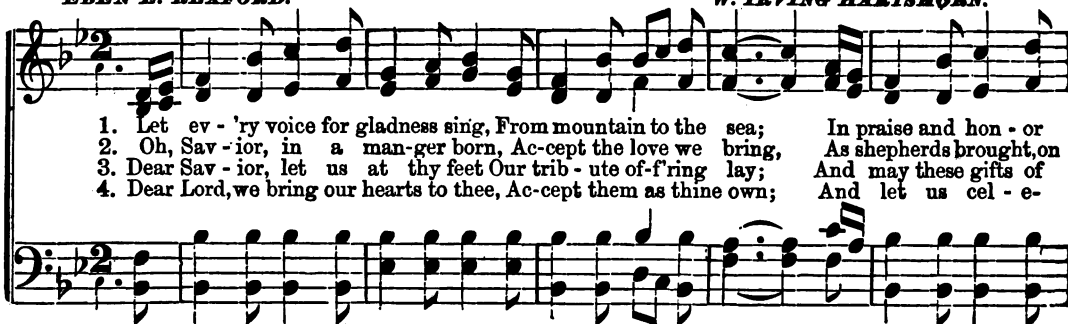
Marching home, marching home, We are marching, marching home to rest, (home to rest.)
 Marching home, marching home, We are march-ing, march - ing, marching home to rest.

Christmas Carol.

71

EBEN E. REXFORD.

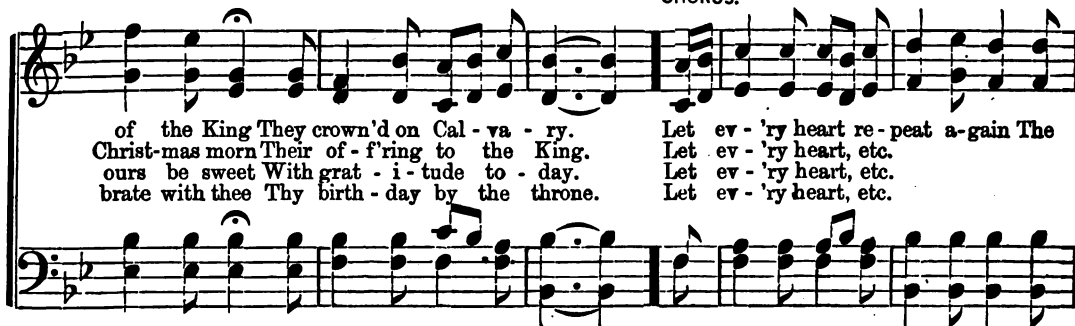
W. IRVING HARTSHORN.



1. Let ev - 'ry voice for gladness sing, From mountain to the sea;
 2. Oh, Sav - ior, in a man - ger born, Ac - cept the love we bring,
 3. Dear Sav - ior, let us at thy feet Our trib - ute of - f'ring lay;
 4. Dear Lord, we bring our hearts to thee, Ac - cept them as thine own;

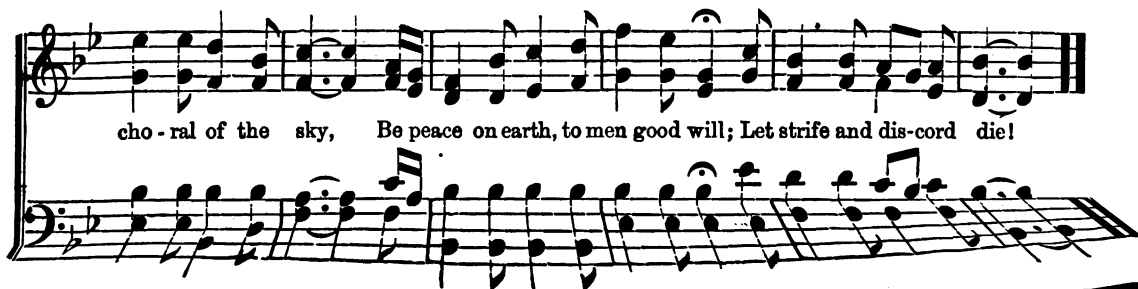
In praise and hon - or
 As shepherds brought, on
 And may these gifts of
 And let us cel - e -

CHORUS.



of the King They crown'd on Cal - va - ry.
 Christ - mas morn Their of - f'ring to the King.
 ours be sweet With grat - i - tude to - day.
 brate with thee Thy birth - day by the throne.

Let ev - 'ry heart re - peat a - gain The
 Let ev - 'ry heart, etc.
 Let ev - 'ry heart, etc.
 Let ev - 'ry heart, etc.



cho - ral of the sky, Be peace on earth, to men good will; Let strife and dis - cord die!

Do Good!

PEARL.

(Better as Solo and Chorus.)

HAROLD B. ADAMS.

1. Work for some good be it ev - er so slow - ly; Cher - ish some flow'r, be it
 2. Speak a kind word, when - e'er it is need - ed; Give a bright smile, be it
 3. Let not an an - gry word ev - er be spok - en; Let not a prom - ise be

ev - er so low - ly; La - bor, all la - bor is ear - nest and ho - ly.
 e - ven un - heed - ed: Up - root an e - vil be - fore 'tis well seed - ed.
 made and then brok - en. Let not your words, but your deeds be the to - ken,

CHORUS.

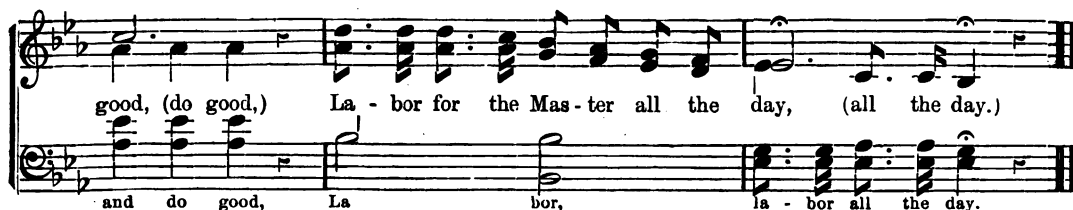
Let your great work be your prayer to your God. La - bor in the vineyard and do good, (do good,)
 God gives you courage and strength to do good. La - bor in the vineyard, etc.
 That you're at work in the vineyard of God. La - bor in the vineyard, etc.

La - - - bor and do good,

La - bor for the Mas - ter all the day, (all the day;) La - bor in the vine - yard and do
 La - bor, la - bor all the day; La - bor,

Do Good---Concluded.

73

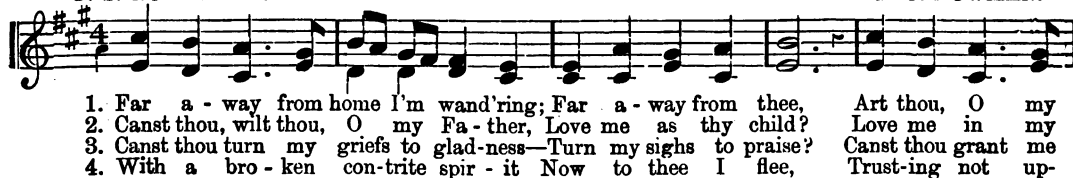


good, (do good,) La - bor for the Mas - ter all the day, (all the day.)
and do good, La bor, la - bor all the day.

Come to Me.

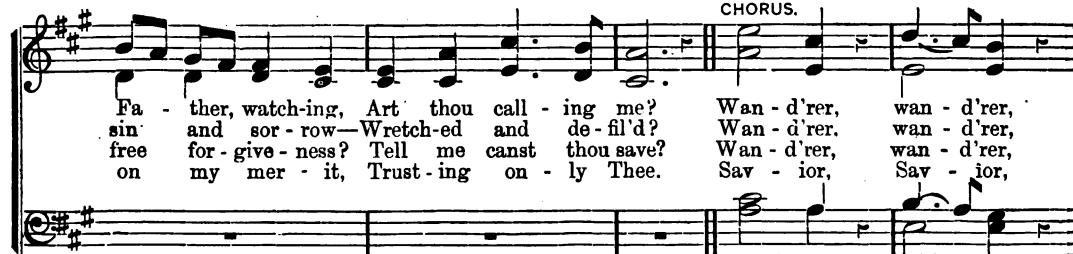
J. S. LOWE. Duet or Solo.

GEO. BOWMAN.

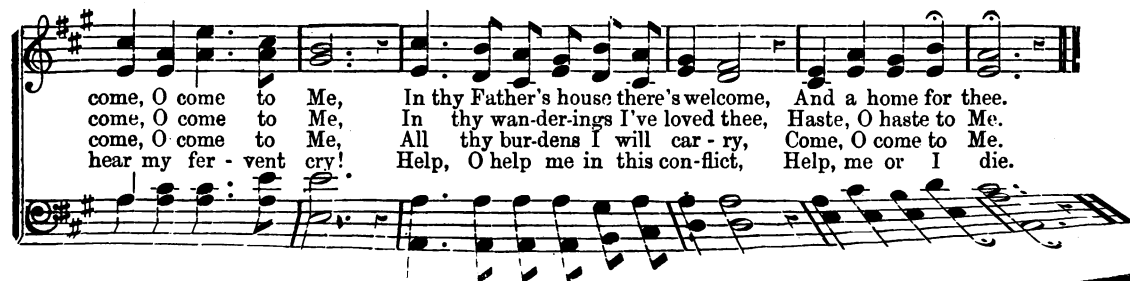


1. Far a - way from home I'm wand'ring; Far a - way from thee, Art thou, O my
2. Canst thou, wilt thou, O my Fa - ther, Love me as thy child? Love me in my
3. Canst thou turn my griefs to glad-ness—Turn my sighs to praise? Canst thou grant me
4. With a bro - ken con-trite spir - it Now to thee I flee, Trust-ing not up-

CHORUS.



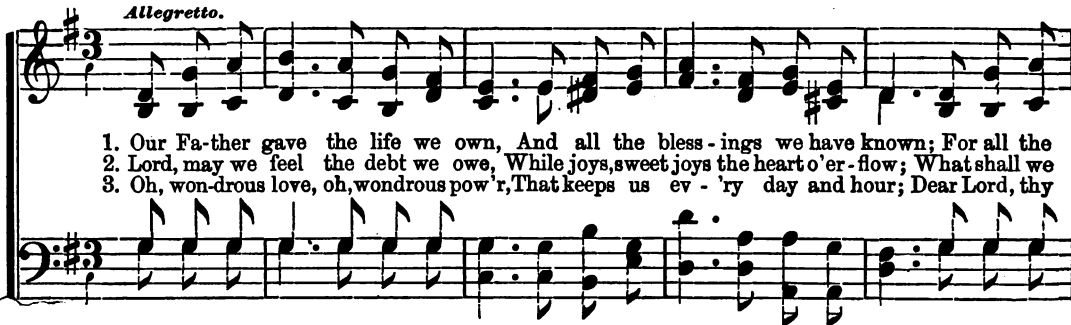
Fa - ther, watch-ing, Art thou call - ing me? Wan - d'rer, wan - d'rer,
sin and sor - row—Wretch-ed and de - fil'd? Wan - d'rer, wan - d'rer,
free for - give - ness? Tell me canst thou save? Wan - d'rer, wan - d'rer,
on my mer - it, Trust - ing on - ly Thee. Sav - ior, Sav - ior,



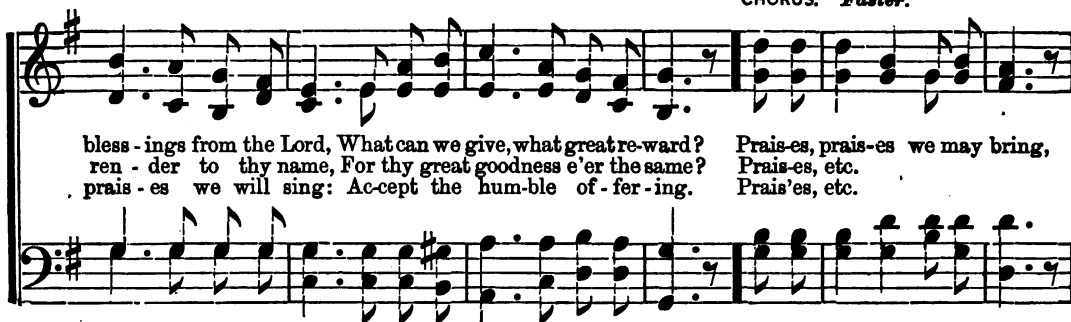
come, O come to Me, In thy Father's house there's welcome, And a home for thee.
come, O come to Me, In thy wan-der-ings I've loved thee, Haste, O haste to Me.
come, O come to Me, All thy bur-dens I will car - ry, Come, O come to Me.
hear my fer - vent cry! Help, O help me in this con-flict, Help, me or I die.

MARIA STRAUB.

J. M. STILLMAN.

Allegretto.


1. Our Fa-ther gave the life we own, And all the bless-ings we have known; For all the
 2. Lord, may we feel the debt we owe, While joys, sweet joys the heart o'er-flow; What shall we
 3. Oh, won-drous love, oh, wondrous pow'r, That keeps us ev - 'ry day and hour; Dear Lord, thy

CHORUS. *Faster.*


bless - ings from the Lord, What can we give, what great re-ward? Prais-es, prais-es we may bring,
 ren - der to thy name, For thy great goodness e'er the same? Prais-es, etc.
 prais - es we will sing: Ac-cept the hum-ble of-fer-ing. Prais'es, etc.

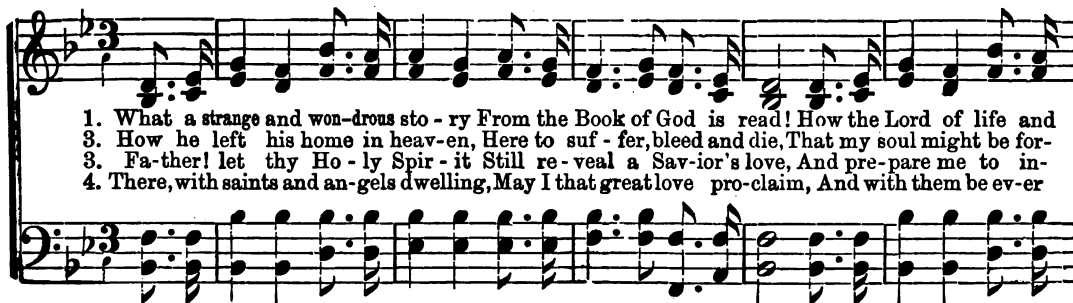


'Tis our grate-ful of-fer-ing; Prais-es to our heav'nly King, Grate-ful prais-es let us sing.

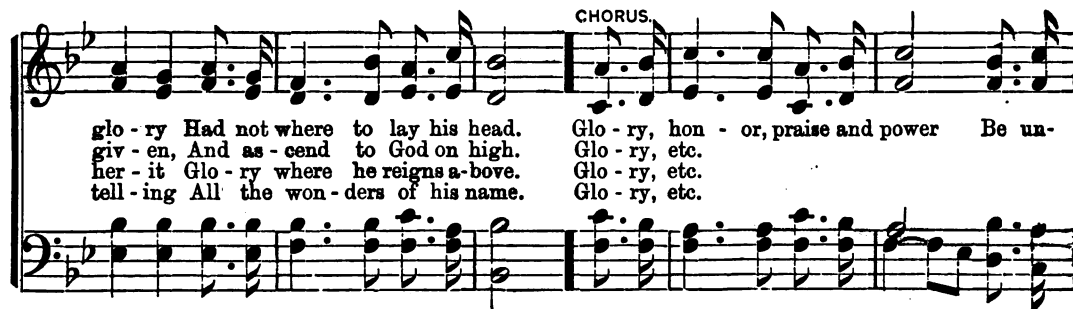
What a Strange and Wondrous Story.

75

C. R. HODGE.



1. What a strange and won-drous sto - ry From the Book of God is read! How the Lord of life and
 3. How he left his home in heav-en, Here to suf - fer, bleed and die, That my soul might be for-
 3. Fa-ther! let thy Ho - ly Spir - it Still re - veal a Sav-ior's love, And pre-pare me to in-
 4. There, with saints and an-gels dwelling, May I that great love pro-claim, And with them be ev-er



CHORUS.

glo - ry Had not where to lay his head.	Glo - ry, hon - or, praise and power	Be un-
giv - en, And as - cend to God on high.	Glo - ry, etc.	
her - it Glo - ry where he reigns a - bove.	Glo - ry, etc.	
tell - ing All the won - ders of his name.	Glo - ry, etc.	



to the Lamb for - ev - er! Je - sus Christ is our Re - deem - er, Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the Lord.

Rest By and By.

W. F. COSNER.

(Better as Solo and Chorus.)

C. E. POLLOCK.

1. Off - en wea - ry and worn on the path - way be - low, When the bur - den is heav - y, my
 2. You will not la - bor long for the Mas - ter be - low, Soon his call you will hear, your free
 3. Then, dear Sav - ior, I would not in sad - ness re - pine, Nor would here on a bed of sweet

heart throbs with woe; Oh, there comes a sweet whis - per to quell ev - 'ry sigh, Do not
 spir - it shall go To the light of his pres - ence in man - sions on high, Where the
 ros - es re - cline; For a coun - try I seek where they nev - er - more die, And in

CHORUS.

faint 'neath the load, there is rest by and by. There is rest by and
 faith - ful re - pose, there is rest by and by. There is rest, etc.
 Zi - on my home, there is rest by and by. There is rest, etc.

There is rest by and by, there is

by, In the beau - ti - ful cit - y there is rest by and by, Where the
 rest by and by,

(From "Good Will" by net)

ran-som'd shall live with the Sav-ior on high, In the beau-ti-ful cit-y there is rest by and by.

JOHN McCABE.

The Sabbath Bell.

J. F. FARGO, by per.

1. 'Tis sweet to hear the Sab-bath bell. Whose soft and sil-v'ry chime Breaks on the ear with
 2. How mem'-ry min-gles with that peal! How hours of oth-er years! How sad the tho'ts, while
 3. A few years more, the winds, so bland, Will bid the young flow'rs wave, Which oh, per-haps some

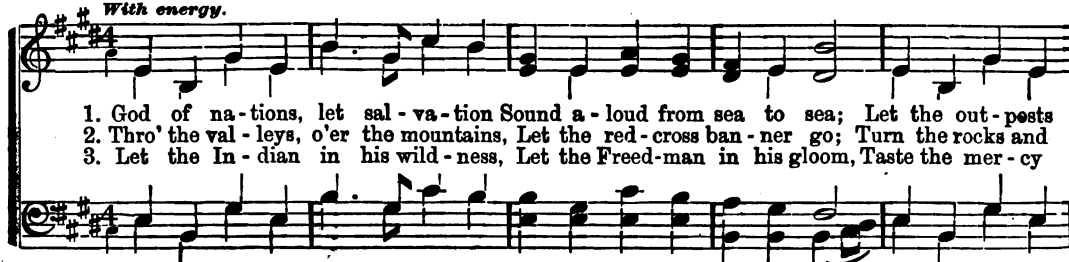
fall and swell, Waft-ing our tho'ts from time. I love to hear its mel-low strain Come
 pen-sive steal My slow-ly trick-ling tears! Tho'ts, mournful to my bo-som lone, Yet,
 kind-ly hand Will plant a-round my grave! I'll miss thy dear, fa-mil-iar voice, Which,

float-ing up the dell: While wend-ing to that sa-cred fane. Where chimes the Sabbath bell.
 those I would not quell; For, sooth-ing to my grief, that tone Of time, sweet Sabbath bell.
 ah, so oft could tell My heart, tho' tempest-tossed, "re-joice." Thon dear, dear Sabbath bell.

New Missionary Hymn.

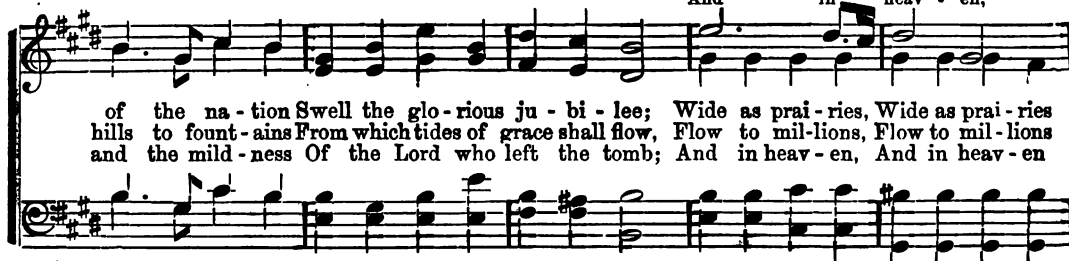
D. C. EDDY, D. D.

W. F. WERSCHKUL.

With energy.


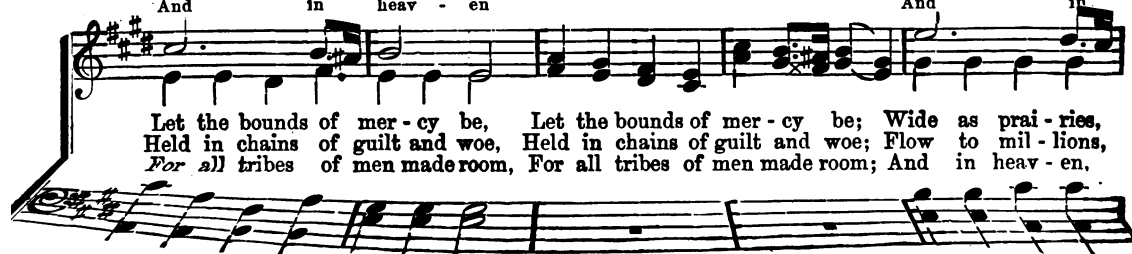
1. God of na-tions, let sal - va-tion Sound a-loud from sea to sea; Let the out-pests
 2. Thro' the val-leys, o'er the mountains, Let the red-cross ban-ner go; Turn the rocks and
 3. Let the In-dian in his wild-ness, Let the Freed-man in his gloom, Taste the mer-cy

Wide as prai-ries,
 Flow to mil-lions,
 And in heav-en,



of the na-tion Swell the glo-rious ju-bi-lee; Wide as prai-ries, Wide as prai-ries
 hills to fount-ains From which tides of grace shall flow, Flow to mil-lions, Flow to mil-lions
 and the mild-ness Of the Lord who left the tomb; And in heav-en, And in heav-en

Wide as prai-ries
 Flow to mil-lions
 And in heav-en



Let the bounds of mer-cy be, Let the bounds of mer-cy be; Wide as prai-ries,
 Held in chains of guilt and woe, Held in chains of guilt and woe; Flow to mil-lions,
 For all tribes of men made room, For all tribes of men made room; And in heav-en,

New Missionary Hymn---Concluded.

79

prai - ries, wide as prai - ries
mil - lions, flow to mil - lions
heav - en, and in heav - en

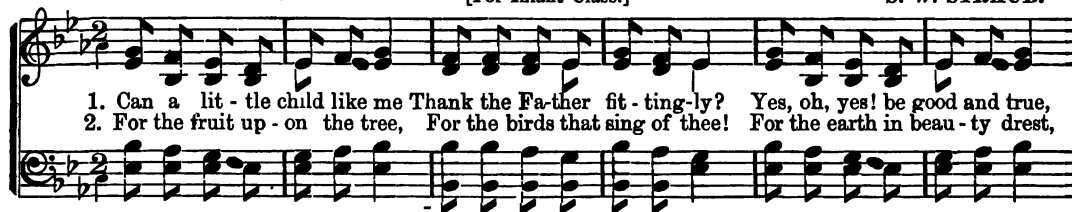


Wide as prai-ries Let the bounds of mer-cy be, Let the bounds of mer-cy be.
Flow to mil-lions Held in chains of guilt and woe, Held in chains of guilt and woe.
And in heav-en For all tribes of men made room, For all tribes of men made room.

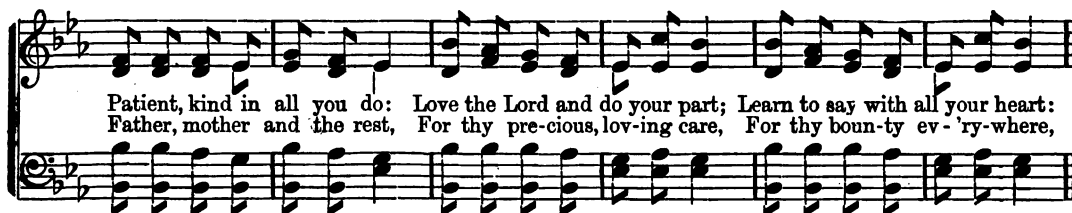
Father, We Thank Thee!

[For Infant Class.]

S. W. STRAUB.

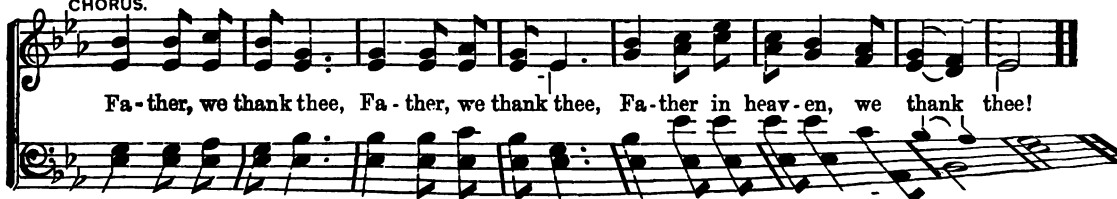


1. Can a lit-tle child like me Thank the Fa-ther fit-ting-ly? Yes, oh, yes! be good and true,
2. For the fruit up-on the tree, For the birds that sing of thee! For the earth in beau-ty drest,



Patient, kind in all you do: Love the Lord and do your part; Learn to say with all your heart:
Father, mother and the rest, For thy pre-cious, lov-ing care, For thy boun-ty ev-ry-where,

CHORUS.



Fa-ther, we thank thee, Fa-ther, we thank thee, Fa-ther in heav-en, we thank thee!

(From "Good Will," by per.)

Hail! Gracious Morn.

S. FILMORE BENNETT.

W. F. WERSCHKUL.

Allegretto.

1. Hail, gracious morn whose light Such joy Ju-de-a brings! Whose radiance makes the manger bright. Where
 2. Hail, day the star fore - told, Whose King the wise men sought, And gifts of spices rare, and gold, To
 3. Hail, gracious na - tal day! We come with songs to greet, And gifts of grateful hearts to lay, In

CHORUS.

sleeps the King of kings. Shep - herds a - wait-ing him! An - gels at - tend-ing him!
 of - fer Je - sus, brought. Shep - herds, etc.
 love, at Je - sus' feet. Shep - herds, etc.

Shep-herds An-gels

Gra - cious the morn-ing That gives us our King! Shep - herds a-wait-ing him!

Gra-cious That gives us Shep-herds

An - gels at - tend-ing him! Gra - cious the morn - ing That gives us our king.

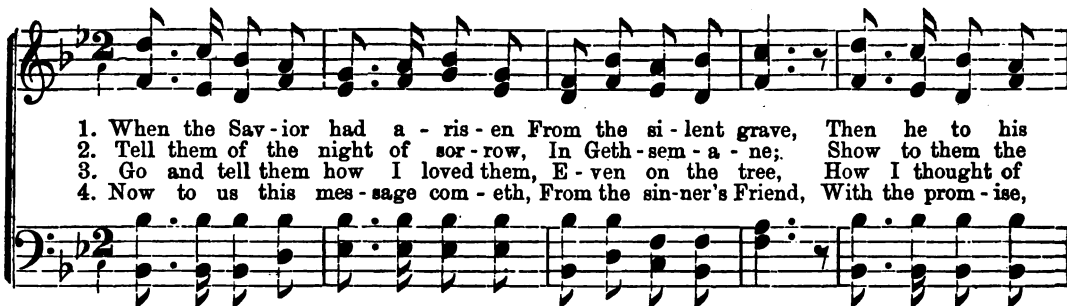
An-gels Gra-cious That gives us

The Last Command.

81

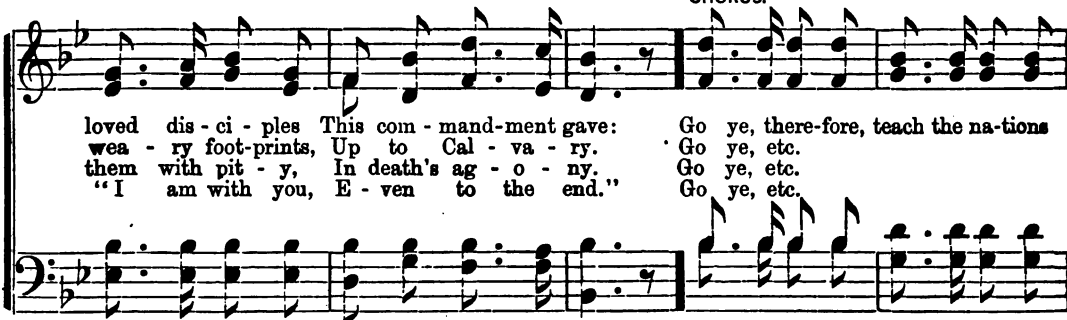
MATTIE P. SMITH.

W. I. HARTSHORN.

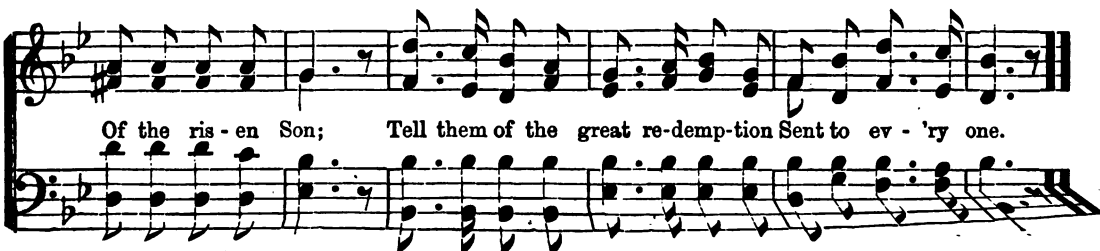


1. When the Sav-ior had a - ris-en From the si-lent grave, Then he to his
 2. Tell them of the night of sor-row, In Geth-sem-a - ne; Show to them the
 3. Go and tell them how I loved them, E - ven on the tree, How I thought of
 4. Now to us this mes-sage com - eth, From the sin-ner's Friend, With the prom - ise,

CHORUS.



loved dis - ci - ples This com - mand - ment gave: Go ye, there-fore, teach the na-tions
 wea - ry foot-prints, Up to Cal - va - ry. Go ye, etc.
 them with pit - y, In death's ag - o - ny. Go ye, etc.
 "I am with you, E - ven to the end." Go ye, etc.



Of the ris - en Son; Tell them of the great re-demp-tion Sent to ev - 'ry one.

[From "International Lesson Hymnal," by per. of D. C. Cook.]

Guard Your Homes.

*M. A. S. Energico.**Arr. by S. W.*

1. Un - furl your temp'rance ban - ner, And let it wave on high; From east to west, I
 2. The fiend of rum is rag - ing, Its vic-tims throng the dead; And ma - ny hearts
 3. Go forth to raise the fall - en, And help the weak to stand; Oh, save the sons :

CHORUS.

north to south. I hear the wak-ing cry. Guard your homes and children, For death lurks in the cup,
 break-ing, And thousands ask for bread. Guard your homes, etc.
 daugh-ters Of this, our beauteous land. Guard your homes, etc.

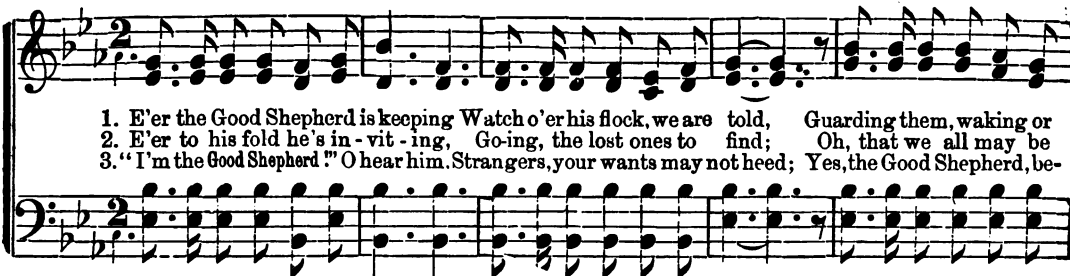
slav - 'ry, slav-'ry and death the cup con-tains, Yes, slav - 'ry, slav-'ry and death the cup con-tains.

The Good Shepherd.

83

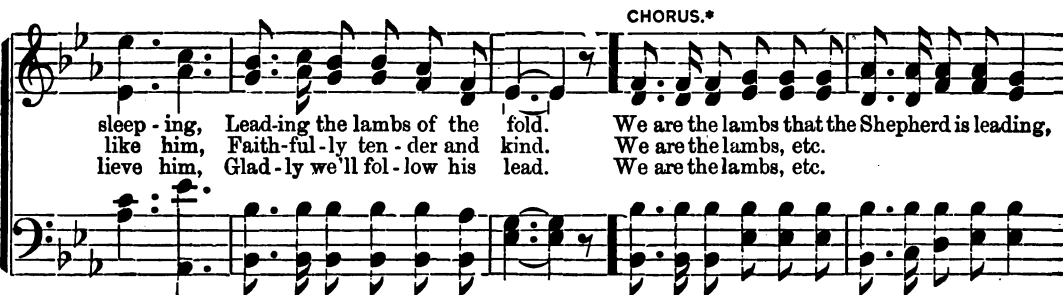
M. S.

Arr. from German, by S. W. S.

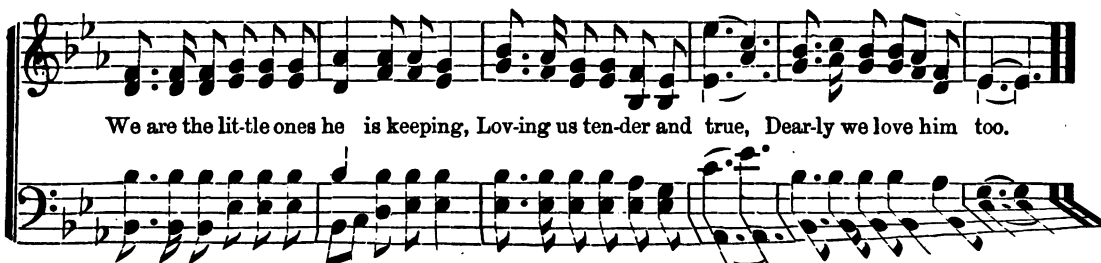


1. E'er the Good Shepherd is keeping Watch o'er his flock, we are told, Guarding them, waking or
 2. E'er to his fold he's in - vit - ing. Go - ing, the lost ones to find; Oh, that we all may be
 3. "I'm the Good Shepherd!" O hear him. Strangers, your wants may not heed; Yes, the Good Shepherd, be-

CHORUS.*



sleep - ing, Lead - ing the lambs of the fold. We are the lambs that the Shepherd is leading,
 like him, Faith - ful - ly ten - der and kind. We are the lambs, etc.
 lieve him, Glad - ly we'll fol - low his lead. We are the lambs, etc.




We are the lit - tle ones he is keeping, Lov - ing us ten - der and true, Dearly we love him too.

* Have the infant class sing the Chorus alone sometimes.



Remember.

M. S.


* W. *



1. Sail-ing down life's wind - ing river May we ne'er for-get the giv-er Of each joy and cheer
 2. Though the way seem dark before us Still the sun is shin-ing o'er us, Still from him they come,
 3. Whether waking, dreaming, sleeping, All of life is in his keeping; That he changeth not

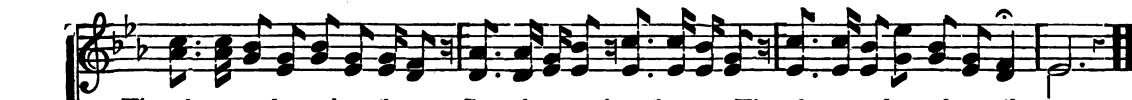
When the sky is clear; O that we might e'er re-mem-ber Him whose goodness changeth never,
 Joys we may not own; Him whose promise e'er full - fill-ing Brings reward for du - ty willing;
 Be our wak-ing thought; Sail-ing down life's wind-ing river Prais - es, prais-es to the giv - er,




rit. CHORUS.



Though the way ap-pears Some-times dark and drear. O that we might ev-er remember
 O the thought of him, Saves from pain and sin. O that we, etc.
 This our sweetest song, As we jour - ney on. O that we, etc.

Him whose goodness changeth never, Changeth never, changeth never. Him whose goodness changeth never.

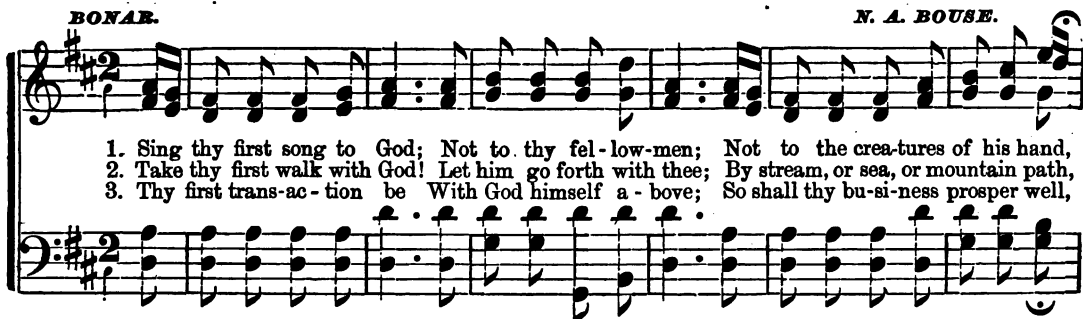


Begin with God.

85

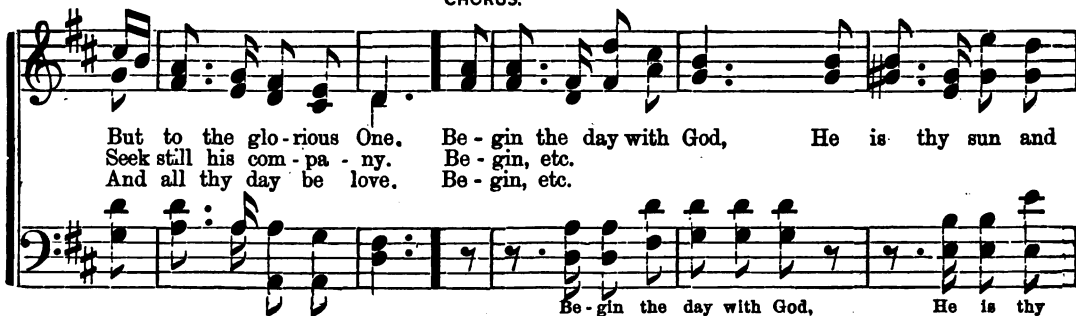
BONAR.

N. A. BOUSE.



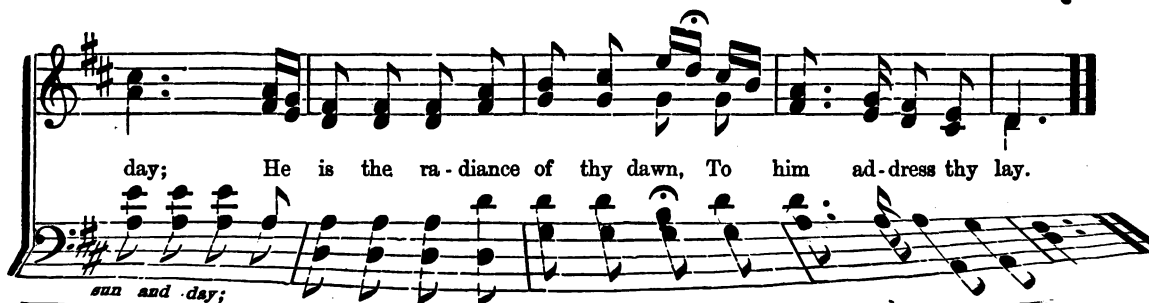
1. Sing thy first song to God; Not to thy fel-low-men; Not to the crea-tures of his hand,
 2. Take thy first walk with God! Let him go forth with thee; By stream, or sea, or mountain path,
 3. Thy first trans-ac-tion be With God himself a - bove; So shall thy bu-si-ness prosper well,

CHORUS.



But to the glo-rious One. Be - gin the day with God, He is thy sun and
 Seek still his com - pa - ny. Be - gin, etc.
 And all thy day be love. Be - gin, etc.

Be - gin the day with God, He is thy



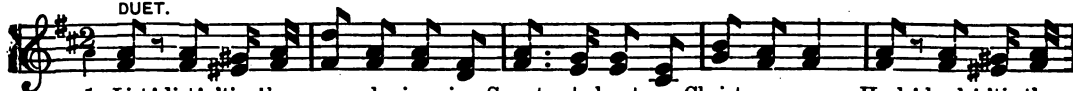
day; He is the ra - diance of thy dawn, To him ad-dress thy lay.

sun and day;

Mrs. EMMA PITT.

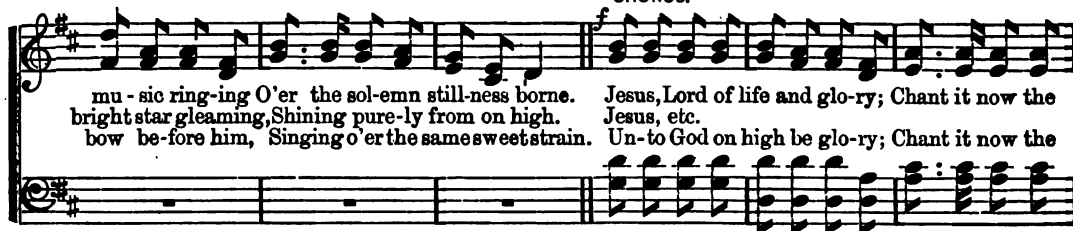
DUET.

* W. *

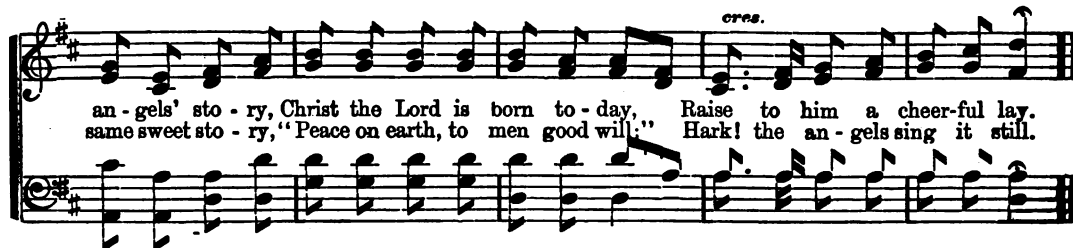


1. List! list! 'tis the an-gels sing-ing Sweet-est chants on Christmas morn; Hark! hark! 'tis the
 2. See! see! with all beau-ty teem-ing O-ver yon-der east-ern sky; Yes! yes! 'tis the
 3. Then! then! were the shepherds joy-ous, Shout-ing forth a glad re-frain; Now! now! let us

CHORUS.



mu-sic ring-ing O'er the sol-ern still-ness borne. Jesus, Lord of life and glo-ry; Chant it now the
 bright star gleaming, Shining pure-ly from on high. Jesus, etc.
 bow be-fore him, Singing o'er the same sweet strain. Un-to God on high be glo-ry; Chant it now the



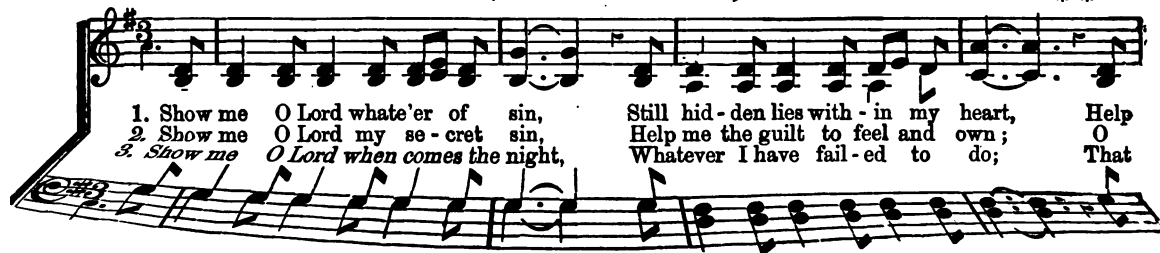
an-gels' sto-ry, Christ the Lord is born to-day, Raise to him a cheer-ful lay.
 same sweet sto-ry, "Peace on earth, to men good will;" Hark! the an-gels sing it still.

What Lack I Yet?

MARIA STRAUB.

(Better as Solo and Chorus.)

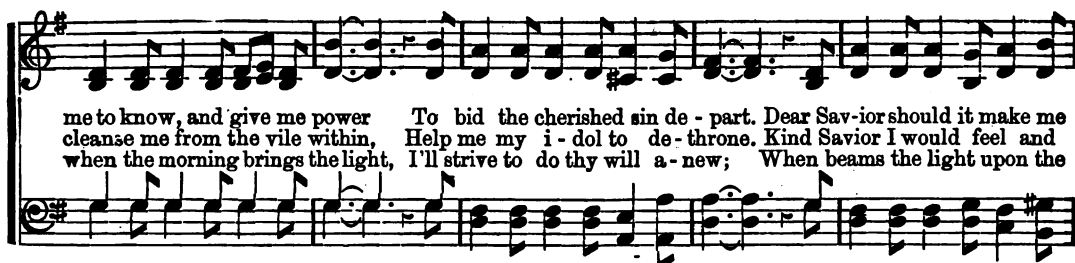
S. * *



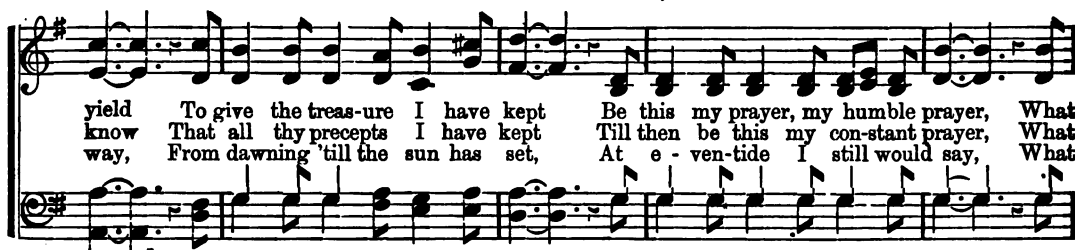
1. Show me O Lord whate'er of sin, Still hid-den lies with-in my heart, Help
 2. Show me O Lord my se-cret sin, Help me the guilt to feel and own; O
 3. Show me O Lord when comes the night, Whatever I have fail-ed to do; That

What Lack I Yet?—Concluded.

87

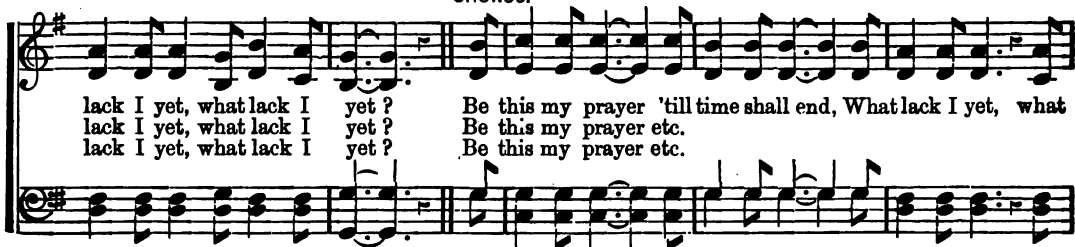


me to know, and give me power To bid the cherished sin de - part. Dear Sav-ior should it make me
 cleanse me from the vile within, Help me my i - dol to de - throne. Kind Savior I would feel and
 when the morning brings the light, I'll strive to do thy will a - new; When beams the light upon the

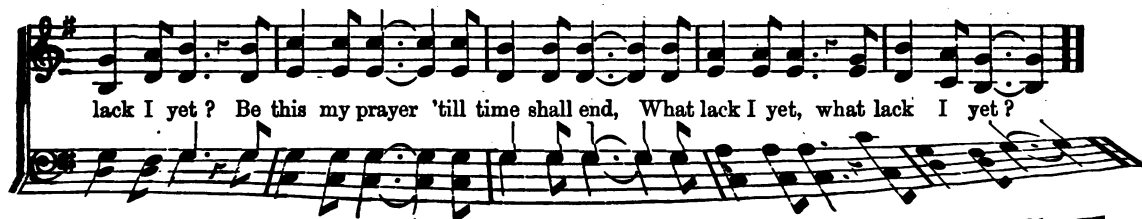


yield To give the treas-ure I have kept Be this my prayer, my humble prayer, What
 know That all thy precepts I have kept Till then be this my con-stant prayer, What
 way, From dawning 'till the sun has set, At e - ven-tide I still would say, What

CHORUS.



lack I yet, what lack I yet? Be this my prayer 'till time shall end, What lack I yet, what
 lack I yet, what lack I yet? Be this my prayer etc.
 lack I yet, what lack I yet? Be this my prayer etc.



lack I yet? Be this my prayer 'till time shall end, What lack I yet, what lack I yet?

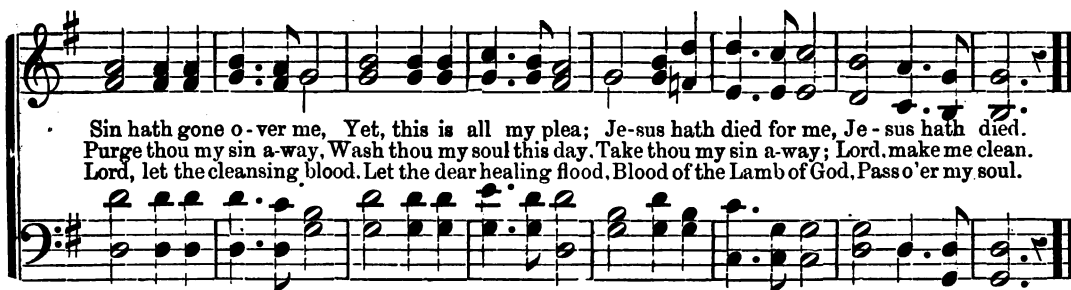
No, Not Despairingly.

Con espressione.

W. F. WERSCHKUL.



1. No, not de-spair-ing-ly, Come I to thee; No, not dis-trust-ing-ly Bend I the knee;
 2. Lord, I con-fess to thee Sad-ly my sin! Now tell I all to thee, All I have been;
 3. Faith-ful and just art thou, For-giv-ing all; Lov-ing and kind art thou, When sor-rows fall;



Sin hath gone o-ver me, Yet, this is all my plea; Je-sus hath died for me, Je-sus hath died.
 Purge thou my sin a-way, Wash thou my soul this day. Take thou my sin a-way; Lord, make me clean.
 Lord, let the cleansing blood, Let the dear healing flood, Blood of the Lamb of God, Pass o'er my soul.

Hallelujah!

MARIA STRAUB.

Arr. by S. W. S.



1. Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! praise the Lord;
 2. Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! praise the Lord;
 3. Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! praise the Lord;

{ Praise the Lord of love and
 Praise him who is reign-ing
 Praise him for his love and
 Lord of life and love un-
 Praise the Lord who came to
 Here on earth he'll not for-

Hallelujah!—Concluded.

89

meek-ness In a song of joy and sweet-ness; Hal-le-lu-jah! praise the Lord
 o'er us, Free-ly, free-ly swell the cho-rus; Hal-le-lu-jah! praise the Lord.
 bless-ing, When we come our sins con-fess-ing; Hal-le-lu-jah! praise the Lord.
 dy-ing, Oh, that we might ne'er de-ny him; Hal-le-lu-jah! praise the Lord.
 save us From the e-vils that o'er-take us; Hal-le-lu-jah! praise the Lord.
 sake us, To his home at last he'll take us; Hal-le-lu-jah! praise the Lord.

All Excelling!

Translated from the German by M. S.

Arr. from the German by S. W. S.

1. Dear-est Lord Je-sus, Rul-er of all rul-ers, Son of God, be-lov-ed Son,
 2. Fair is the sun-beam, fair the sil-v'ry moon-beam, Beau-te-ous the star-ry night;
 3. All the fair beau-ties, glad'ning earth and heav-en, Dwell with-in thy name di-vine;

Thee, ten-der, lov-ing, thee will I hon-or, Joy and com-fort of my soul.
 Je-sus is fair-er, Je-sus is dear-er Than the heav'n-ly host in white.
 No one can ev-er be dear-er than thou to me, Pre-cious Je-sus, Sav-ior, mine.

Brave Christian Soldiers.

Mrs. EMMA PITT.

S. W. STRAUB.

With energy.

1. Brave Christian sol-diers, gal-lant-ly march-ing, Joy-ful-ly sing-ing all the bright way,
 2. Your Cap-tain loves you, ten-der-ly loves you, Kind-ly he speaks to all here to-day;
 3. March, val-i-ant sol-diers, on-ward to glo-ry, Hearts ev-er hap-py, hearts ev-er brave;

Gird on your ar-mor, gird on your ar-mor, Je-sus is lead-ing, and you must o-bey.
 Lift up your voic-es, glad anthems rais-ing, He will be with you a-long the bright way.
 Je-sus will guide you, vic-t'ry a-waits you, Je-sus is lead-ing you, Je-sus can save.

CHORUS.

Cheer-ful-ly march-ing, faith-ful-ly march-ing, Je-sus will lead you all the bright way;

Joy-ful-ly sing-ing, heart-i-ly sing-ing, Lift up your hearts to your Sav-ior to-day.

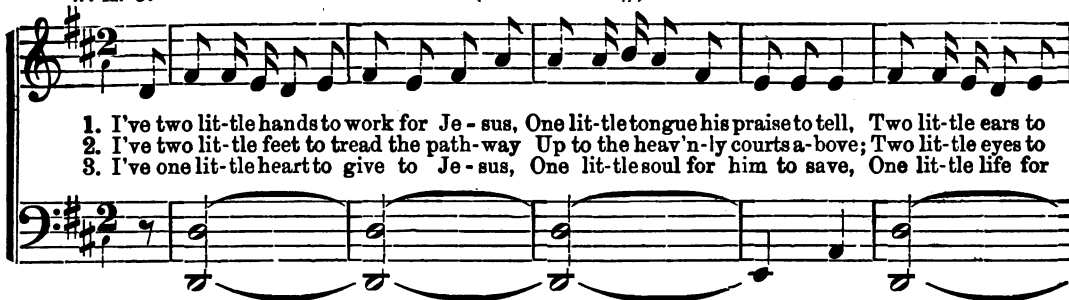
Two Little Hands.

91

W. A. O.

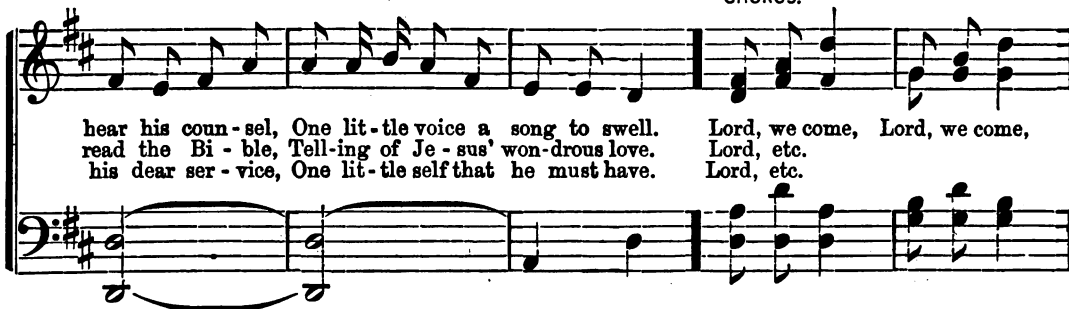
(Infant Class Song.)

W. A. OGDEN.



1. I've two lit-tle hands to work for Je - sus, One lit-tle tongue his praise to tell, Two lit-tle ears to
 2. I've two lit-tle feet to tread the path-way Up to the heav'n-ly courts a-bove; Two lit-tle eyes to
 3. I've one lit-tle heart to give to Je - sus, One lit-tle soul for him to save, One lit-tle life for

CHORUS.



hear his coun-sel, One lit-tle voice a song to swell. Lord, we come, Lord, we come,
 read the Bi-ble, Tell-ing of Je - sus' won-drous love. Lord, etc.
 his dear ser-vice, One lit-tle self that he must have. Lord, etc.



In our childhood's ear-ly morn-ing; Lord, we come, Lord, we come, Come to learn of thee.

[From "Primary Songs," by per. of D. C. Cook.]

The Beautiful World.

LUCIA FIDELIA W. GILLETTE.

(Better as Solo and Chorus.)

S. W. STRAUB.

1. 'Tis a beau-ti-ful world, with its val-leys of green, With its ev-ergreen mounts and bright
 2. Oh, the beau-ti-ful world, with its star-light-ed dome, Ev-er arch-ing with az-ure sweet
 3. Oh, the beau-ti-ful world, 'tis the val-ley of time, And it touch-es the shore of the

riv-ers be-tween; With its for-ests of shades, and its moss-es and flow'rs, And its
 vine-shad-ed homes, With its fond hearts of love giv-ing bless-ings so sweet, And that
 heav-en-ly clime; And I'll cling to its beau-ty with ten-der-est love, Till I'm

CHORUS. *Slower.*

sun-shine and mu-sic to bright-en the hours. 'Tis a beau-ti-ful world in the
 bright-en the path-ways where wan-der our feet. 'Tis a beau-ti-ful world, etc.
 called to the joy of the sweet home a-bove. 'Tis a beau-ti-ful world, etc.

care of our God, And the feet of our Sav-ior its path-way have trod; 'Tis a

Beautiful World---Concluded.

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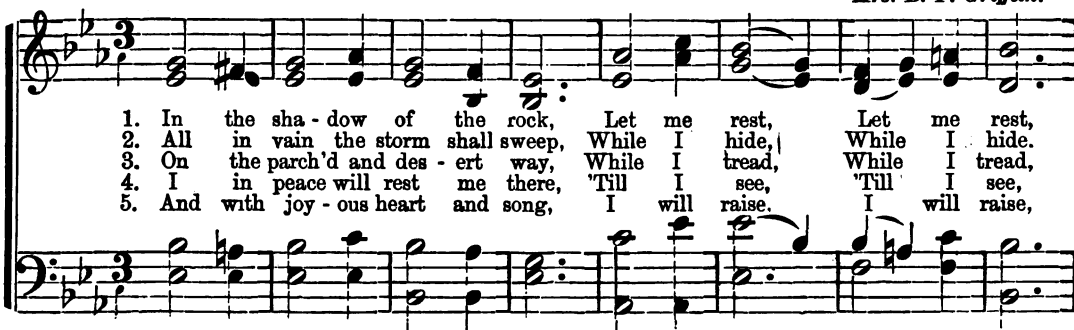


beau-ti-ful world in the care of our God, And the feet of our Sav-ior its path-way have trod.

The Shadow of the Rock.

"A hiding place from the winds and a cover from the tempests."—Is. xxxii. 2.

Mrs. B. F. Griffith.



1. In the sha-dow of the rock, Let me rest, Let me rest,
2. All in vain the storm shall sweep, While I hide, While I hide.
3. On the parch'd and des-ert way, While I tread, While I tread,
4. I in peace will rest me there, 'Till I see, 'Till I see,
5. And with joy-ous heart and song, I will raise, I will raise,

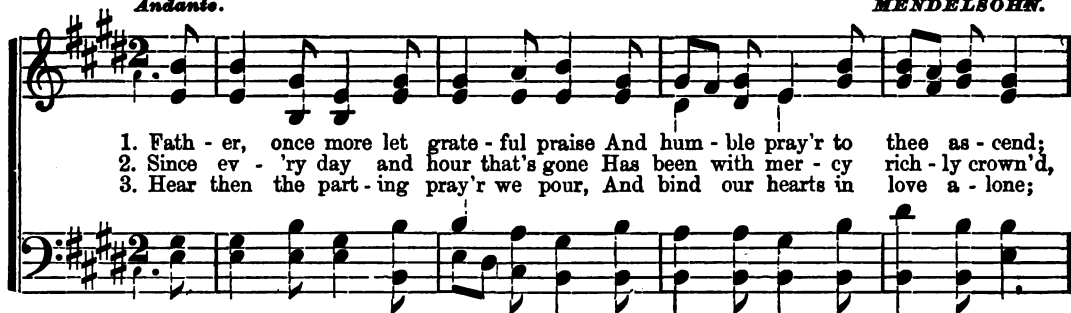


When I feel the tem-pest shock, Thrill my breast, Thrill my breast.
And my tran-quil sta-tion keep, By thy side, By thy side.
With the scorch-ing noon-tide ray, O'er my head, O'er my head.
That the skies a-gain are fair, O-ver me, O-ver me.
Un-to thee, O rock, a song, Glad with praise, Glad with praise.

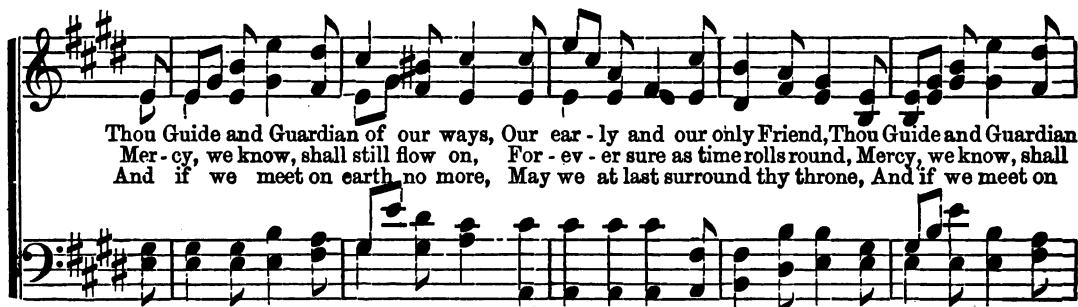
Closing Song.

Andante.

MENDELSSOHN.

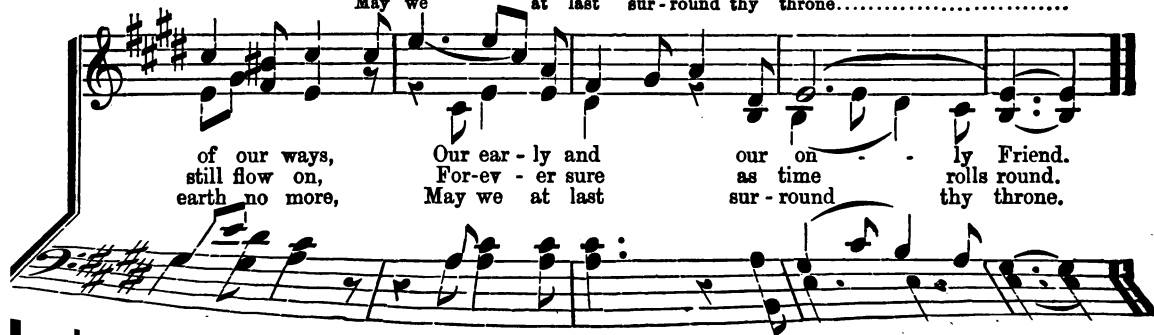


1. Fath - er, once more let grate - ful praise And hum - ble pray'r to thee as - cend;
 2. Since ev - 'ry day and hour that's gone Has been with mer - cy rich - ly crown'd,
 3. Hear then the part - ing pray'r we pour, And bind our hearts in love a - lone;



Thou Guide and Guardian of our ways, Our ear - ly and our only Friend, Thou Guide and Guardian
 Mer - cy, we know, shall still flow on, For - ev - er sure as time rolls round, Mercy, we know, shall
 And if we meet on earth no more, May we at last surround thy throne, And if we meet on

Our ear - - ly and our on - ly Friend.....
 For - ev - - er sure as time rolls on.....
 May we at last sur - round thy throne.....



of our ways,
 still flow on,
 earth no more,

Our ear - ly and
 For - ev - er sure
 May we at last

our on - ly Friend.
 as time rolls round.
 sur - round thy throne.

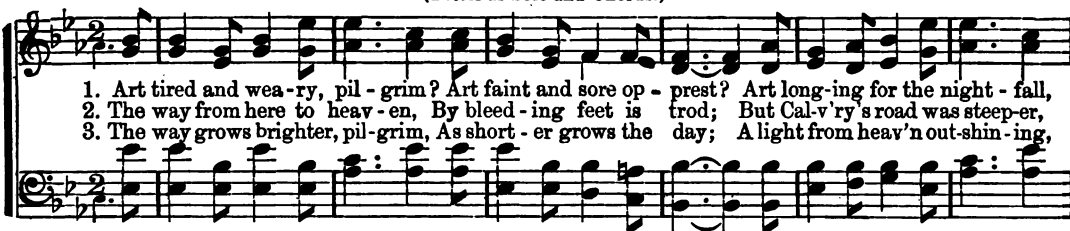
The Crown Above the Cross.

95

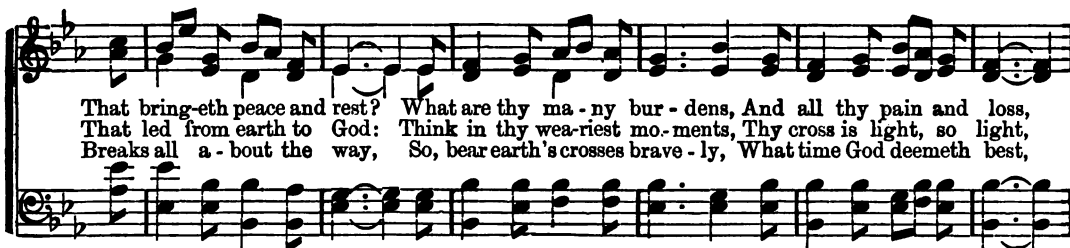
E. E. REXFORD.

E. P. McMURRAY.

(Better as Solo and Chorus.)

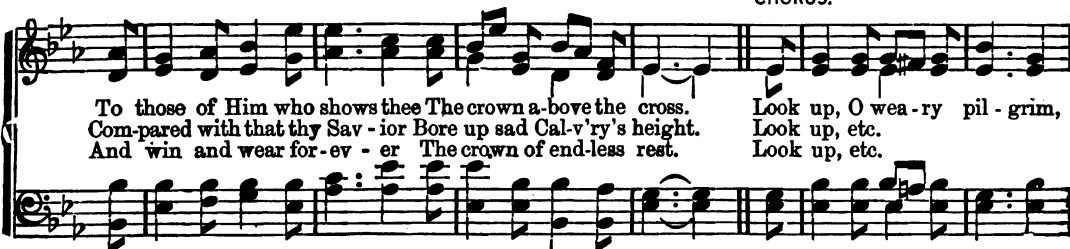


1. Art tired and wea-ry, pil-grim? Art faint and sore op- prest? Art long-ing for the night-fall,
 2. The way from here to heav-en, By bleed-ing feet is trod; But Cal-v'ry's road was steep-er,
 3. The way grows brighter, pil-grim, As short-er grows the day; A light from heav'n out-shin-ing,

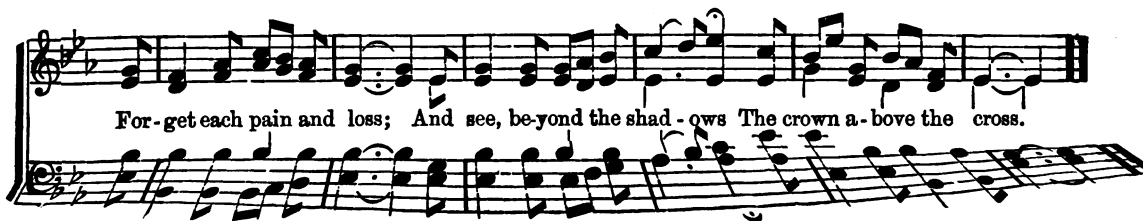


That bring-eth peace and rest? What are thy ma-ny bur-dens, And all thy pain and loss,
 That led from earth to God: Think in thy wea-riest mo-ments, Thy cross is light, so light,
 Breaks all a-bout the way, So, bear earth's crosses brave-ly, What time God deemeth best,

CHORUS.



To those of Him who shows thee The crown a-bove the cross. Look up, O wea-ry pil-grim,
 Compared with that thy Sav-ior Bore up sad Cal-v'ry's height. Look up, etc.
 And win and wear for-ev-er The crown of end-less rest. Look up, etc.



For-get each pain and loss; And see, be-yond the shad-ows The crown a-bove the cross.

By and By.

S. FILMORE BENNETT,
Author of "The Sweet By and By."
SOLO.

S. W. STRAUB

SOLO. CHORUS.

1. There shall dawn a glo-rious morn-ing, By and by, by and by;
2. With the sweet skies bend-ing o'er us, By and by, by and by;
3. In the fields be-yond the riv-er, By and by, by and by;

SOLO. CHORUS.

cres. *p* *mp*

All the heav'n-ly hills a-dorn-ing, By and by, by and by;
We shall join the heav'n-ly cho-rus, By and by, by and by;
Love shall bloom for us for-ev-er, By and by, by and by;

SOLO.

When the lost shall be u-nit-ed, When the wrongs of life are right-ed,
Free from care and free from sigh-ing, Voice and heart to voice re-ply-ing,
All the hopes we fond-ly cher-ish, All the sweet-est thoughts we nour-ish,

By and By---Concluded.

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crs. *CHORUS. p mp*

When shall bloom the flow - ers blight - ed, By and by, by and by.
 In a home of joy un - dy - ing, By and by, by and by.
 There shall live and nev - er per - ish, By and by, by and by.

God Has Kept Us.

MARIA STRAUB.

Arr. by S. W. S.

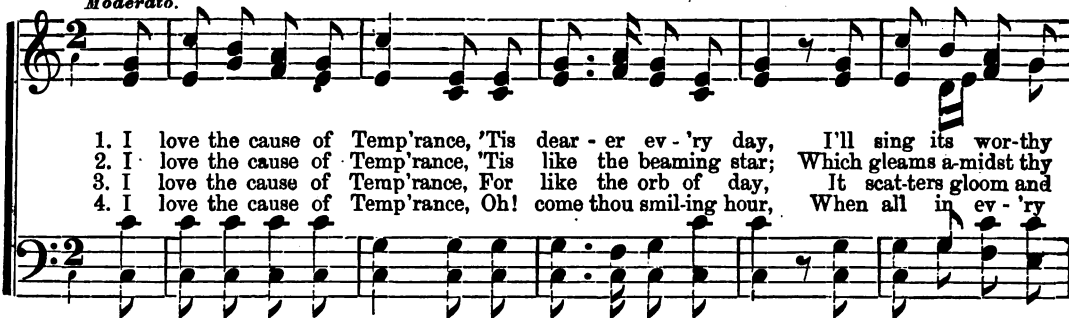
DUET.

1. God has kept us through the week, Giv-en us each bless-ing; } He has kept us thro' the week,
 By his love a-gain we meet, Come his love con-fess-ing. }
 2. He has kept us thro' each night, Woke us on the mor-row; } He has kept us, etc.
 E'er for us has brought the light, Shone away our sor-row. }
 3. He has kept us thro' each hour, Thro' each lit-tle mo-ment; } He has kept us, etc.
 Oh, we love the kindly power, Nev-er may dis-own it. }

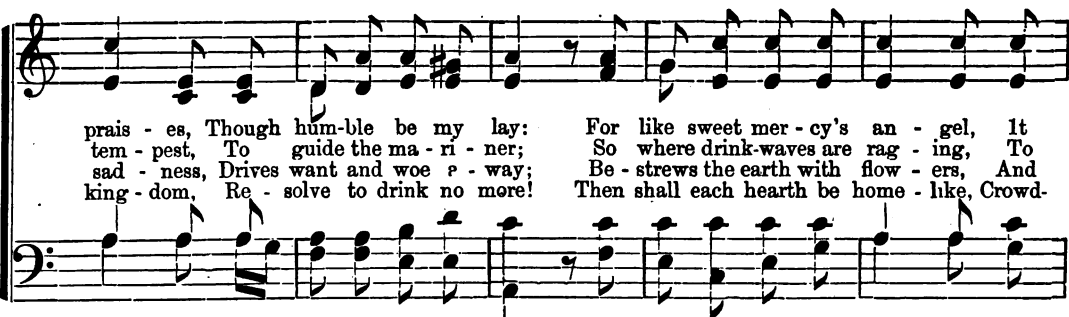
CHORUS.

O-ver dang-ers bore us; When a-wake or when a-sleep, He was watching o'er us.

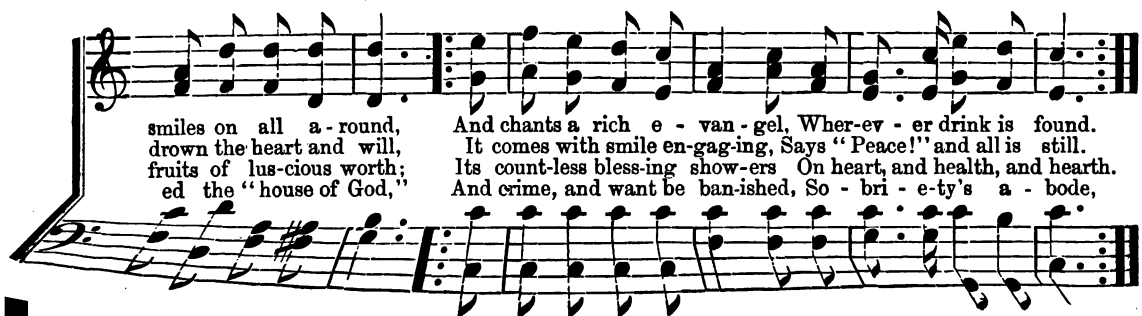
I Love the Cause of Temperance.

W. T. COOKSLEY.
*Moderato.**Old Air.*


1. I love the cause of Temp'rance, 'Tis dear - er ev - 'ry day, I'll sing its wor - thy
 2. I love the cause of Temp'rance, 'Tis like the beaming star; Which gleams a - midst thy
 3. I love the cause of Temp'rance, For like the orb of day, It scat - ters gloom and
 4. I love the cause of Temp'rance, Oh! come thou smil - ing hour, When all in ev - 'ry



prais - es, Though hum - ble be my lay: For like sweet mer - cy's an - gel, It
 tem - pest, To guide the ma - ri - ner; So where drink - waves are rag - ing, To
 sad - ness, Drives want and woe a - way; Be - strews the earth with flow - ers, And
 king - dom, Re - solve to drink no more! Then shall each hearth be home - like, Crowd -



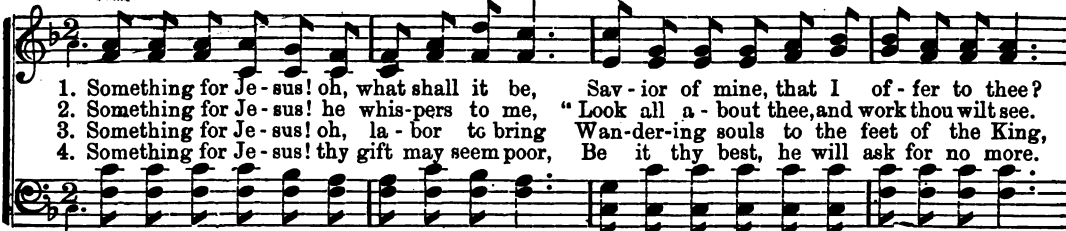
smiles on all a - round, And chants a rich e - van - gel, Wher - ev - er drink is found.
 drown the heart and will, It comes with smile en - gag - ing, Says "Peace!" and all is still.
 fruits of lus - cious worth; Its count - less bless - ing show - ers On heart, and health, and hearth.
 ed the "house of God," And crime, and want be ban - ished, So - bri - e - ty's a - bode,

Something for Jesus.

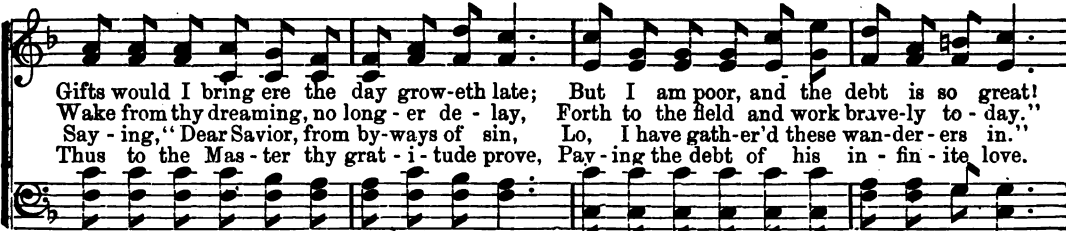
99

W. E. REXFORD.

T. MARTIN TOWNE.

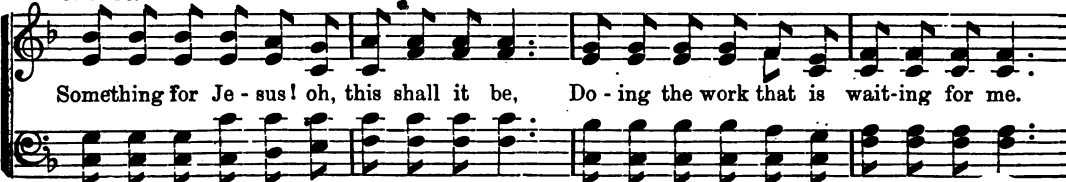


1. Something for Je-sus! oh, what shall it be, Sav-ior of mine, that I of-fer to thee?
 2. Something for Je-sus! he whis-pers to me, "Look all a-bout thee, and work thou wilt see.
 3. Something for Je-sus! oh, la-bor to bring Wan-der-ing souls to the feet of the King,
 4. Something for Je-sus! thy gift may seem poor, Be it thy best, he will ask for no more.

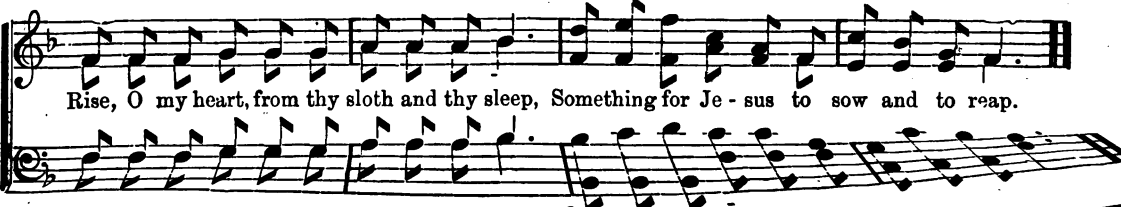


Gifts would I bring ere the day grow-eth late; But I am poor, and the debt is so great!
 Wake from thy dreaming, no long-er de-lay, Forth to the field and work brave-ly to-day."
 Say-ing, "Dear Savior, from by-ways of sin, Lo, I have gath-er'd these wan-der-ers in."
 Thus to the Mas-ter thy grat-i-tude prove, Pay-ing the debt of his in-fin-ite love.

CHORUS.



Something for Je-sus! oh, this shall it be, Do-ing the work that is wait-ing for me.

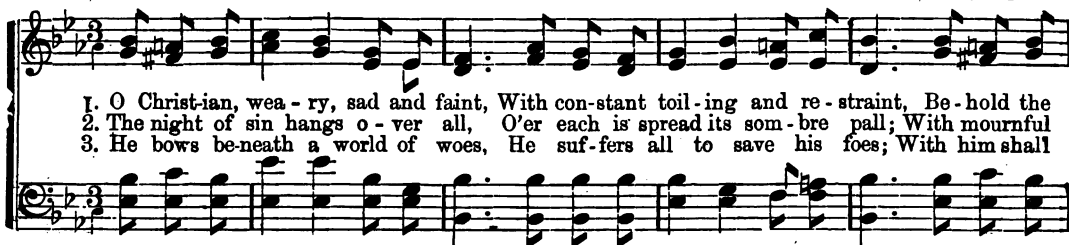


Rise, O my heart, from thy sloth and thy sleep, Something for Je-sus to sow and to reap.

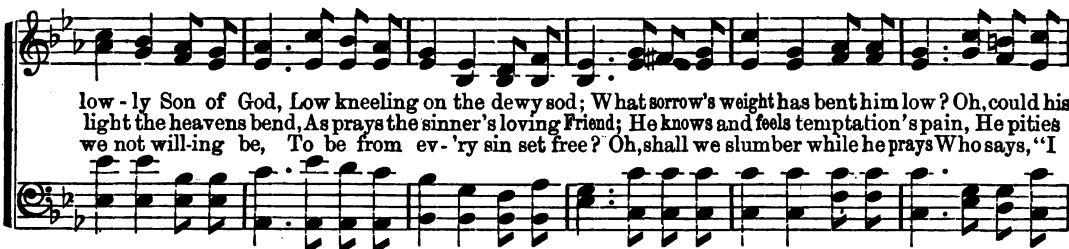
One Hour With Thee.

MARIA STRAUB.

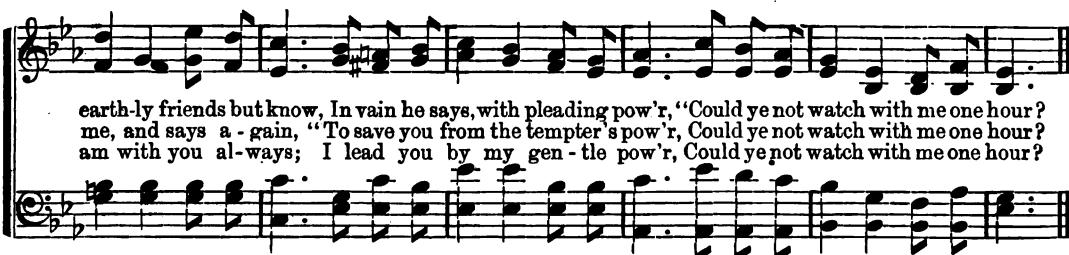
J. M. STILLMAN.



1. O Christ-ian, wea-ry, sad and faint, With con-stant toil-ing and re-straint, Be-hold the
 2. The night of sin hangs o-ver all, O'er each is spread its som-bre pall; With mournful
 3. He bows be-neath a world of woes, He suf-fers all to save his foes; With him shall




low-ly Son of God, Low kneeling on the dewy sod; What sorrow's weight has bent him low? Oh, could his
 light the heavens bend, As prays the sinner's loving Friend; He knows and feels temptation's pain, He pities
 we not will-ing be, To be from ev-'ry sin set free? Oh, shall we slumber while he prays Who says, "I

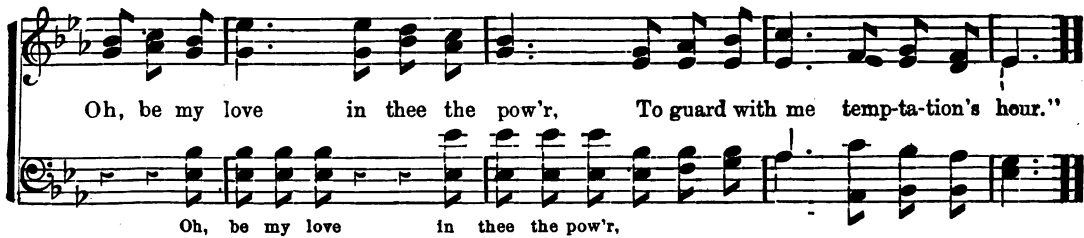


earth-ly friends but know, In vain he says, with pleading pow'r, "Could ye not watch with me one hour?
 me, and says a-gain, "To save you from the tempter's pow'r, Could ye not watch with me one hour?
 am with you al-ways; I lead you by my gen-tle pow'r, Could ye not watch with me one hour?

CHORUS.



One hour with me, one hour with me, I'm watch-ing ev-'ry hour with thee;
 One hour with me, one hour with me.

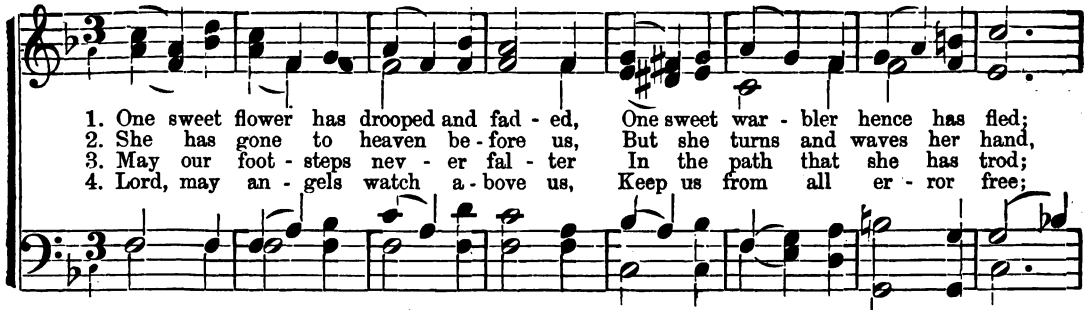


Oh, be my love in thee the pow'r, To guard with me tempt-a-tion's hour."

Oh, be my love in thee the pow'r,

Death of a Scholar.

W. F. WERSCHKUL.



1. One sweet flower has drooped and faded, One sweet warbler hence has fled;
 2. She has gone to heaven before us, But she turns and waves her hand,
 3. May our foot-steps never falter In the path that she has trod;
 4. Lord, may angels watch above us, Keep us from all error free;



One fair brow the grave has shaded, One dear school-mate now is dead.
 Point-ing to the glo-ries o'er us, In that hap-py spir-it-land.
 Let us wor-ship at the al-tar, Where she gave her heart to God.
 May they guard, and guide and love us, Till, like her, we go to thee.

Home of Rest.

(Can be used as a Quartet for Concert.)

B. F. GRIFFETH.

1. Faintly flow..... thou falling river, Like a dream..... that dies a - way,
 2. Ros-es bloom..... and then they wither, Cheeks are bright..... then fade a - way,

1. Faintly flow thou fall-ing river, Like a dream that dies a - way,
 2. Ros-es bloom and then they wither, Cheeks are bright then fade a - way,

The first system of the musical score for 'Home of Rest.' It consists of a treble and a bass staff, both in the key of D major (two sharps) and 4/4 time. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the notes.

- Down to o - cean gliding ev-er, Keep thy calm..... un-ruffled way;
 Shapes of light..... are wafted hither, Then like vis - ions hur-ry by;

Down to o - cean glid-ing ev-er, Keep thy calm un - ruffled way;
 Shapes of light are waft-ed hither, Then like vis - ions hur-ry by;

The second system of the musical score. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the notes.

- Time with such..... a si - lent mo-tion, Floats a-long..... on wings of air.
 Quick as clouds..... at ev'-ning driv-en, O'er the ma - ny colored west.

Time with such a si - lent mo-tion, Floats a-long on wings of air.
 Quick as clouds at ev'-ning driv-en, O'er the ma - ny colored west.

The third and final system of the musical score. It concludes the piece with the same melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Home of Rest—Concluded.

103

To e - ter - ni - ty's dark o - cean, Bringing all its treasures there.
Time is bear - ing us to heav - en, Home of hap - pi - ness and rest. *rit.*

To e - ter - ni - ty's dark o - cean, Bringing all its treasures there.
Time is bear - ing us to heav - en, Home of hap - pi - ness and rest.

The Sword of the Spirit.

With energy.

H. B. ADAMS, arr. by S. W. S.

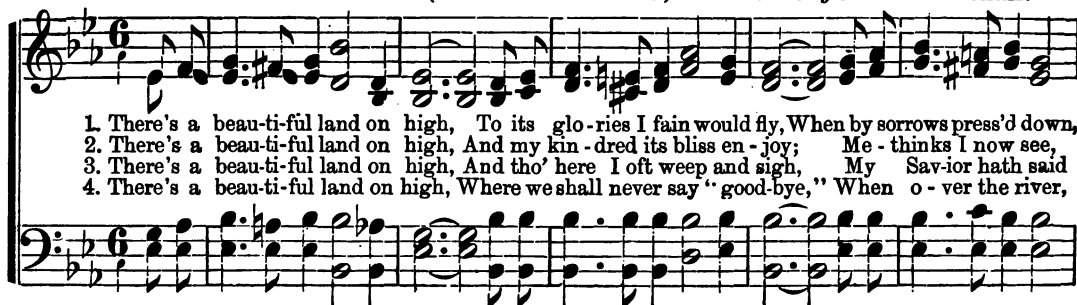
1. Servants of the Lord, With the Spir - it's sword, God's own ho - ly word, You shall win;
2. Word of wondrous pow'r, Like a might - y tower, May I ev - 'ry hour In thee hide;
3. O - pen thou my eyes, That thy pre - cepts wise, I may dai - ly prize More and more;

O - ver pain and woe, O - ver ev - 'ry foe, Triumph here be - low, And heav - en gain.
When I go as - tray, Lead me in the way, And from day to day Be thou my guide.
Bless - ed Sav - ior mine, May thy word di - vine, Make my path to shine Till life is o'er.

The Beautiful Land on High.

(Better as Solo and Chorus.)

Arr. by Dr. H. T. LESLIE.

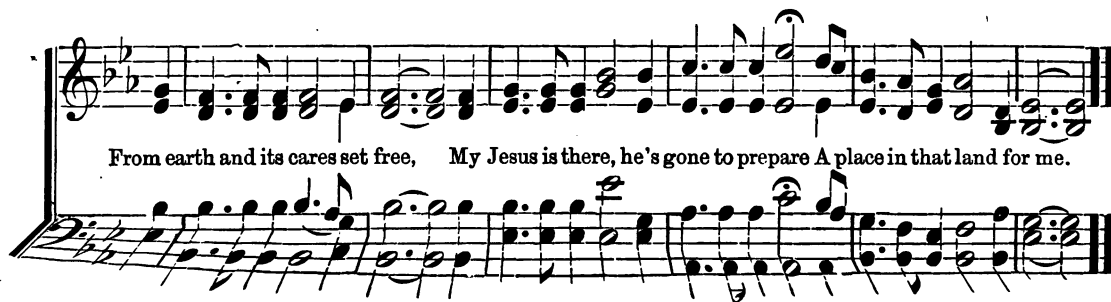


1. There's a beau-ti-ful land on high, To its glo-ries I fain would fly, When by sorrows press'd down,
 2. There's a beau-ti-ful land on high, And my kin-dred its bliss en-joy; Me-thinks I now see,
 3. There's a beau-ti-ful land on high, And tho' here I oft weep and sigh, My Sav-ior hath said
 4. There's a beau-ti-ful land on high, Where we shall never say "good-bye," When o-ver the river,

CHORUS.



I long for my crown In that beau-ti-ful land on high. In that beau-ti-ful land I'll be,
 how they're wait-ing for me In that beau-ti-ful land on high. In that beau-ti-ful, etc.
 that no tears shall be shed, In that beau-ti-ful land on high. In that beau-ti-ful, etc.
 we're hap-py for ever, In that beau-ti-ful land on high. In that beau-ti-ful, etc.



From earth and its cares set free, My Jesus is there, he's gone to prepare A place in that land for me.

Questions and Answers.

105

M. S. SOLO. *CHORUS.* *S. W. S.*

1. Who made the world and all things that I see? God made it all, Both great and small, Made it for you and me.
 2. Whom should we love above all earthly things? The God of love, In heav'n above, Who ev'ry comfort brings.
 3. Who told us of the love of God to man? 'Twas Christ the Son, The holy One, Who showed the heav'nly plan.
 4. Whom next to God should mortals love and fear? The blessed One, The Father's Son, Who brought salvation near.

My Mission.

Andante. *W. F. WERSCHKUL.*

1. Help me, O God, to do the work Be - fore me set;
 2. In wea - ry mo - ments which come through This life to all;
 3. If I have wor - shipped earth - ly shrines, O God, for - give!
 4. Deal gent - ly with the err - ing heart Un - to me given;

Let me not fal - ter in the steps Un - tak - en yet.
 Be thou my guide, and lead me on, Lest I should fall.
 Make me for oth - er things than earth, To hope and live.
 Make it a pure and fit - ting thing For you - der heaven.

Only going Home.

MARIA STRAUB.

Mrs. B. F. GRIFFETH.

1. Should we fear to meet the riv - er Of a bright - er bet - ter home? Should we fear to cross the
 2. When the earth - ly sky is fad - ing, Is the time of go - ing home; Should we fear when scenes are
 3. Sure - ly it will be no ter - ror When our feet no more shall roam, When with an - gels o'er the
 4. Je - sus went the way be - fore us, We are on - ly go - ing home; Soon we'll meet with friends that

CHORUS.

riv - er, When we're on - ly go - ing home? Go - ing home, go - ing home, On - ly
 changing? It is on - ly go - ing home. Go - ing home, etc.
 riv - er, We are safe - ly go - ing home. Go - ing home, etc.
 love us, We are on - ly go - ing home. Go - ing home, etc.
 Go - ing home, go - ing home,

go - ing, go - ing, home; Should we fear to cross the riv - er, When we're on - ly go - ing home?
 Go - ing home, go - ing home,

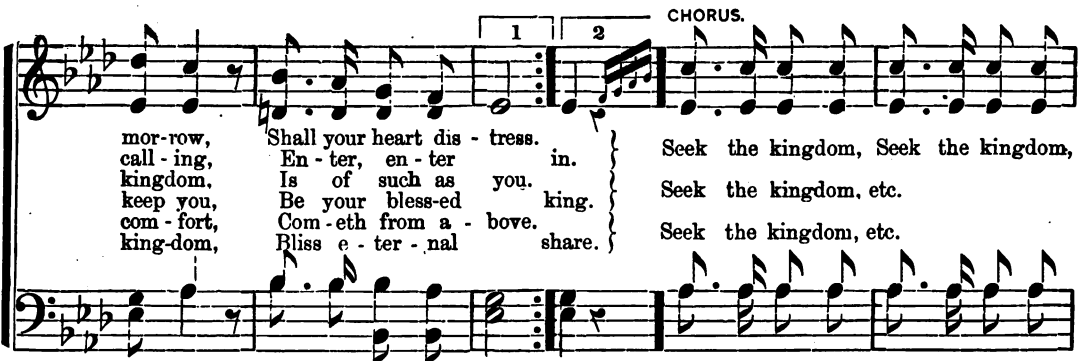
Seek ye First the Kingdom.

MARIA STRAUB.

E. W. STRAUB.



1st Div. 1. Seek ye first the kingdom And God's right-eous-ness, Then no thought of
 2d Div. Seek the glo-rious kingdom, Be ye saved from sin; Hark! the King is
 1st Div. 2. Come ye lit-tle chil-dren, Ye may en-ter too, Je-sus says his
 2d Div. Love to do his bid-ding, To your Sav-ior cling; He will love and
 1st Div. 3. Seek ye first the kingdom, Realm of peace and love, Know ye, tru-est
 2d Div. Be, then be not cum-bred With thy world-ly care, Seek thy Fath-er's



CHORUS.

1 2

mor-row, Shall your heart dis-tress. in. Seek the kingdom, Seek the kingdom,
 call-ing, En-ter, en-ter in. Seek the kingdom, etc.
 kingdom, Is of such as you. king. Seek the kingdom, etc.
 keep you, Be your bless-ed king. Seek the kingdom, etc.
 com-fort, Com-eth from a-bove. share.
 king-dom, Bliss e-ter-nal share.



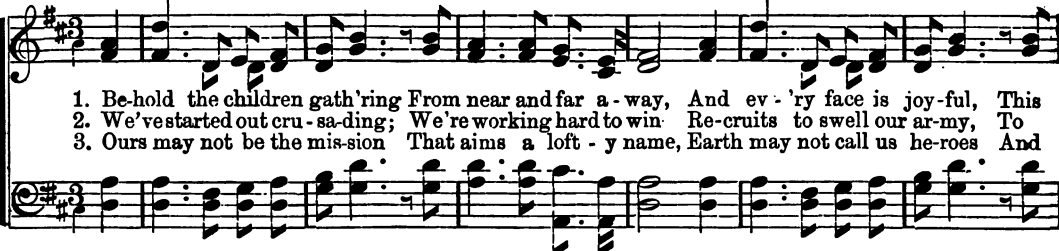
en-ter, en-ter in, Seek the kingdom, seek the kingdom, enter, en-ter in. Repeat pp.

Faithful, Tried and True.

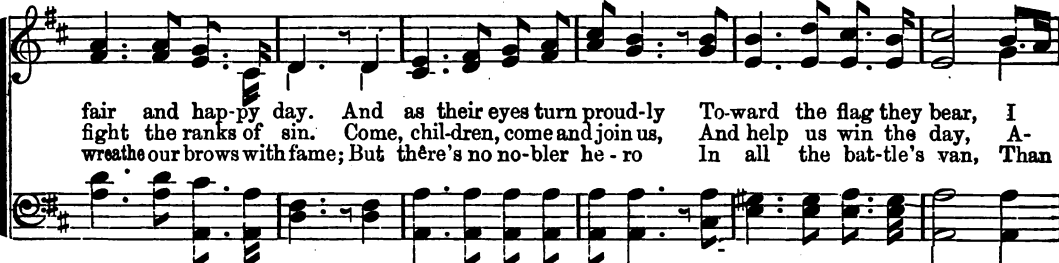
EBEN E. REXFORD.

(Better as Solo and Chorus.)

S. W. STRAUSS

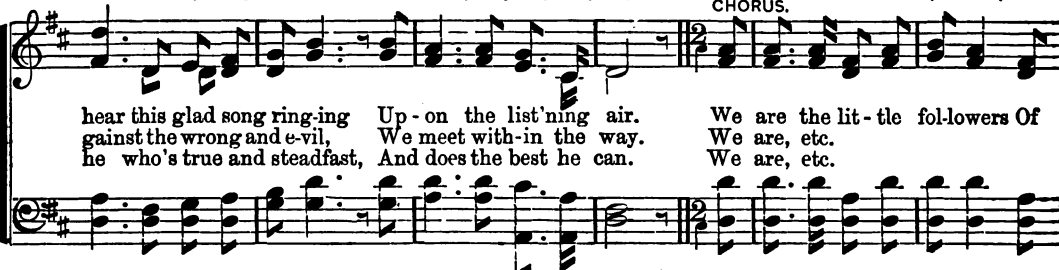


1. Be-hold the children gath'ring From near and far a-way, And ev-'ry face is joy-ful, This
 2. We've started out cru-sading; We're working hard to win Re-cruits to swell our ar-my, To
 3. Ours may not be the mis-sion That aims a loft-y name, Earth may not call us he-ros And

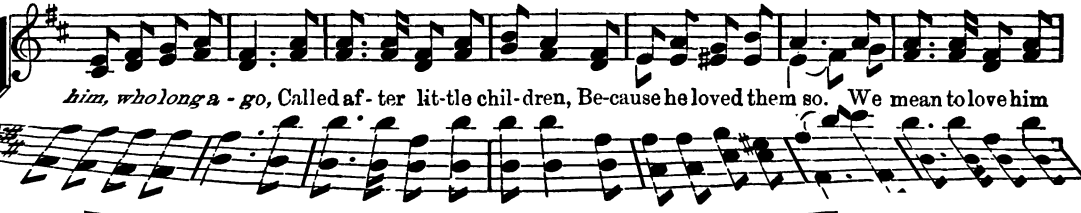


fair and hap-py day. And as their eyes turn proud-ly To-ward the flag they bear, I
 fight the ranks of sin. Come, chil-dren, come and join us, And help us win the day, A-
 wreath our brows with fame; But there's no no-bler he-ro In all the bat-tle's van, Than

CHORUS.



hear this glad song ring-ing Up-on the list'ning air. We are the lit-tle fol-lowers Of
 gainst the wrong and e-vil, We meet with-in the way. We are, etc.
 he who's true and steadfast, And does the best he can. We are, etc.



him, who long a-go, Called af-ter lit-tle chil-dren, Be-cause he loved them so. We mean to love him

al-ways, And keep his flag in view, And he will call us by and by, His faith-ful, tried and true.

Danger Lurketh in the Wine-cup.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

E. B. SMITH.

1. Oh, my broth-er, dang-er lurk-eth In the wine cup's wiles; To the soul it
 2. Death is in the draught, my broth-er, Dash the cup a - way; Touch it not nor
 3. If we are o'er self the mas-ter, Tem-per-ate and pure, Ev - er - last-ing
 4. With the faith that doubts not, give us Vir - tue, temp'rance, love; These the steps that

CHORUS.

ru - in work-eth, And its touch de - files. Je - sus, Je - sus, This our ear-nest
 tempt an - oth - er In the down-ward way. Je - sus, Je - sus, etc.
 life is prom-ised, The re - ward is sure. Je - sus, Je - sus, etc.
 lead us on-ward, To the joys a - bove. Je - sus, Je - sus, etc.

prayer, Keep the feet of those who love thee From the wine-cup's snare.


I am Waiting, Dear Jesus, for Thee.

J. G.

JOSEPH GARRISON.

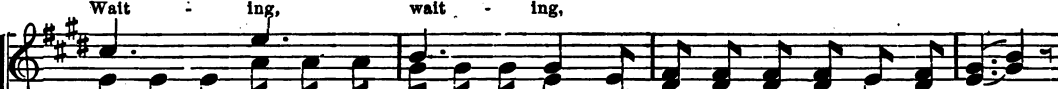


1. I am wait-ing for Je-sus to wel-come me home, To the place he has gone to pre-pare,
 2. Many loved ones have I in that beau-i-ful land, They are watch-ing and wait-ing for me,
 3. Roll along, then, sweet moments, and bear me a-way To my beau-ti-ful home in the sky,



To the man-sion of light and the robe pure and white, To the harp and the crown for me there.
 And they beck-on me o'er to that bright happy shore, There the beauties of glo-ry to see.
 To the land of the blest, where I sweet-ly shall rest, In the pal-ace of Je-sus on high.

CHORUS.



Wait - ing, wait - ing,
 Wait-ing, dear Je - sus, yes, wait-ing for thee, I'm wait-ing, dear Je - sus, for thee;



Ev - er long - ing,
 Ev - er I'm long-ing, dear Je - sus, I'm long-ing, The beau-ties of heav'n to see.

[From "International Lesson Hymnal," by per.]

Do What You Can.

111

M. A. STRAUB.

S. W. STRAUB.

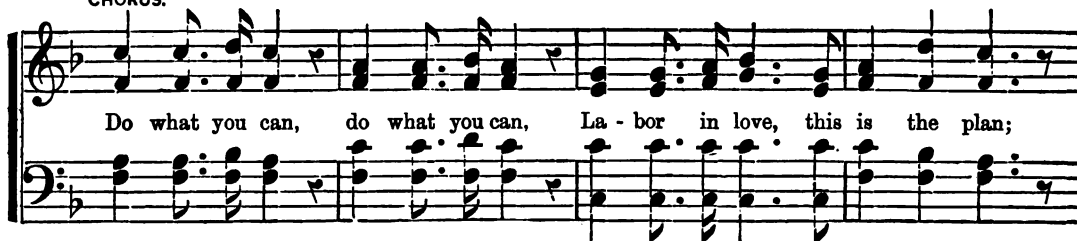


1. Do what you can there's work for all, For rich and poor, for large and small,
2. Do what you can, the Sav - ior asks, Oh, count it not a heav - y task;
3. Do what you can, it mat - ters not If rich, or poor, may be your lot;



The vine - yard on the gos - pel plan, Has work for ev - 'ry child of man.
He la - bored for a world of sin, Can you not some - thing do for him.
Be faith - ful o'er a hum - ble few, And soon he'll give you more to do.

CHORUS.



Do what you can, do what you can, La - bor in love, this is the plan;



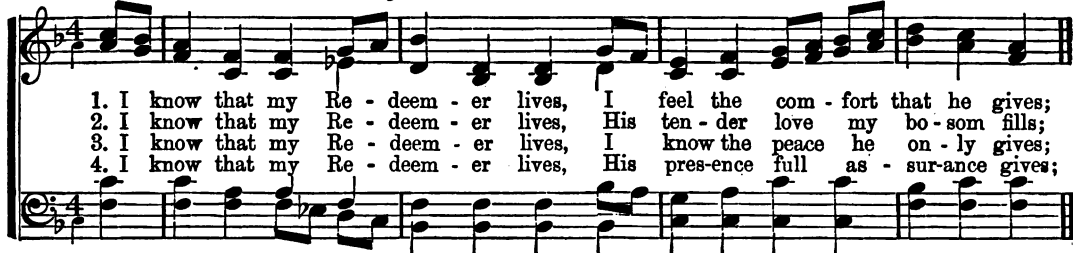
An - gels re-joice in heav'n a - bove, La - bor in love, la - bor in love.

I Know that My Redeemer Lives.

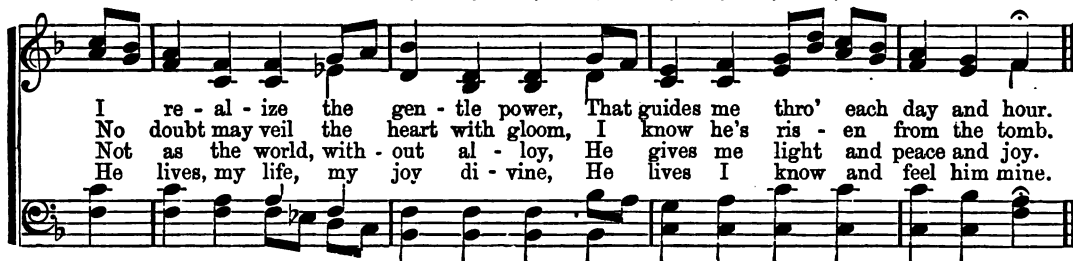
MARIA STRAUB.

Earnestly.

W. F. WERSCHKUL.



1. I know that my Re - deem - er lives, I feel the com - fort that he gives;
 2. I know that my Re - deem - er lives, His ten - der love my bo - som fills;
 3. I know that my Re - deem - er lives, I know the peace he on - ly gives;
 4. I know that my Re - deem - er lives, His pres - ence full as - sur - ance gives;



I re - al - ize the gen - tle power, That guides me thro' each day and hour.
 No doubt may veil the heart with gloom, I know he's ris - en from the tomb.
 Not as the world, with - out al - loy, He gives me light and peace and joy.
 He lives, my life, my joy di - vine, He lives I know and feel him mine.

CHORUS.



I shall see him by and by, In my hap - py home on
 I shall see him in his glo - ry, in his glo - ry by and by, In that land beyond the riv - er, in my

high,

Fin.


happy home on high, Where I may share the rest he gives, I know that my Re - deem - er lives.

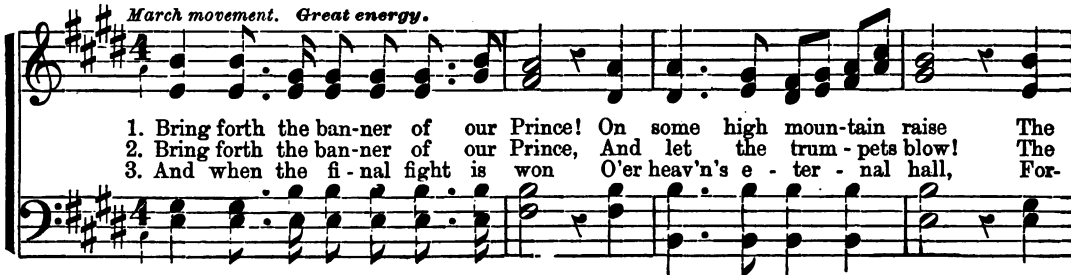
Bring Forth the Banner!

113

REV. CHAS. FOLLEN LEE.

S. W. STRAUB.

March movement. Great energy.

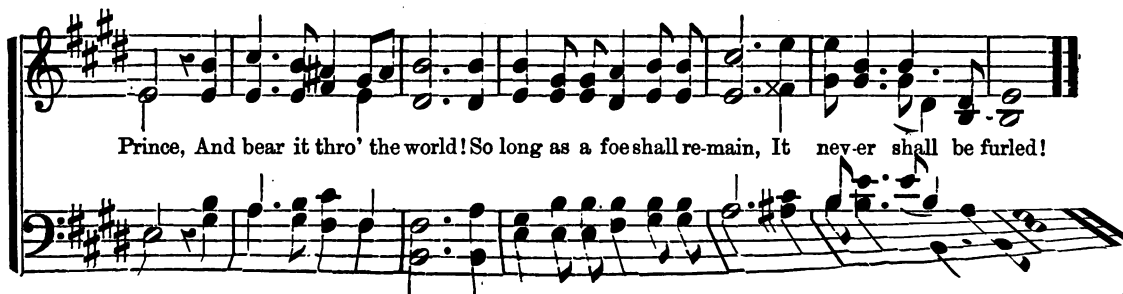


1. Bring forth the ban-ner of our Prince! On some high moun-tain raise The
 2. Bring forth the ban-ner of our Prince, And let the trum-pets blow! The
 3. And when the fi-nal fight is won O'er heav'n's e-ter-nal hall, For-

CHORUS. *Maestoso.*



Stand-ard on whose snowy field A thou-sand vic-t'ries blaze! Bring forth the banner of our
 glad sound that cheers loyal hearts Sends ter-ror to the foe. Bring forth the banner, etc.
 ev-er that flag shall proclaim That God is all in all. Bring forth the banner, etc.



Prince, And bear it thro' the world! So long as a foe shall re-main, It nev-er shall be furled!

God's Wonderful Love.

REV. J. B. ATCHINSON.

T. MARTIN TOWNE.

1. 'Tis love, 'tis love, 'tis won-der-ful love! 'Twas God's great love for me, That sent the Sav - ior
 2. 'Tis love, 'tis love, 'tis won-der-ful love! That fills my soul to - day; 'Tis love that fol - lows
 3. 'Tis love, 'tis love, 'tis won-der-ful love! That cast-eth out all fear; 'Tis love that doth my
 4. 'Tis love, 'tis love, 'tis won-der-ful love! Will take me home at last, To sing love's praise thro'

CHORUS. love.....

from a - bove, My soul from sin to free! Won-der-ful, won-der-ful, won-der-ful love,
 where I rove, That seeks me when I stray. Won-der-ful, etc.
 song ap-prove, And whis-pers, "I am near." Won-der-ful, etc.
 end - less days, When tri - als all are past. Won-der-ful, etc.

love.....

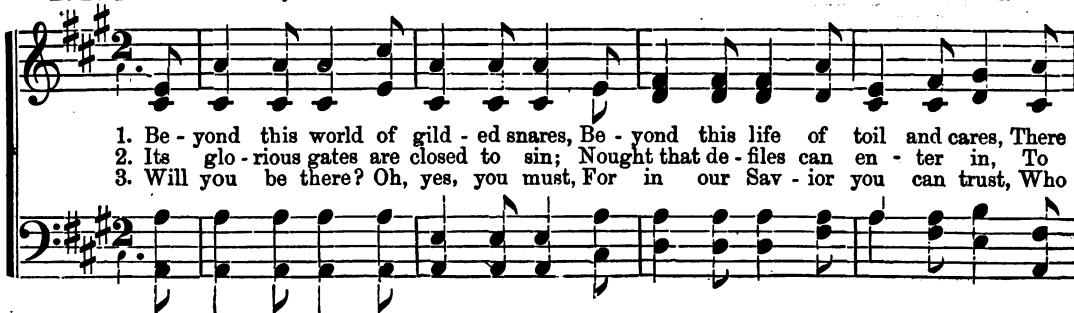
Won-der-ful, won-der-ful, won-der-ful love, That sent the Savior from above, My soul from sin to free.

Oh, Say, Will You be There?

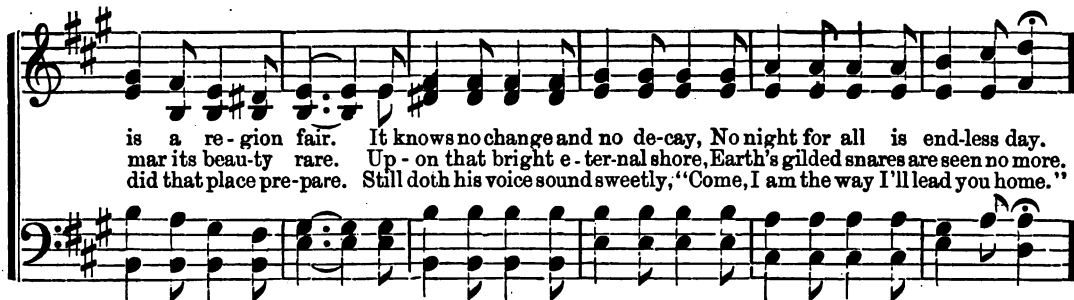
115

B. F. G.

B. F. GRIFFETH.

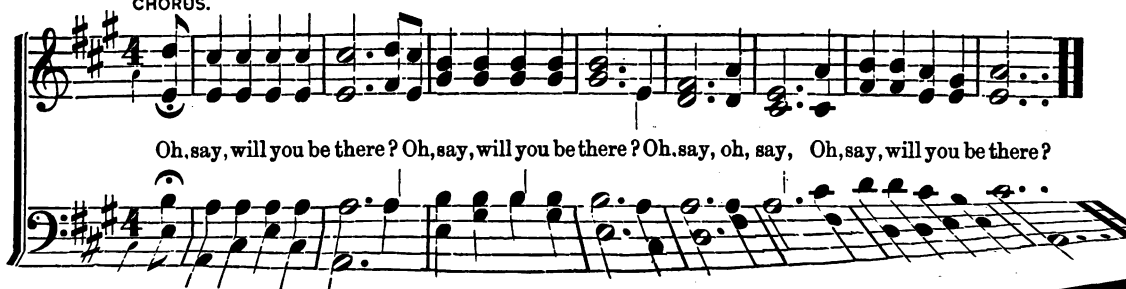


1. Be - yond this world of gild - ed snares, Be - yond this life of toil and cares, There
 2. Its glo - rious gates are closed to sin; Nought that de - files can en - ter in, To
 3. Will you be there? Oh, yes, you must, For in our Sav - ior you can trust, Who



is a re - gion fair. It knows no change and no de - cay, No night for all is end - less day.
 mar its beau - ty rare. Up - on that bright e - ter - nal shore, Earth's gilded snares are seen no more.
 did that place pre - pare. Still doth his voice sound sweetly, "Come, I am the way I'll lead you home."

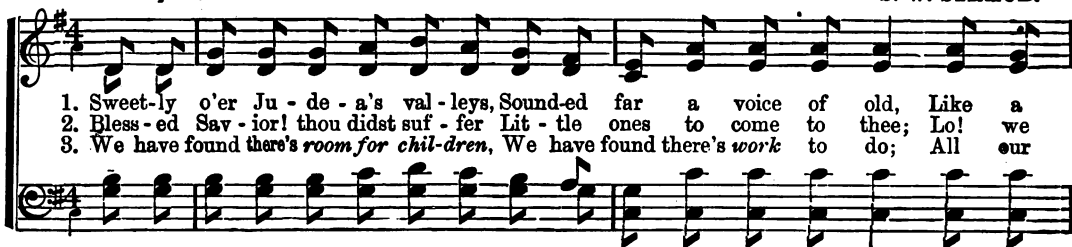
CHORUS.



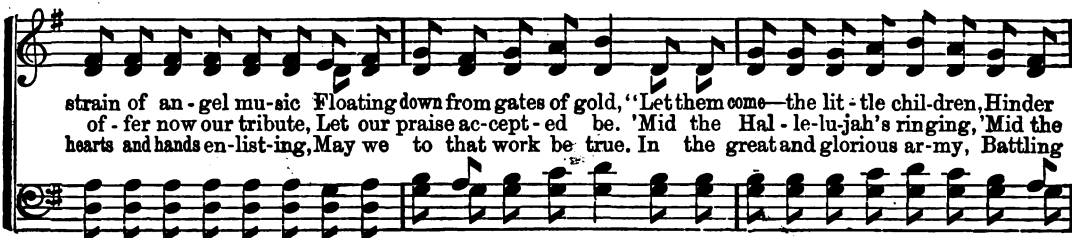
Oh, say, will you be there? Oh, say, will you be there? Oh, say, oh, say, Oh, say, will you be there?

Not too fast.

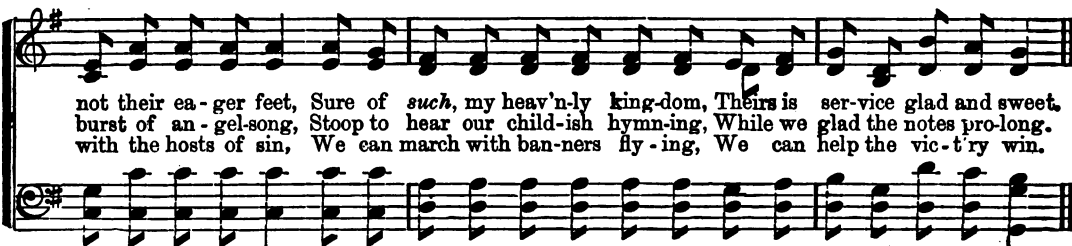
S. W. STRAUB.



1. Sweet-ly o'er Ju-de-a's val-leys, Sound-ed far a voice of old, Like a
 2. Bless-ed Sav-ior! thou didst suf-fer Lit-tle ones to come to thee; Lo! we
 3. We have found there's *room for chil-dren*, We have found there's *work* to do; All our

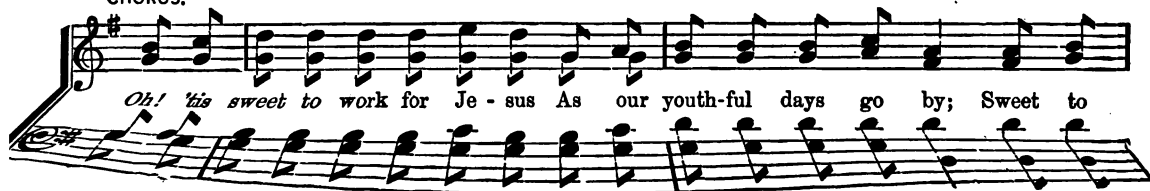


strain of an-gel mu-sic Floating down from gates of gold, "Let them come—the lit-tle chil-dren, Hinder
 of-fer now our tribute, Let our praise ac-cept-ed be. 'Mid the Hal-le-lu-jah's ringing, 'Mid the
 hearts and hands en-list-ing, May we to that work be true. In the great and glorious ar-mey, Battling

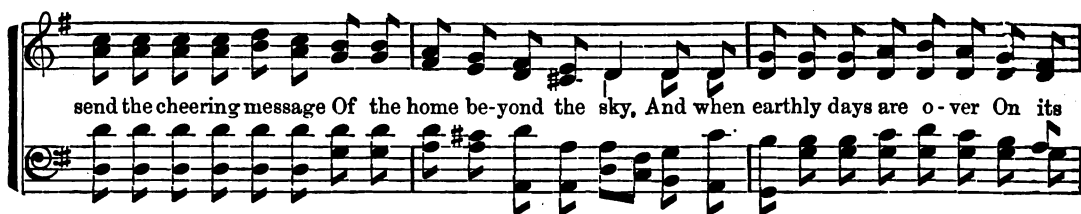


not their ea-ger feet, Sure of *such*, my heav'n-ly king-dom, Theirs is ser-vice glad and sweet,
 burst of an-gel-song, Stoop to hear our child-ish hymn-ing, While we glad the notes pro-long.
 with the hosts of sin, We can march with ban-ners fly-ing, We can help the vic-t'ry win.

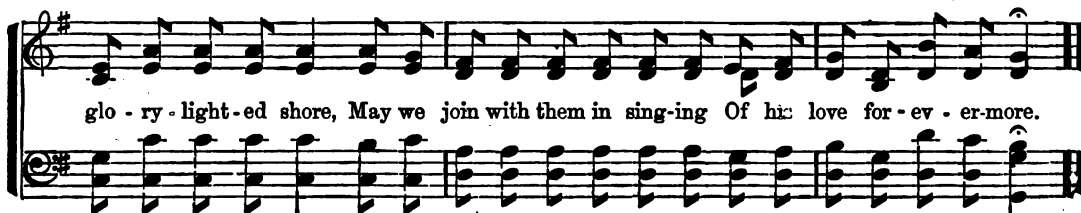
CHORUS.



Oh! 'tis sweet to work for Je-sus As our youth-ful days go by; Sweet to



send the cheering message Of the home be-yond the sky, And when earthly days are o-ver On its

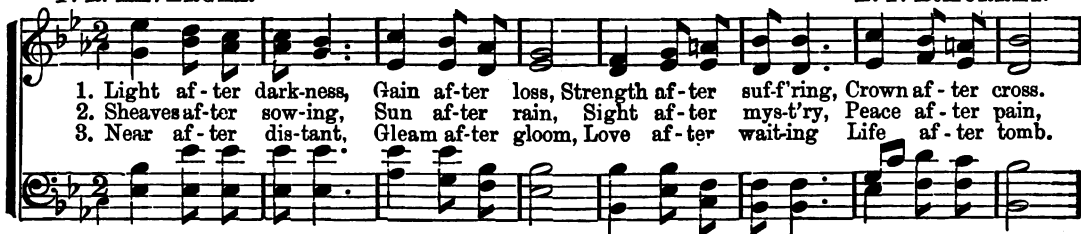


glo-ry-light-ed shore, May we join with them in sing-ing Of his love for-ev-er-more.

Light after Darkness..

F. R. HAVERGAL.

E. P. McMURRAY.



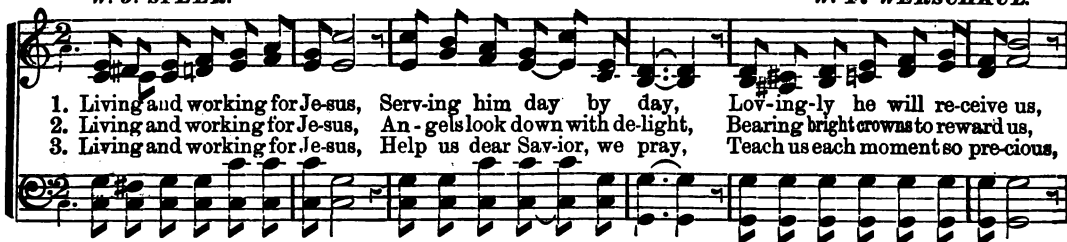
1. Light af-ter dark-ness, Gain af-ter loss, Strength af-ter suff'ring, Crown af-ter cross.
2. Sheaves af-ter sow-ing, Sun af-ter rain, Sight af-ter myst'ry, Peace af-ter pain,
3. Near af-ter dis-tant, Gleam af-ter gloom, Love af-ter waiting Life af-ter tomb.



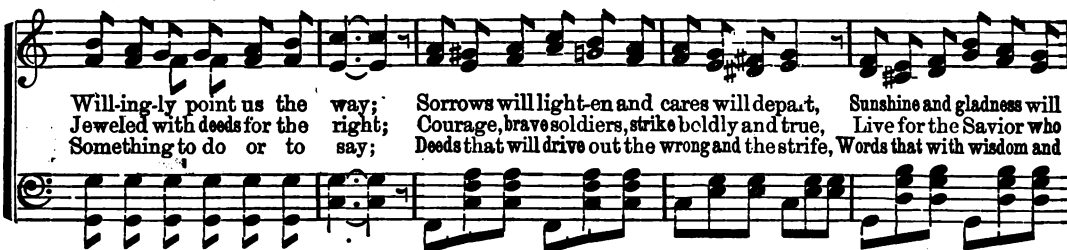
Sweet af-ter bit-ter, Song af-ter sigh, Home af-ter wand'ring, Praise af-ter cry.
Joy af-ter sor-row, Calm af-ter blast, Rest af-ter la-bor, Sweet rest at last.
Af-ter long sor-row, Rap-ture of bliss! Right was the path-way leading to this.

W. J. SPEER.

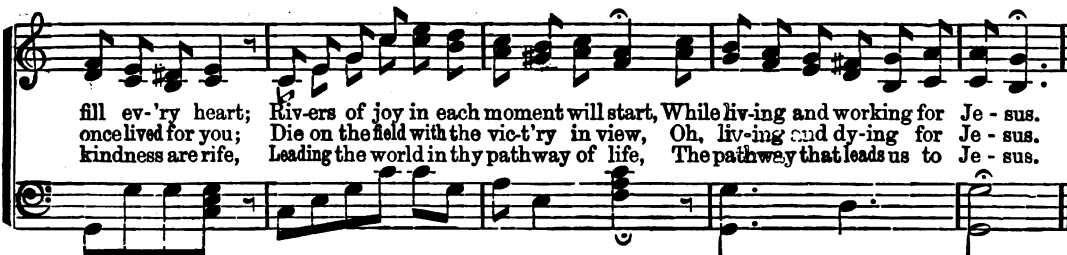
W. F. WERSCHKUL.



1. Living and working for Je-sus, Serv-ing him day by day, Lov-ing-ly he will re-ceive us,
 2. Living and working for Je-sus, An-gels look down with de-light, Bearing bright crowns to reward us,
 3. Living and working for Je-sus, Help us dear Sav-ior, we pray, Teach us each moment so pre-cious,



Will-ing-ly point us the way; Sorrows will light-en and cares will depart, Sunshine and gladness will
 Jeweled with deeds for the right; Courage, brave soldiers, strike boldly and true, Live for the Savior who
 Something to do or to say; Deeds that will drive out the wrong and the strife, Words that with wisdom and



fill ev'-ry heart; Riv-ers of joy in each moment will start, While liv-ing and working for Je - sus.
 on-cel-ived for you; Die on the field with the vic-t'ry in view, Oh, liv-ing and dy-ing for Je - sus.
 kindness are rife, Leading the world in thy pathway of life, The pathway that leads us to Je - sus.

CHORUS.

Then we'll work..... all the day..... And we'll watch..... while we pray.....



Then we'll work, all the day, And we'll watch, while we pray,

Looking upward our watchword for-ev-er shall be, We're liv-ing and working for Je-sus.

MARIA. Rather fast.

Join the Army!

1. Je-sus comes to con-quer sin, Join the ar-my of your King; See of sin the
 2. To the King of earth and heav'n, Must the vic-to-ry be given; Join the mil-lions
 3. Je-sus comes to con-quer sin, Foes with-out and foes with-in; When the glo-rious

CHORUS.

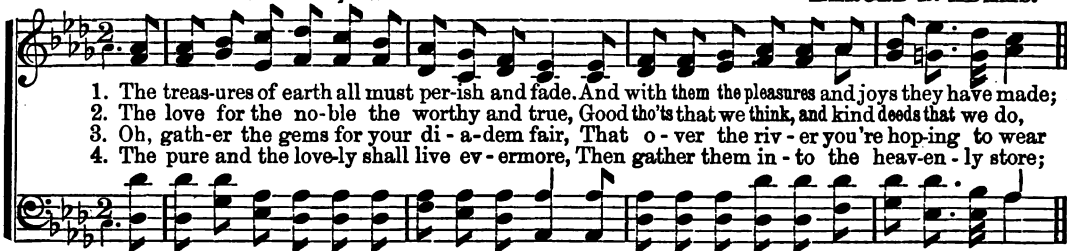
might-y horde, Join the ar-my of the Lord. Come join the ar-my,
 as they go, Help to save a world from woe. Come join, etc.
 triumph's won, May you share the glad "well done." Come join, etc.

Come join the ar-my, Come join the ar-my. The ar-my of the Lord.

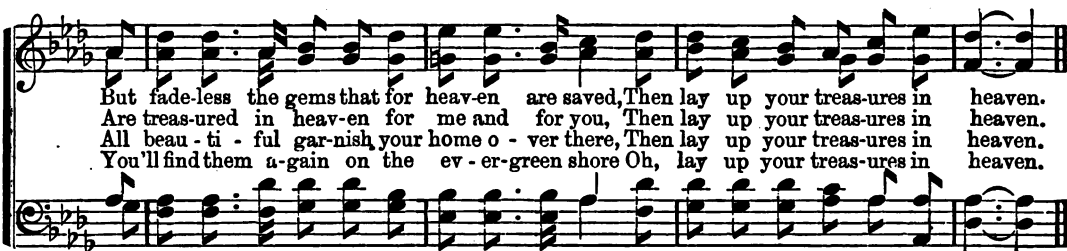
Lay Up Your Treasures in Heaven.

MARIA STRAUB. *Not too fast.*

HAROLD B. ADAMS.



1. The treas-ures of earth all must per-ish and fade. And with them the pleasures and joys they have made;
2. The love for the no-ble the worthy and true, Good tho'ts that we think, and kind deeds that we do,
3. Oh, gath-er the gems for your di - a-dem fair, That o-ver the riv-er you're hop-ing to wear
4. The pure and the love-ly shall live ev-ermore, Then gather them in - to the heav-en - ly store;



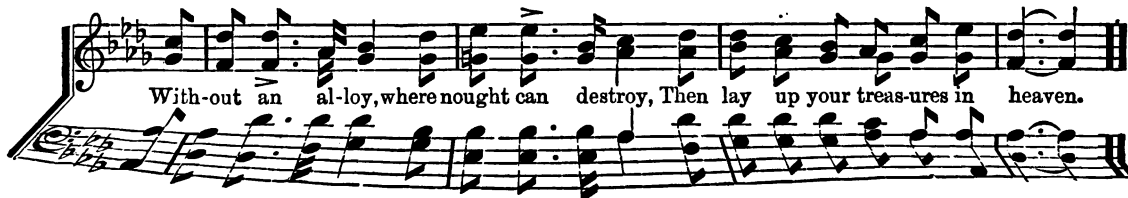
But fade-less the gems that for heav-en are saved, Then lay up your treas-ures in heav-en.
 Are treas-ured in heav-en for me and for you, Then lay up your treas-ures in heav-en.
 All beau-ti-ful gar-nish your home o-ver there, Then lay up your treas-ures in heav-en.
 You'll find them a-gain on the ev-er-green shore Oh, lay up your treas-ures in heav-en.

CHORUS.



Then lay up your treasures in heav-en..... Then lay up your treasures in heav-en.....

Lay up your treas-ures in heav'n Lay up your treasures in heav'n.



With-out an al-loy, where nought can destroy, Then lay up your treas-ures in heav-en.

Enlist!

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EBEN E. REXFORD.

S. W. STRAUB.

With great energy.

1. Be brave, lit-tle sol-diers, to bat-tle for Right, Be-fore and behind you the foe is in sight;
 2. You need for your weapon a heart that is pure, A will that is read-y to do and endure;
 3. Be faith-ful, be steadfast, each one to his post, When bat-tling the e-vils in wrongs mighty host;

Be-ware of the pit-falls in pathways un-trod, Be true to your manhood, to hon-or and God.
 And hands that are willing right brave-ly to work, Re-solved in the bat-tle no du-ty to shirk.
 The en-e-my's craft-y—in league with all sin, But the ranks of true manhood the vic-t'ry will win.

CHORUS. *Faster.*

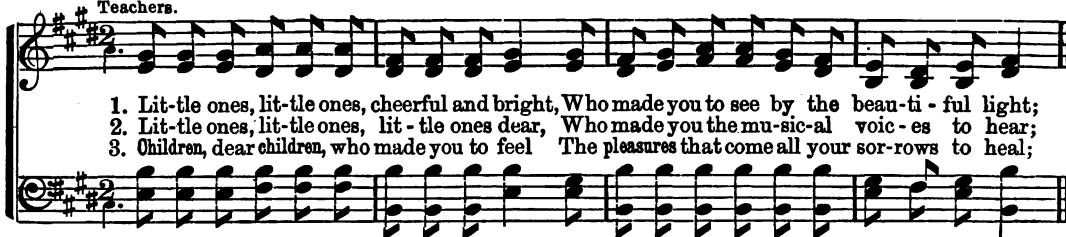
En-list, en-list, en-list, en-list, En-list in the ar-my whose flag is pure white;

En-list, en-list, en-list, en-list, En-list, lit-tle sol-dier, and strike for the right.

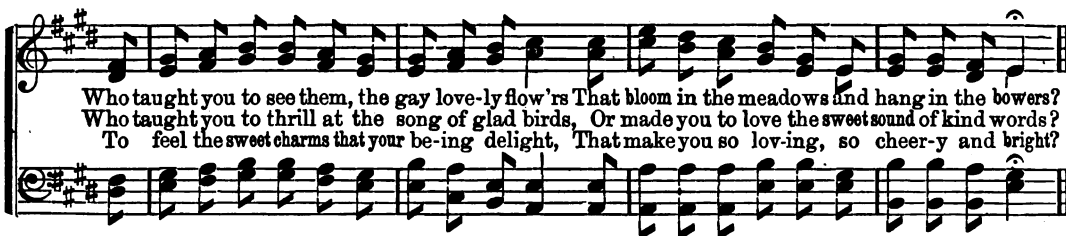
We'll Praise Him.

MARIA STRAUB.
Teachers.

J. H. KURTZ.

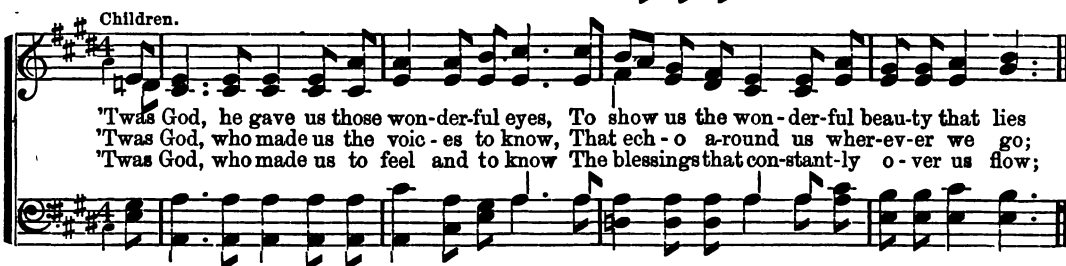


1. Lit-tle ones, lit-tle ones, cheerful and bright, Who made you to see by the beau-ti-ful light;
2. Lit-tle ones, lit-tle ones, lit-tle ones dear, Who made you the mu-sic-al voic-es to hear;
3. Children, dear children, who made you to feel The pleasures that come all your sor-rows to heal;

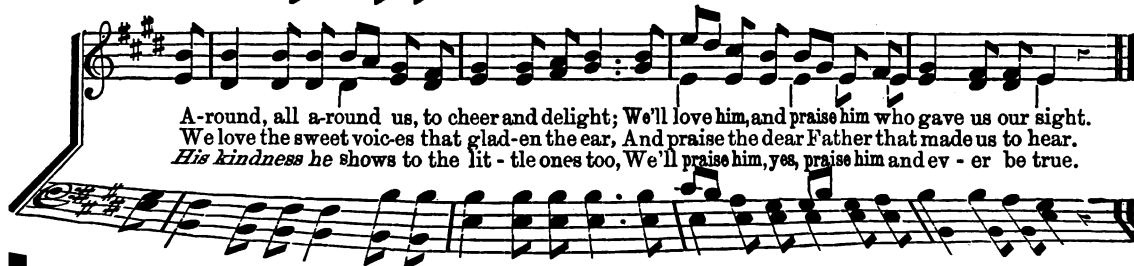


Who taught you to see them, the gay love-ly flow'rs That bloom in the meadows and hang in the bowers?
Who taught you to thrill at the song of glad birds, Or made you to love the sweet sound of kind words?
To feel the sweet charms that your be-ing delight, That make you so lov-ing, so cheer-y and bright?

Children.



'Twas God, he gave us those won-der-ful eyes, To show us the won-der-ful beau-ty that lies
'Twas God, who made us the voic-es to know, That ech-o a-round us wher-ever we go;
'Twas God, who made us to feel and to know The blessings that con-stant-ly o-ver us flow;



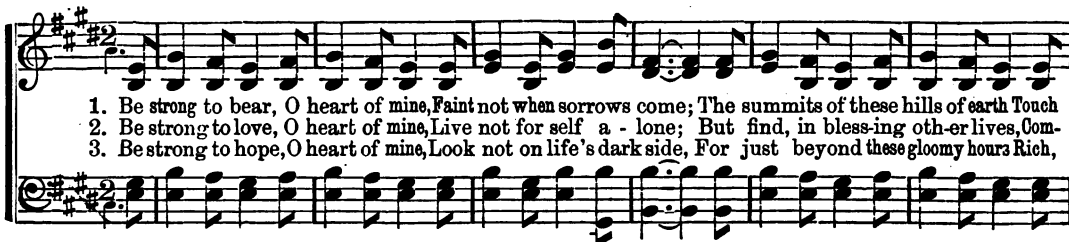
A-round, all a-round us, to cheer and delight; We'll love him, and praise him who gave us our sight.
We love the sweet voic-es that glad-en the ear, And praise the dear Fa-ther that made us to hear.
His kindness he shows to the lit-tle ones too, We'll praise him, yes, praise him and ev-er be true.

Be Strong, O Heart!

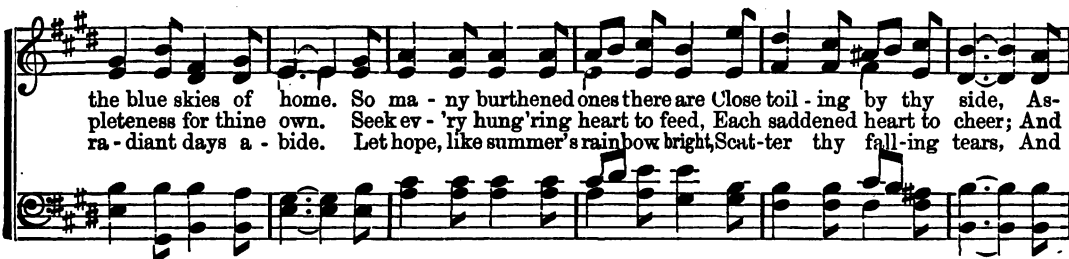
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J. ALICE DANNER.

S. * S.

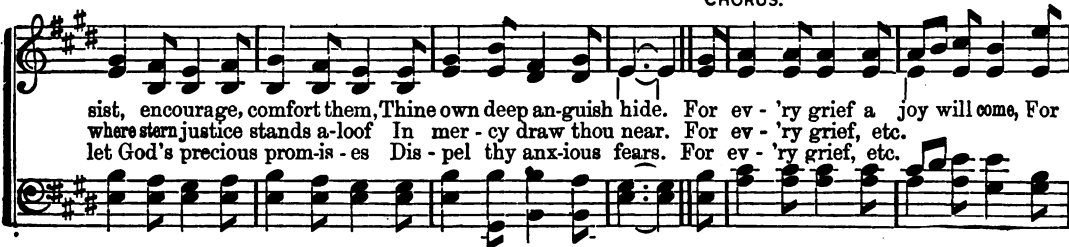


1. Be strong to bear, O heart of mine, Faint not when sorrows come; The summits of these hills of earth Touch
2. Be strong to love, O heart of mine, Live not for self a - lone; But find, in bless-ing oth-er lives, Com-
3. Be strong to hope, O heart of mine, Look not on life's dark side, For just beyond these gloomy hours Rich,



the blue skies of home. So ma - ny burthened ones there are Close toil - ing by thy side, As-
pleteness for thine own. Seek ev - 'ry hung'ring heart to feed, Each saddened heart to cheer; And
ra - dant days a - bide. Let hope, like summer's rainbow bright, Scat - ter thy fall-ing tears, And

CHORUS.



sist, encourage, comfort them, Thine own deep an-guish hide. For ev - 'ry grief a joy will come, For
where stern justice stands a-loof In mer - cy draw thou near. For ev - 'ry grief, etc.
let God's precious prom-is - es Dis - pel thy anx-i-ous fears. For ev - 'ry grief, etc.



ev - 'ry toil a rest; So hope, so love, so pa-tient bear, God do - eth all things best.

Work and Pray.

KATE SUMNER BURR.

M. J. MUNGER.

1. Up, friends of Je - sus, the har-vest now is white, Work will soon be over, fast falls the shade of night;
 2. Up, friends of Je - sus, for time will soon be o'er' Har-vest days are pass-ing to come a-gain no more;
 3. Shout, friends of Jesus, for when our work is done, Joy-ful we will gath-er to greet the harvest home;

Strong in his strength, let us bind the gold-en sheaves, Could we meet the Master with nought but leaves?
 Wake from re- pose, hear the Mas- ter call-ing still Rise to ear-nest ef- fort with right good will.
 Then let us hast- en the gold- en sheaves to bind, Rest and life e- ter- nal we all shall find.

CHORUS.

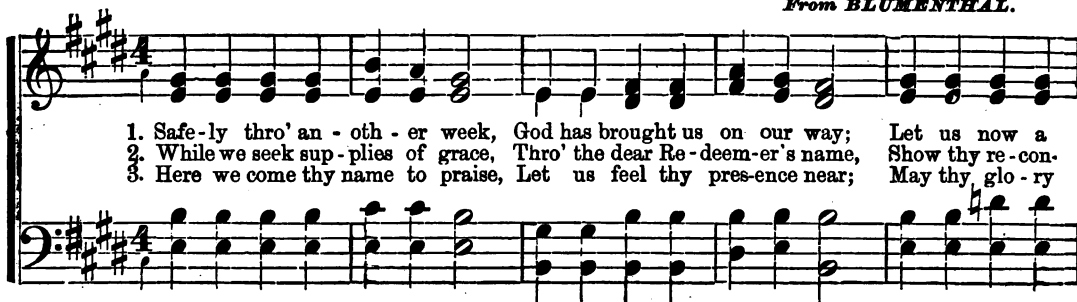
Work and pray..... yes, work and pray, Let the watchword pass a long,
 Work and pray, Work and pray,

Work and pray..... Now while 'tis day Come and join our hap- py throng.
 Work and pray, While 'tis day

Safely Through Another Week.

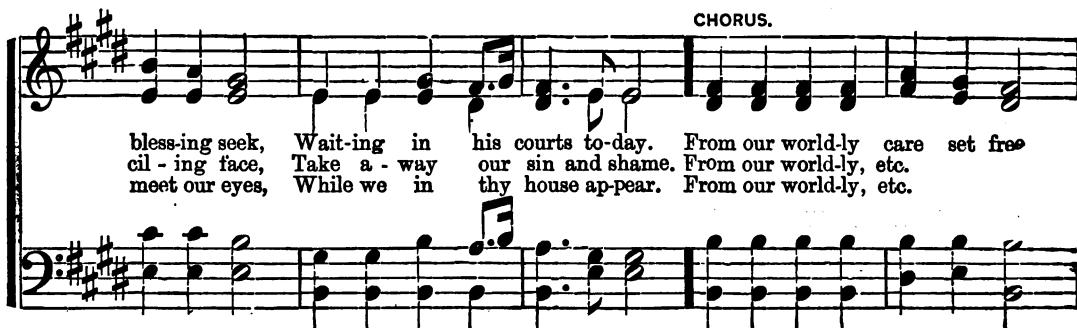
125

From BLUMENTHAL.



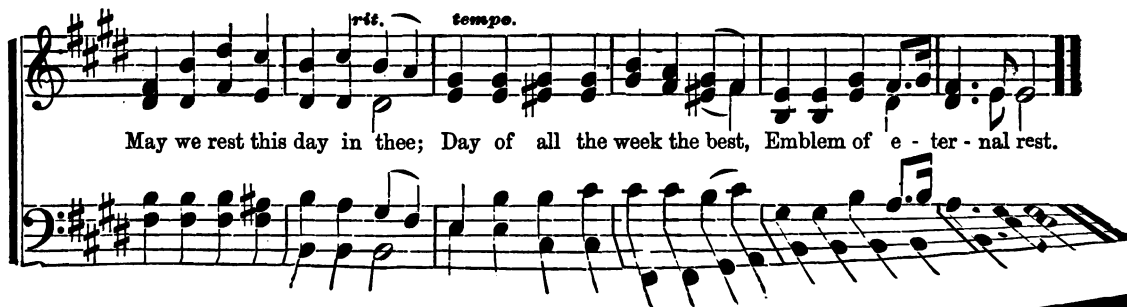
1. Safe-ly thro' an - oth - er week, God has brought us on our way; Let us now a
 2. While we seek sup - plies of grace, Thro' the dear Re - deem - er's name, Show thy re - con -
 3. Here we come thy name to praise, Let us feel thy pres - ence near; May thy glo - ry

CHORUS.



bles - sing seek, Wait - ing in his courts to - day. From our world - ly care set free
 cil - ing face, Take a - way our sin and shame. From our world - ly, etc.
 meet our eyes, While we in thy house ap - pear. From our world - ly, etc.

rit. tempo.



May we rest this day in thee; Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e - ter - nal rest.

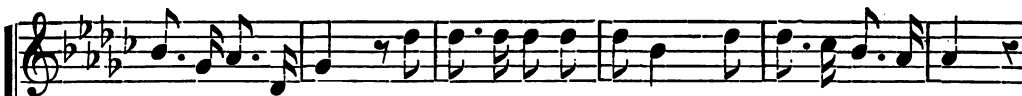
The Poor Man's Sheaf.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

S. W. STRAU



1. He saw the wheat-fields waiting All gold-en in the sun, And strong and stal-wart reapers V
2. At eve a faint-ing trav-ler Sank down beside the door; A cup of crystal wa-ter'
3. When came the Lord of harvest, He cried, "Oh! Master kind, One sheaf I have to of-fer, I
4. Then said the Mas-ter softly, Well pleased with this am I: One of my an-gels left it V



by him, one by one. "Oh, could I reap in har-vest!" His heart made bit-ter cry;
quench his thirst he bore. And when refreshed and strengthened, The trav-ler went his way,
that I did not bind. I gave a cup of wa-ter To one a-thirst, and he
there, as he passed by. Thou mayst not join the reap-ers Up-on the har-vest plain,



The Poor Man's Sheaf---Concluded.

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can do nothing! nothing! So weak, a-las! am I."
 on the poor man's threshold A gold-en wheat-sheaf lay.
 at my door, in go-ing, This sheaf I of - fer thee."
 he who helps a broth-er Binds sheaves of richest grain."



Thou mayst not join the reap - ers Up-



on the har-vest plain, But he who helps a broth-er Binds sheaves of rich-est grain."



The Lilies.

MARIAN. Cantabile.

IDA GRIFFETH.

1. Lo, the lil - ies of the field! Bright with gems of heav'nly grace; In the sun-shine of God's love,
 2. Lo, the lil - ies of the field! Ris-ing from their grass-y bed, Glad to drink the gold-en light,
 3. Lo, the lil - ies of the field! What sweet les-sons they im-part; In - no-cence and pur - i - ty,

Glow's each smil-ing lit - tle face; Nev-er wea - ry, night and day Grow-ing still with qui-et ease,
 That o'er all the earth is spread; Clad in robes more pure and fair, Crown'd with glo-ry far more bright,
 Is the sto - ry of their heart; They like an-gels by the way, Born to comfort soothe and bless,

CHORUS.
 Nev - er fret-ing, all the while Liv-ing on in joy and peace. Lo, the lil - ies bright and fair!
 Than the kings of a - ges wore, Rul-ing in their earthly might. Lo, the lil - ies, etc.
 Speak in language without words, Wear a spot-less heav'nly dress. Lo, the lil - ies, etc.

Lo, the lil - ies bright and fair! Pure and spotless with-out sin, Grow-ing by the light within.

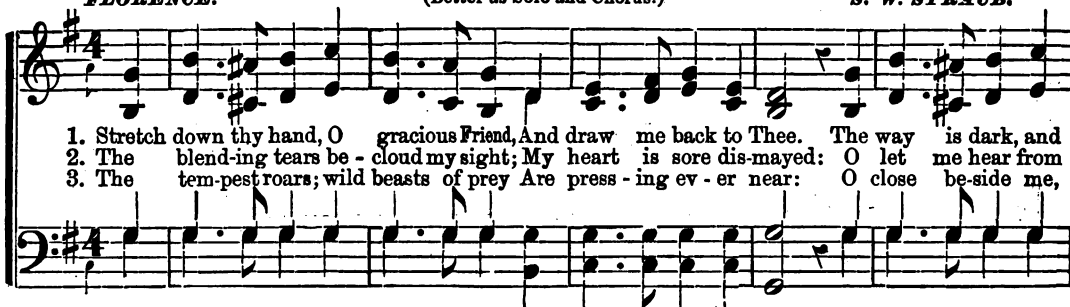
A Present Help.

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FLORENCE.

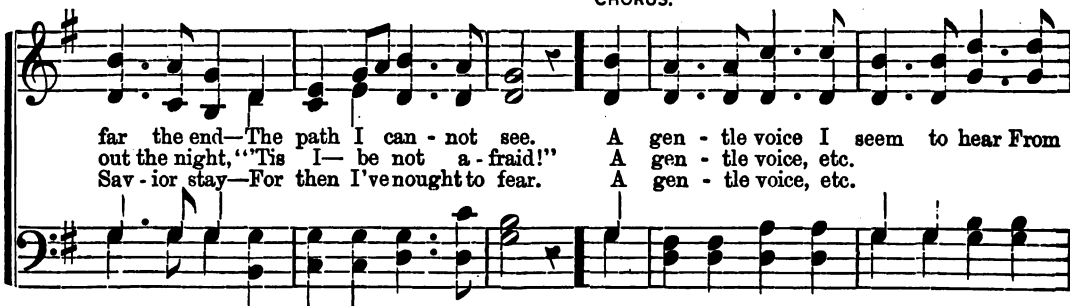
(Better as Solo and Chorus.)

S. W. STRAUB.



1. Stretch down thy hand, O gracious Friend, And draw me back to Thee. The way is dark, and
 2. The blend-ing tears be - cloud my sight; My heart is sore dis-mayed: O let me hear from
 3. The tem-pest roars; wild beasts of prey Are press - ing ev - er near: O close be-side me,

CHORUS.



far the end—The path I can - not see. A gen - tle voice I seem to hear From
 out the night, "Tis I— be not a - fraid!" A gen - tle voice, etc.
 Sav - ior stay—For then I've nought to fear. A gen - tle voice, etc.



out the darkness, call, "Look up, dear child, and do not fear—Thy God is o - ver all."

He Who in Christ Believeth.

H. BONAR, D. D.

S. W. STRAUB.

1. He who in Christ be - liev - eth, is wise, is wise; He who this Christ re -
 2. He who this free - dom grasp - eth, is strong, is strong; He who this free - dom
 3. He who this good - ness find - eth, is glad, is glad; He who this good - ness

ceiv - eth, A - lone is wise, a - lone is wise; He who this wis - dom win - neth, is
 grasp - eth, A - lone is strong, a - lone is strong; He who this strength retain - eth, is
 mind - eth, A - lone is glad, a - lone is glad; He who this good - ness find - eth, is

free, is free, He in whose heart it reign - eth, A - lone is free, a - lone is free.
 good, is good, He in whom it re - main - eth, A - lone is good, a - lone is good.
 glad, is glad, He who this goodness mind - eth, A - lone is glad, a - lone is glad.

The Angels' Song.

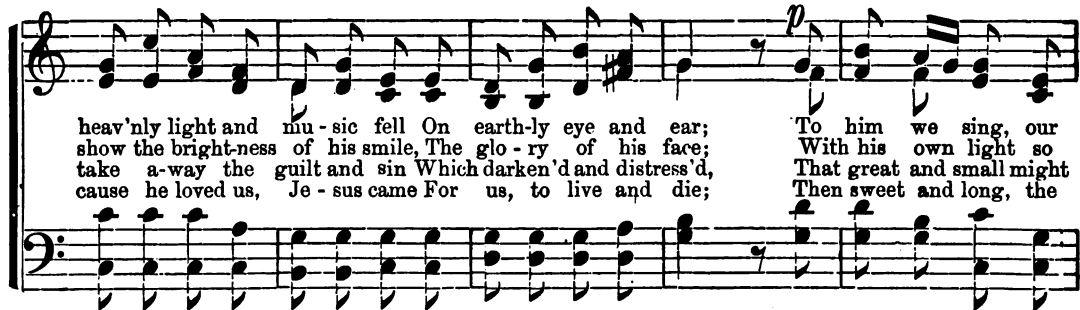
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Not too fast.

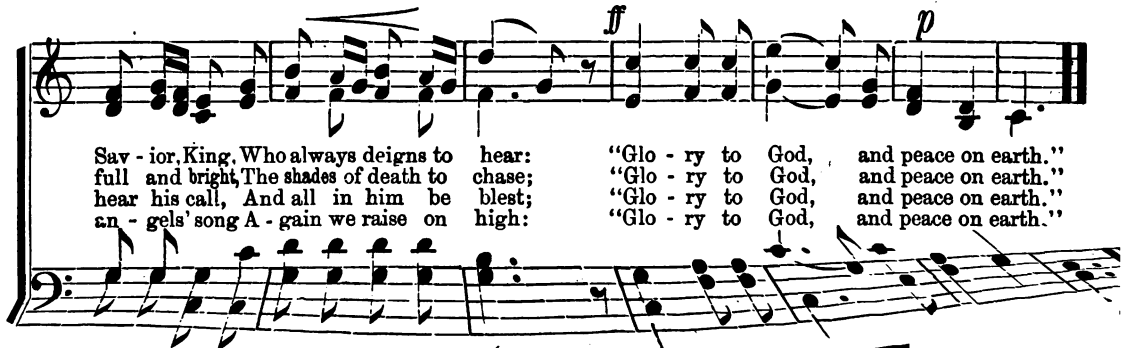
Arr. by S. W. S.



1. Now let us sing the an - gels' song That rang so sweet and clear, When
 2. He came to tell the Fa - ther's love His good - ness, truth and grace; To
 3. He came to bring the wea - ry ones True peace and per - fect rest; To
 4. He came to bring a glo - rious gift, Good will to men; - and why? Be-



heav'nly light and mu - sic fell On earth - ly eye and ear; To him we sing, our
 show the bright - ness of his smile, The glo - ry of his face; With his own light so
 take a - way the guilt and sin Which darken'd and distress'd, That great and small might
 cause he loved us, Je - sus came For us, to live and die; Then sweet and long, the



Sav - ior, King, Who always deigns to hear: "Glo - ry to God, and peace on earth."
 full and bright, The shades of death to chase; "Glo - ry to God, and peace on earth."
 hear his call, And all in him be blest; "Glo - ry to God, and peace on earth."
 an - gels' song A - gain we raise on high: "Glo - ry to God, and peace on earth."

Crown Him, Lord of All!

*B. F. G. Rather fast movement.***B. F. GRIFFETH.**

1. Come, chil-dren, and your tributes bring; Ye chil-dren great and small; Ho - san - nass-ing to
 2. Your days are glid-ing swift-ly by, O - bey the Sav-ior's call; Come, and pre-pare to
 3. This Je - sus will you wel-come give, Oh, hail him, one and all; For you he died, that

CHORUS.

Christ your King, And crown him Lord of all. In the early dawn of morn, Let us come,
 live on high, And crown him Lord of all. In the early dawn, etc.
 you might live And crown him Lord of all. In the early dawn, etc.

Let us come,

Be-fore the night-shades fall, He will lead us to our home, Let us come And crown him Lord of all.
 Let us come,

Deal Gently, with the Erring.

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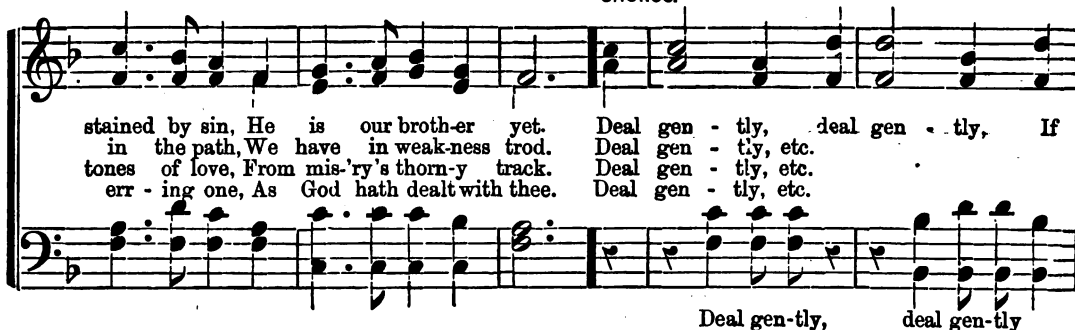
MISS FLETCHER.

J. B. SCHUMAN.



1. Think gen - tly of the err - ing! Lord, let us not for - get, How - ev - er dark - ly
 2. Heir of the same in - her - it - ance! Child of the self - same God! He hath but stumbled
 3. Speak gen - tly to him, broth - er; Thou yet mayst lead him back, With ho - ly words and
 4. For - get not thou hast oft - en sinned, And sin - ful yet must be: Deal gen - tly with the

CHORUS.



stained by sin, He is our broth - er yet. Deal gen - tly, deal gen - tly, If
 in the path, We have in weak - ness trod. Deal gen - tly, etc.
 tones of love, From mis - ry's thorn - y track. Deal gen - tly, etc.
 err - ing one, As God hath dealt with thee. Deal gen - tly, etc.

Deal gen - tly, deal gen - tly



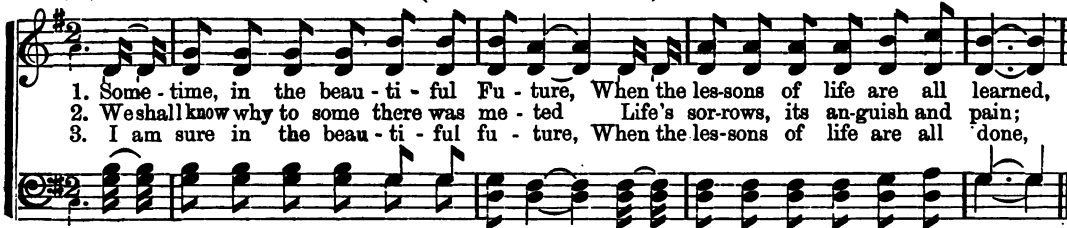
thou would sin - less be, Deal gen - tly with the err - ing one, As God has dealt with thee.

We shall Know as We're Known.

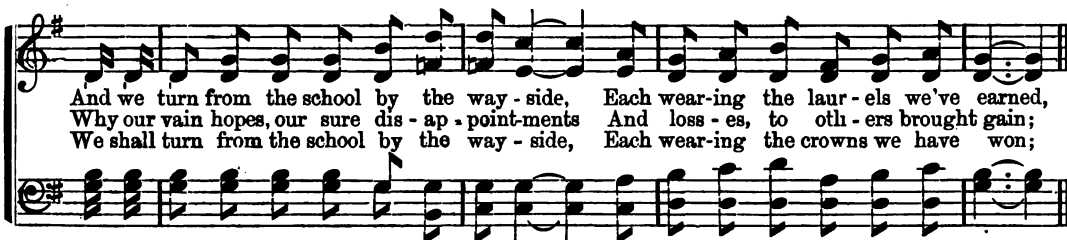
NELLIE V. MAYHEW.

(Better as Solo and Chorus.)

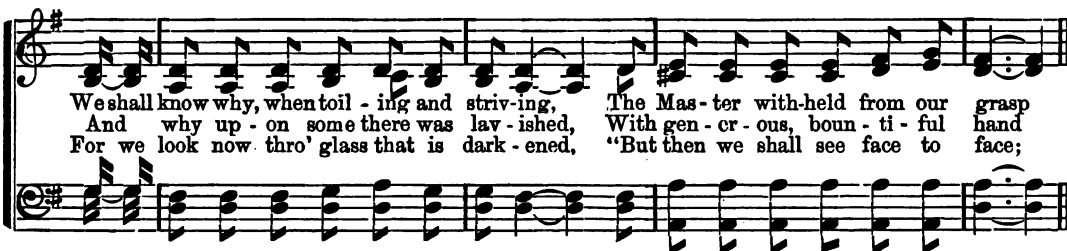
S. W. STRAUB.



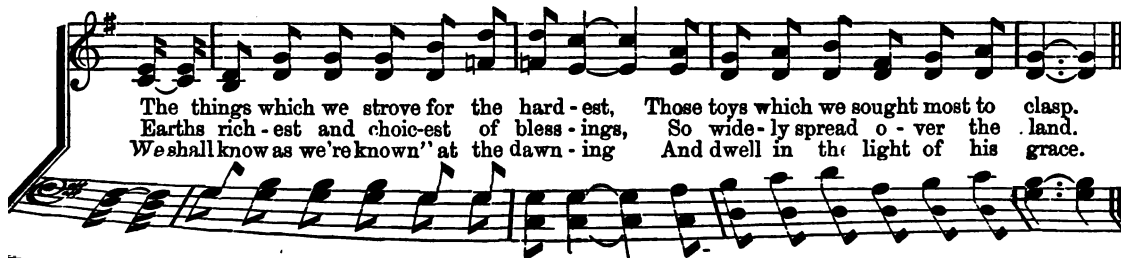
1. Some - time, in the beau - ti - ful Fu - ture, When the les - sons of life are all learned,
 2. Weshall know why to some there was me - ted Life's sor - rows, its an - guish and pain;
 3. I am sure in the beau - ti - ful fu - ture, When the les - sons of life are all done,



And we turn from the school by the way - side, Each wear - ing the laur - els we've earned,
 Why our vain hopes, our sure dis - ap - point - ments, And loss - es, to oth - ers brought gain;
 We shall turn from the school by the way - side, Each wear - ing the crowns we have won;



Weshall know why, when toil - ing and striv - ing, The Mas - ter with - held from our grasp
 And why up - on some there was lav - ished, With gen - cr - ous, boun - ti - ful hand
 For we look now thro' glass that is dark - ened, "But then we shall see face to face;



The things which we strove for the hard - est, Those toys which we sought most to clasp.
 Earths rich - est and choic - est of bless - ings, So wide - ly spread o - ver the land.
 Weshall know as we're known" at the dawn - ing And dwell in the light of his grace.

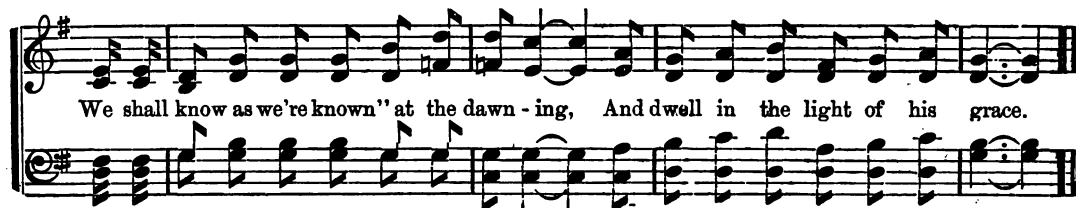
We shall Know as We're Known—*Concluded.*

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CHORUS.



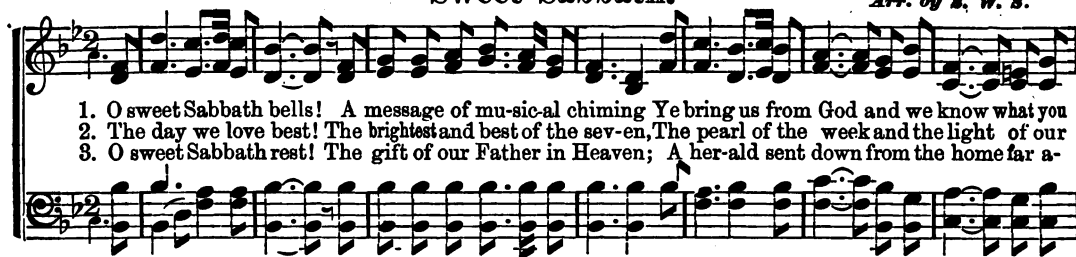
For we look now thro' glass that is dark - ened, "But then we shall see face to face;



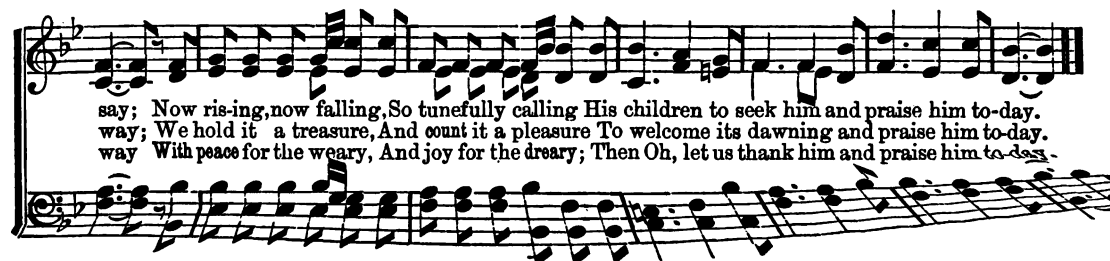
We shall know as we're known" at the dawn - ing, And dwell in the light of his grace.

Sweet Sabbath.

Arr. by S. W. S.



1. O sweet Sabbath bells! A message of mu-sic-al chiming Ye bring us from God and we know what you
2. The day we love best! The brightest and best of the sev-en, The pearl of the week and the light of our
3. O sweet Sabbath rest! The gift of our Father in Heaven; A her-ald sent down from the home far a-



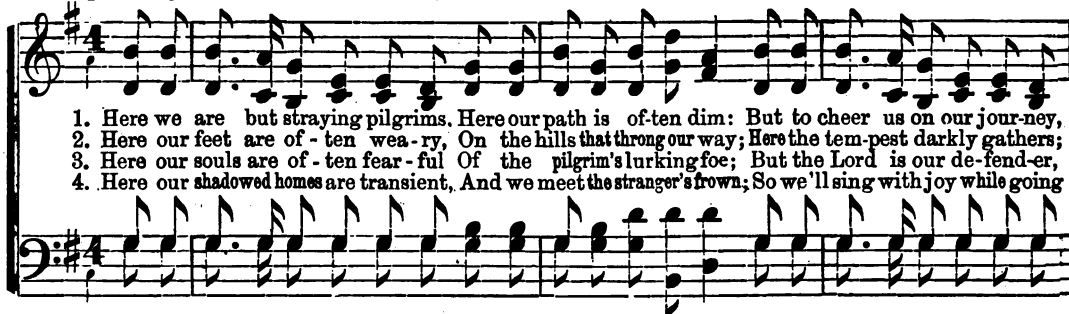
say; Now ris-ing, now fall-ing, So tunefully calling His children to seek him and praise him to-day.
way; We hold it a treasure, And count it a pleasure To welcome its dawning and praise him to-day.
way With peace for the weary, And joy for the dreary; Then Oh, let us thank him and praise him to-day.

Over the Rolling River.

Popular Hymns.

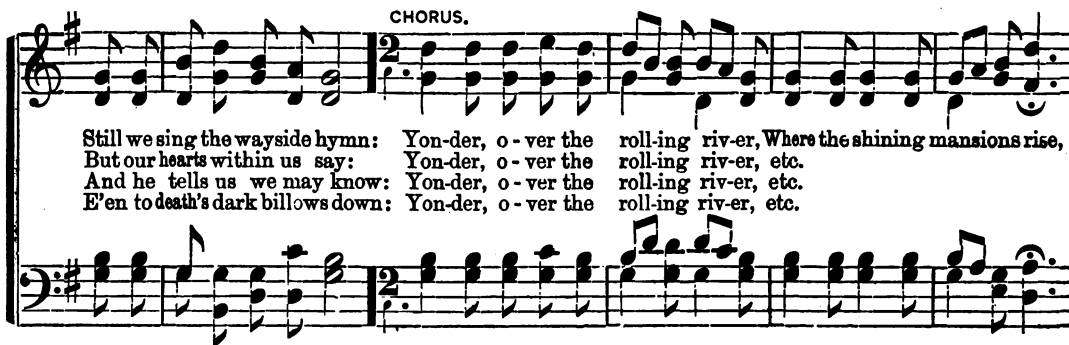
(Better as Solo and Chorus.)

S. W. STRAUB.

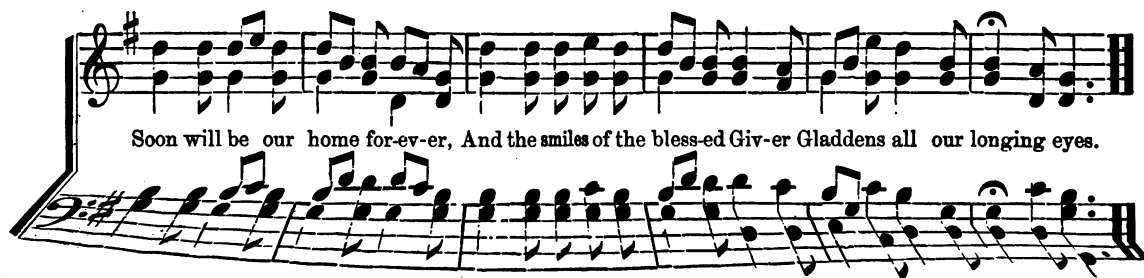


1. Here we are but straying pilgrims, Here our path is of-ten dim: But to cheer us on our jour-ney,
 2. Here our feet are of-ten wea-ry, On the hills that throng our way; Here the tem-pest darkly gathers;
 3. Here our souls are of-ten fear-ful Of the pilgrim's lurking foe; But the Lord is our de-fend-er,
 4. Here our shadowed homes are transient, And we meet the stranger's strown; So we'll sing with joy while going

CHORUS.



Still we sing the wayside hymn: Yon-der, o-ver the roll-ing riv-er, Where the shining mansions rise,
 But our hearts within us say: Yon-der, o-ver the roll-ing riv-er, etc.
 And he tells us we may know: Yon-der, o-ver the roll-ing riv-er, etc.
 E'en to death's dark billows down: Yon-der, o-ver the roll-ing riv-er, etc.



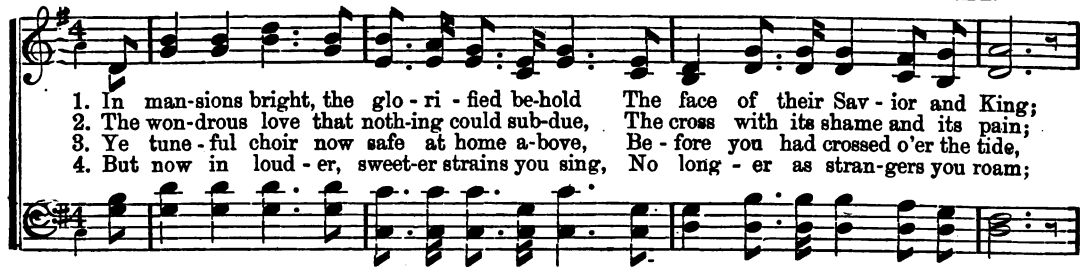
Soon will be our home for-ev-er, And the smiles of the bless-ed Giv-er Gladdens all our longing eyes.

Worthy is the Lamb.

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Rev. A. A. GRALEY.

Rev. A. A. GRALEY.



1. In man-sions bright, the glo-ri-fied be-hold The face of their Sav-ior and King;
 2. The won-drous love that noth-ing could sub-due, The cross with its shame and its pain;
 3. Ye tune-ful choir now safe at home a-bove, Be-fore you had crossed o'er the tide,
 4. But now in loud-er, sweet-er strains you sing, No long-er as stran-gers you roam;

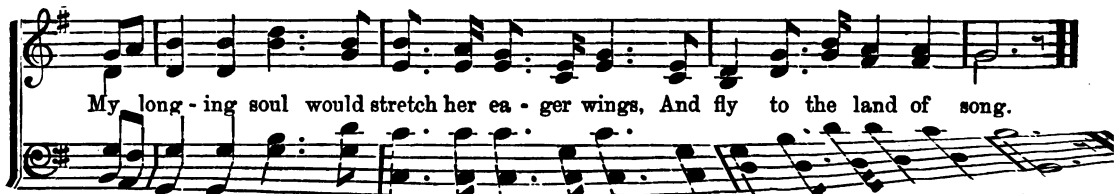


With skill-ful hand they strike the harp of gold, And "wor-thy is the Lamb" they sing.
 The grace that kept them all their jour-ney thro' They cel-e-brate in loft-y strain.
 You caught the strain, and with a-dor-ing love, Sang "wor-thy is the Lamb who died."
 But sweet-er still the mel-o-dy shall ring, When all the hosts are gath-ered home.

CHORUS.



Wor-thy the Lamb! the cho-rus rings, Wor-thy to reign the King of kings;



My long-ing soul would stretch her ea-ger wings, And fly to the land of song.

[From "Royal Gems" by per. of S. BRAINARD'S SOLO.]

Hark the Bell.

A. H. ELLWOOD.

HAROLD B. ADAMS.

1. Hark! the bell whose ech-oes swell Thro' the sum - mer air, Call-ing, "Come, O chil-dren, come
 2. Soft and slow it sing - eth low, At the wane of day; Words so sweet its tongue re-peats;
 3. Hill and dell the mu - sic swell, In the morn - ing bright, Loud and clear it ring - eth near,

CHORUS.

To the house of prayer." Calling, "Come, come, come to the Sabbath school, Come, oh, come in the
 Why, oh, why de - lay? Calling, etc.
 Thro' the gold - en light. Calling, etc.

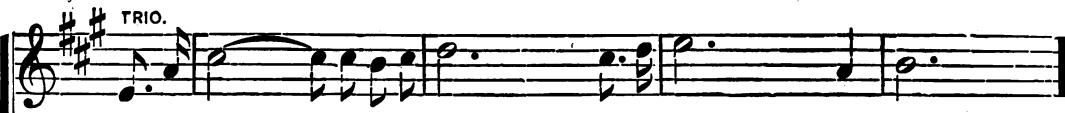
morn-ing cool; Chil-dren, come in the morn-ing fair, Come, oh, come to the house of prayer.

* May end here. The addition makes a good concert effect.

Hark the Bell---Concluded.


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TRIO.




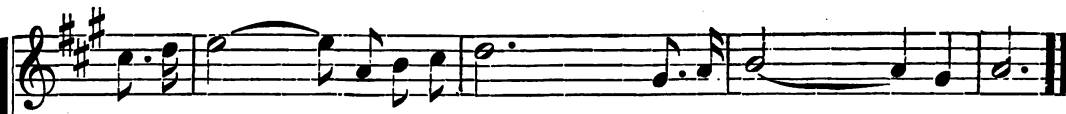
1. Hark the bell..... whose echoes swell
 2. Soft and slow..... it sing-eth low,
 3. Hill and dell..... the mu-sic swell,

Thro' the sum - mer air,
 At the wane of day;
 In the morn ing bright;




Hark the Sabbath bell, Hark the Sabbath bell, Hark the Sabbath bell, Calling us a-way;


Tenor.

Call-ing, "Come..... O chil-dren, come to the house..... of prayer."
 Words so sweet..... its tongue re-peats; Why, oh, why..... de-lay?
 Loud and clear..... it ring-eth near Thro' the gold - en light.



Hark the Sabbath bell, Hark the Sabbath bell, Call-ing us to Sab-bath school.



Further On !

J. ALICE DANNER.

(Better as Solo and Chorus.)

S. W. STRAUB.

1. Hath thine heart grown ver-y wea-ry? Do the tired hands long for rest? Are the tem-ples hot and
 2. Is it hard to be sub-mis-sive? Doth the proud soul chafe and cry. And hot tears fall all un-
 3. Soon the pulse will cease its beat-ing; Eyes no lon-ger shed a tear; Hands, grown weary, rest 'neath

throbbing, And the lips to- geth-er pressed? Very heavy seem thy burdens? Strength to lift them al-most
 heed-ed, When no one but God is nigh? E-ven yet are broken heart-strings Quiv-er-ing with music
 dais-ies; Noth-ing but a grave left here. But when come no nights of anguish, When no days of sorrow

CHORUS.

gone? Bear up still a lit-tle lon-ger, There is sweet rest further on. Further on..... fur-ther
 gone? Murmur not, They'll catch the cadence Of the lost strains, further on. Further, etc.
 dawn; Longings all shall find fru-i-tion In that bright home, further on. Further, etc.

Further on

on..... There is sweet rest fur-ther on, Bear up still a lit-tle longer, There is sweet rest further on.
 on..... Of the lost strains fur-ther on, Murmur not. They'll catch the cadence Of the lost strains, further on.
 on..... In that bright home, further on, Longings all shall find fruition, In that bright home, further on.

Further on

The Care of God.

Bishop HEBER.

S. W. STRAUB.

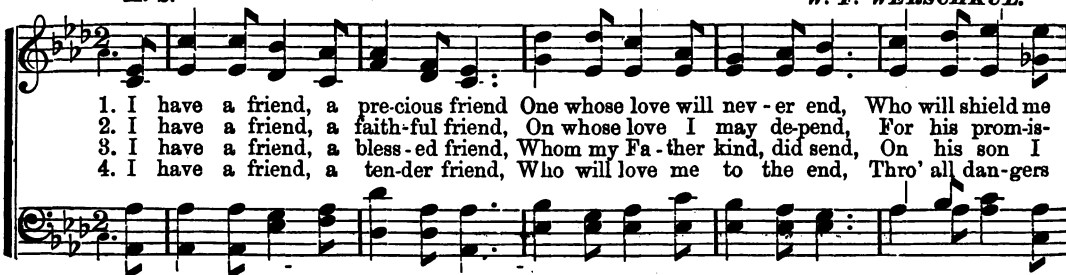
1. There is an Eye that never sleeps Beneath the wing of night; There is an Ear that never shuts When
 2. There is an Arm that never tires When human strength gives way; There is a Love that never fails When

sink the beams of light; That Eye.... is fixed on Seraph throngs, That Ear... is filled with angel's songs.
 earthly loves de-cay; That Arm.... up-holds the worlds on high, That Love.. is throned beyond the sky.

Precious Friend.

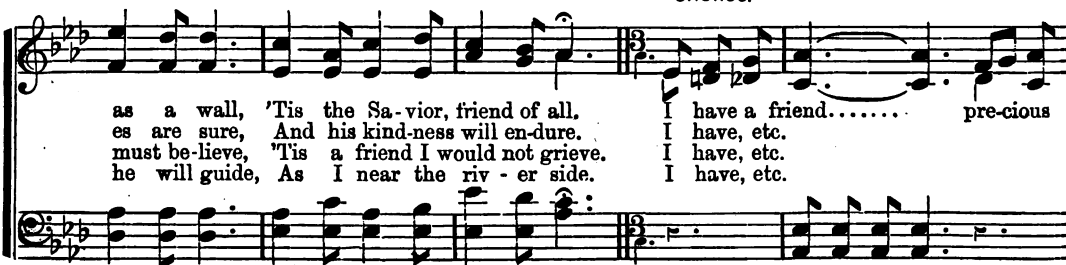
M. S.

W. F. WERSCHKUL.



1. I have a friend, a pre-cious friend One whose love will nev - er end, Who will shield me
 2. I have a friend, a faith-ful friend, On whose love I may de-pend, For his prom-is-
 3. I have a friend, a bless-ed friend, Whom my Fa-ther kind, did send, On his son I
 4. I have a friend, a ten-der friend, Who will love me to the end, Thro' all dan-gers

CHORUS.



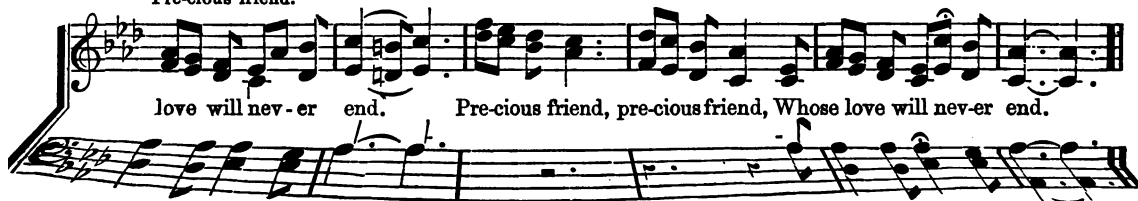
as a wall, 'Tis the Sa- vior, friend of all. I have a friend..... pre-cious
 es are sure, And his kind-ness will en-dure. I have, etc.
 must be-lieve, 'Tis a friend I would not grieve. I have, etc.
 he will guide, As I near the riv - er side. I have, etc.

I have a friend,



friend.... One whose love will nev - er end. Pre-cious friend, pre-cious friend, Whose

Pre-cious friend.



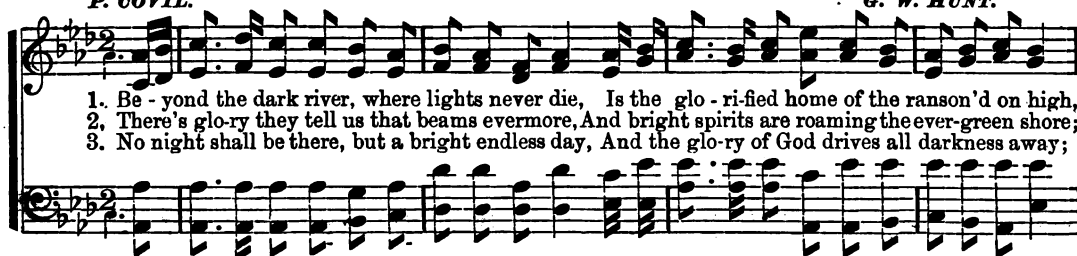
love will nev - er end. Pre-cious friend, pre-cious friend, Whose love will nev - er end.

The Home of my Soul.

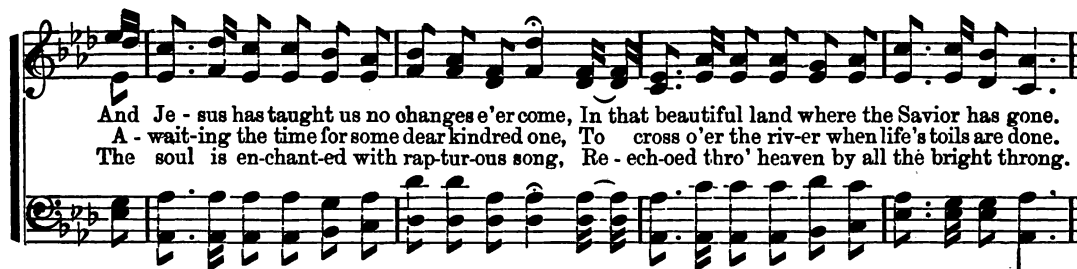
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P. COVIL.

G. W. HUNT.

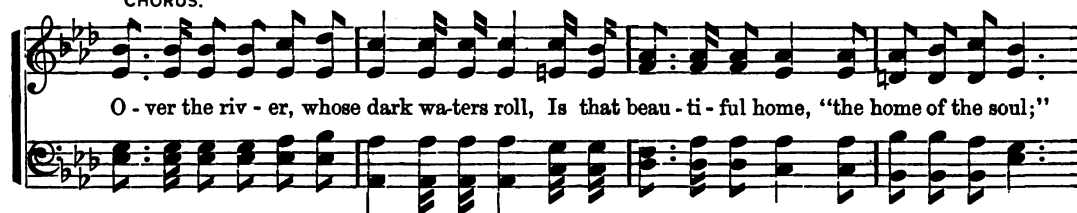


1. Be - yond the dark river, where lights never die, Is the glo - ri-fied home of the ranson'd on high,
 2. There's glo-ry they tell us that beams evermore, And bright spirits are roaming the ever-green shore;
 3. No night shall be there, but a bright endless day, And the glo-ry of God drives all darkness away;



And Je - sus has taught us no changes e'er come, In that beautiful land where the Savior has gone.
 A - wait-ing the time for some dear kindred one, To cross o'er the riv-er when life's toils are done.
 The soul is en-charm-ed with rap-tur-ous song, Re - ech-oed thro' heaven by all the bright throng.

CHORUS.



O - ver the riv - er, whose dark wa-ters roll, Is that beau - ti - ful home, "the home of the soul;"

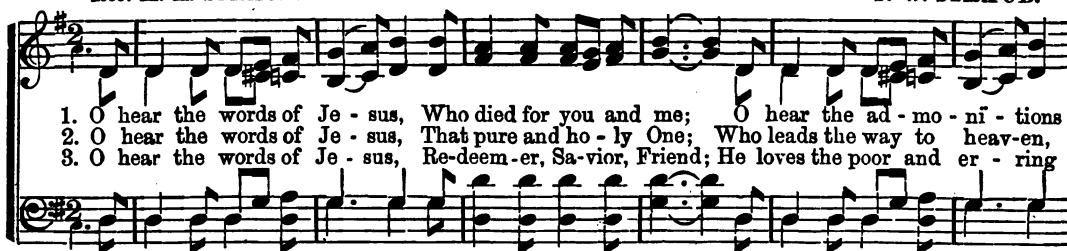


Bear me, oh, bear me a - cross the dark wave; Je - sus will wel-come me, Je - sus will save.

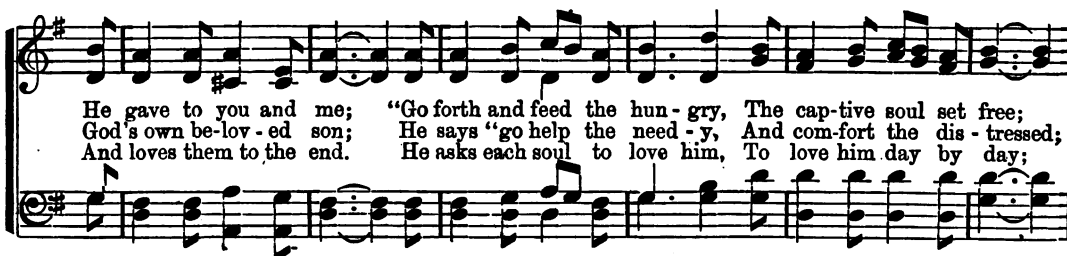
Go Help the Poor.

Rev. M. A. STRAUB.

S. W. STRAUB.

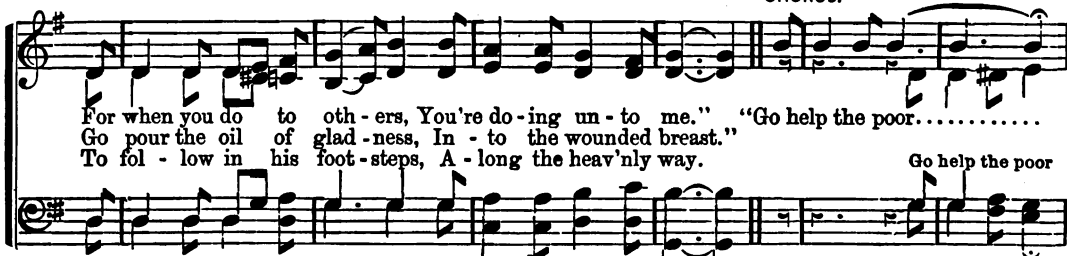


1. O hear the words of Je - sus, Who died for you and me; O hear the ad - mo - ni - tions
 2. O hear the words of Je - sus, That pure and ho - ly One; Who leads the way to heav-en,
 3. O hear the words of Je - sus, Re-deem-er, Sa-vior, Friend; He loves the poor and er - ring

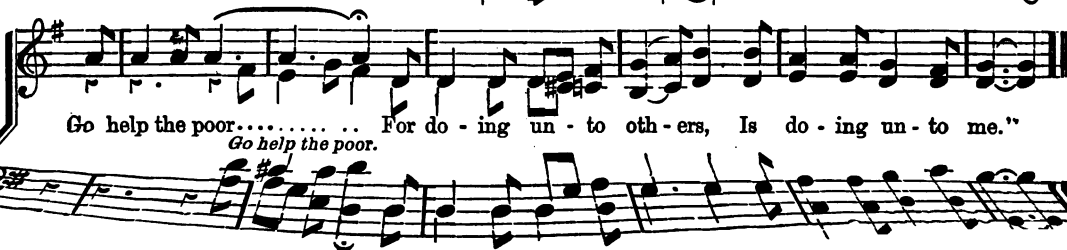


He gave to you and me; "Go forth and feed the hun - gry, The cap-tive soul set free;
 God's own be-lov - ed son; He says "go help the need - y, And com-fort the dis - tressed;
 And loves them to the end. He asks each soul to love him, To love him day by day;

CHORUS.



For when you do to oth - ers, You're do-ing un - to me." "Go help the poor.....
 Go pour the oil of glad - ness, In - to the wounded breast."
 To fol - low in his foot-steps, A - long the heav'nly way. Go help the poor



Go help the poor..... For do - ing un - to oth - ers, Is do - ing un - to me."
 Go help the poor.

Station Your Sentinels!

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M. S.

March movement.

S. W. STRAUB.

1. Sta-tion your sen-ti-nels vic-tor, Ere you unbuckle your shield; Nev-er surrender your
 2. Set you a watch in your tow-er, When you have con-quer'd the sin; For in the un-guard-ed
 3. Do not sur-ren-der to-mor-row What you are win-ning to-day; Cher-ish for-ev-er the
 4. Sta-tion your sen-ti-nels vic-tor, Guard the re-turn of the foe; Till there is van-quish'd for-

CHORUS.

hon-our Won on life's hard bat-tle-field. Sta-tion your sen-ti-nels vic-tor,
 hour Ev-en the con-quer'd may win. Sta-tion, etc.
 lau-rels Won in the glo-ri-ous fray. Sta-tion, etc.
 ev-er Dan-ger of sin-ning and woe. Sta-tion, etc.

Nev-er the vic-t'ry yield; Nev-er sur-ren-der the con-quest, Won on the bat-tle-field.

M. S.

MOZART.

1. God made the ris-ing sun, To shine the night a-way, His stead-y course to run,
2. God made the glo-rious sun, T'en-li-ven and a-dorn, We'll praise the wondrous love,

Fine. CHORUS.

Thro' all the day. The sun-beams shine so fair and bright, To fill the heart with
That brings the morn. The sun-beams, etc.

D. C.

pure de-light; They are our Fa-ther's ten-der smile, Beam-ing thro' the night.

M. A. STRAUB.

The Savior Still is Passing By!

S. W. STRAUB.

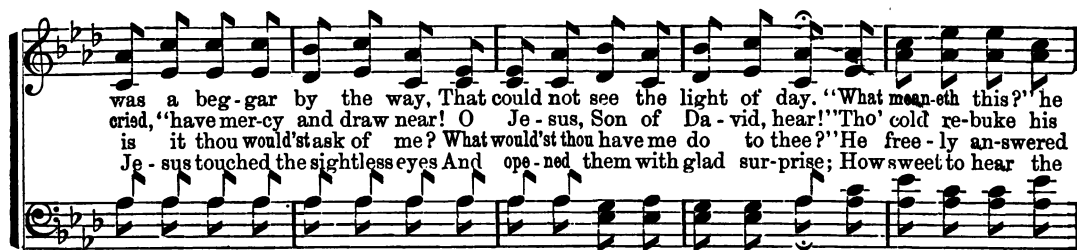
Not too fast.

(Better as Solo and Chorus.)

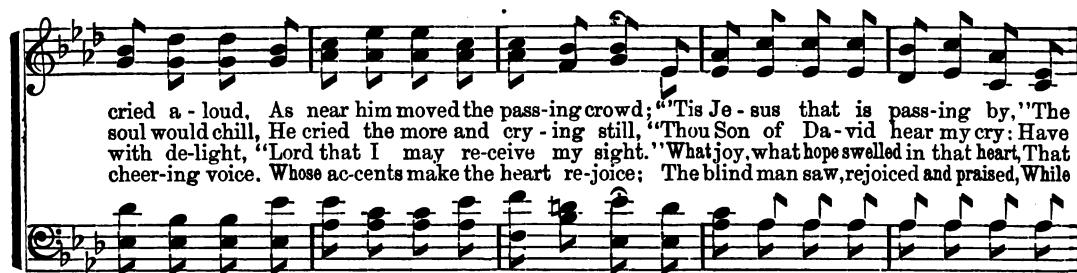
1. As to the cit-y Christ drew nigh, He paused to hear a plead-ing cry; It
2. How hope re-vived and glad-ness came, When hear-ing but the Sav-ior's name; He
3. In mer-cy Je-sus paused to hear, And pity-ing, bade the man draw near. "What
4. "Thine eyes are dim but thou shalt see, For as thy faith so shall it be;" And

The Savior Still is Passing By!--Concluded.

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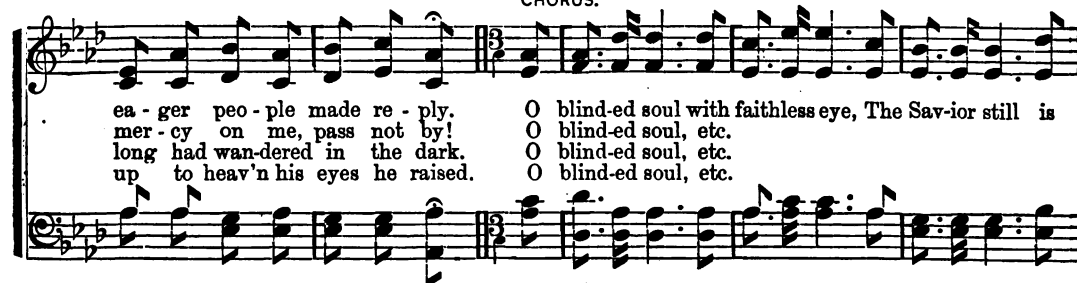


was a beg-gar by the way, That could not see the light of day. "What mean-eth this?" he
cried, "have mer-cy and draw near! O Je-sus, Son of Da-vid, hear!" "Tho' cold re-buke his
is it thou would'st ask of me? What would'st thou have me do to thee?" He free-ly an-swered
Je-sus touched the sightless eyes And ope-ned them with glad sur-prise; How sweet to hear the

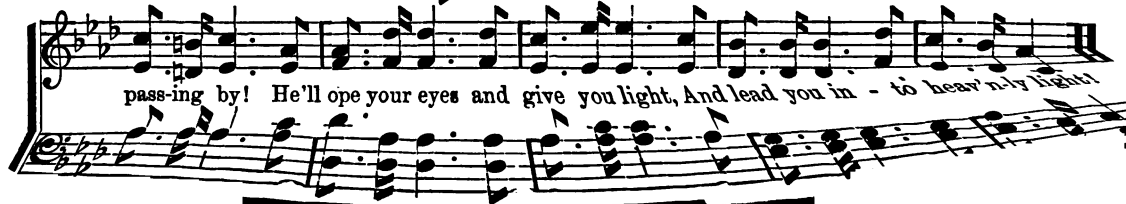


cried a-loud, As near him moved the pass-ing crowd; "Tis Je-sus that is pass-ing by," "The
soul would chill, He cried the more and cry-ing still, "Thou Son of Da-vid hear my cry: Have
with de-light, "Lord that I may re-ceive my sight. "What joy, what hope swelled in that heart, That
cheer-ing voice. Whose ac-cents make the heart re-joyce; The blind man saw, rejoiced and praised, While

CHORUS.



ea-ger peo-ple made re-ply.	O blind-ed soul with faithless eye, The Sav-ior still is
mer-cy on me, pass not by!	O blind-ed soul, etc.
long had wan-dered in the dark.	O blind-ed soul, etc.
up to heav'n his eyes he raised.	O blind-ed soul, etc.



pass-ing by! He'll ope your eyes and give you light, And lead you in - to heav'n-ly light!

Loved Ones are Waiting.

EDWARD C. BURTON.

S. W. STRAUB.

Moderato.

1. There are ma - ny loved ones wait - ing At the pearl - y gates for me, They are wait - ing
 2. There are ma - ny loved ones wait - ing; There are brothers gone be - fore; There are sis - ters,
 3. There are ma - ny loved ones wait - ing; When my bark shall cross the tide I shall hear their



for the com - ing Of my bark a - cross the sea, There my fath - er, long de - part - ed,
 how I loved them, Wait - ing on the gold - en shore For the loved ones left to wan - der,
 shouts of wel - come Ere I reach the oth - er side; They will gath - er glad - ly round me,



Waits for moth-er loved so well— At the pearly gates of heav-en, In that land where angels dwell.
 Bro-ken heart-ed and a-lone; How I long, yes, long to join them As they gather round the throne.
 All now in the bet-ter land; And in heav-en, re-u-nit-ed, We'll be a happy an-gel band.

This system contains three staves of music. The top staff is a single melodic line in treble clef. The middle and bottom staves are a piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs, respectively, featuring chords and moving lines.

CHORUS

There are ma-ny loved ones wait - ing, At the pearly gates for me;
 There are ma - ny loved ones wait-ing At the pearl - y gates for me; They are

This system contains two staves of music. The top staff is a single melodic line in treble clef. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef, featuring chords and moving lines.

They are wait - ing for the com - ing Of my bark a - cross the sea.
 wait-ing for the coming. waiting for the coming, Waiting for the coming Of my bark across the sea.

This system contains two staves of music. The top staff is a single melodic line in treble clef. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef, featuring chords and moving lines.

Be not Weary in Well-Doing.

M. S.

W. F. WERSCHKUL.

Cheerfully.

1. Be not wea-ry in well-do-ing, While the sun-light brings the day, Cheer-ful-ly the way pur-
 2. Be not wea-ry in well-do-ing, 'Tis the way of peace and light, O re-mem-ber Him who
 3. Be not wea-ry in well-do-ing, 'Tis the plan by heav-en laid, Je-sus ten-der nev-er
 4. Be not wea-ry in well-do-ing; Thus the Fa-ther rules the world, Onward then, your strength re-

CHORUS.
Slower.

su-ing, Love to la-bor, watch and pray. Be not wea-ry in well-do-ing, Love to la-bor,
 keeps you, Constant thro' each day and night. Be not wea-ry, etc.
 wea-ries Tho' we of-ten ask his aid. Be not wea-ry, etc.
 new-ing, Nev-er be your ban-ner furled. Be not wea-ry, etc.

A tempo.

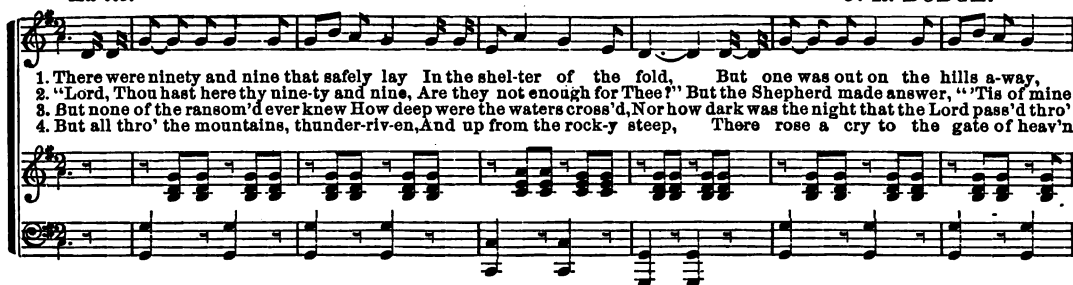
watch and pray, Cheer-ful-ly the way pur-su-ing, Love to la-bor, watch and pray.

Ninety and Nine.

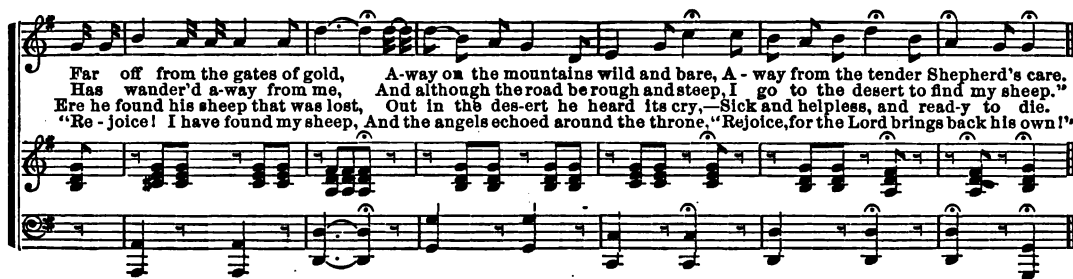
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Ad lib.

J. R. DODGE.

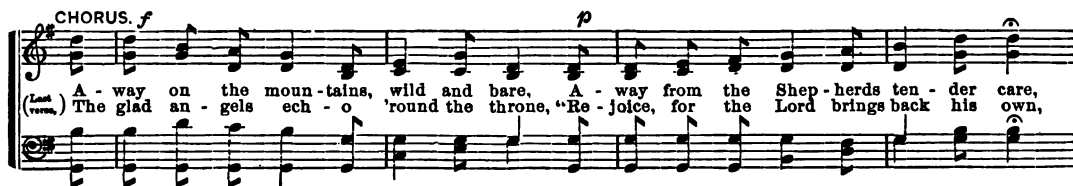


1. There were ninety and nine that safely lay In the shel-ter of the fold, But one was out on the hills a-way,
 2. "Lord, Thou hast herethy nine-ty and nine, Are they not enough for Thee?" But the Shepherd made answer, "'Tis of mine
 3. But none of the ransom'd ever knew How deep were the waters cross'd, Nor how dark was the night that the Lord pass'd thro'
 4. But all thro' the mountains, thunder-riv-en, And up from the rock-y steep, There rose a cry to the gate of heav'n

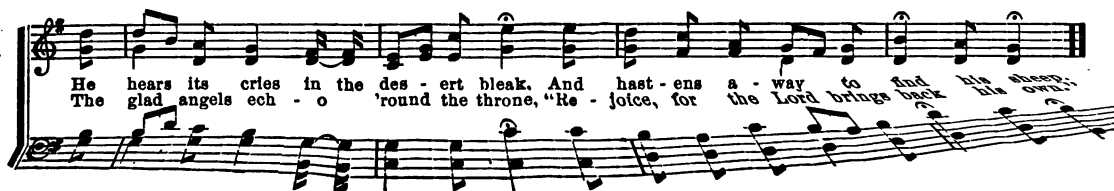


Far off from the gates of gold, A-way on the mountains wild and bare, A-way from the tender Shepherd's care,
 Has wander'd a-way from me, And although the road be rough and steep, I go to the desert to find my sheep.
 Ere he found his sheep that was lost, Out in the des-ert he heard its cry, Sick and helpless, and ready to die.
 "Re-joice! I have found my sheep, And the angels echoed around the throne, "Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own!"

CHORUS. *f*

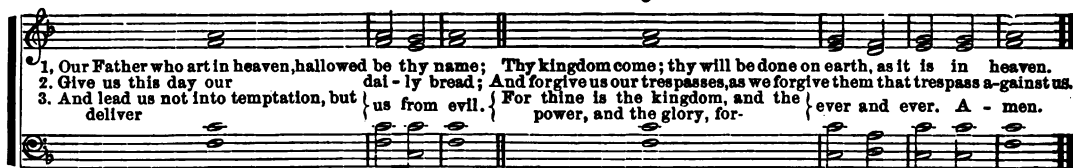


(*Lead voice.*) A-way on the moun-tains, wild and bare, A-way from the Shep-herds ten-der care,
 The glad an-gels ech-o 'round the throne, "Re-joice, for the Lord brings back his own,



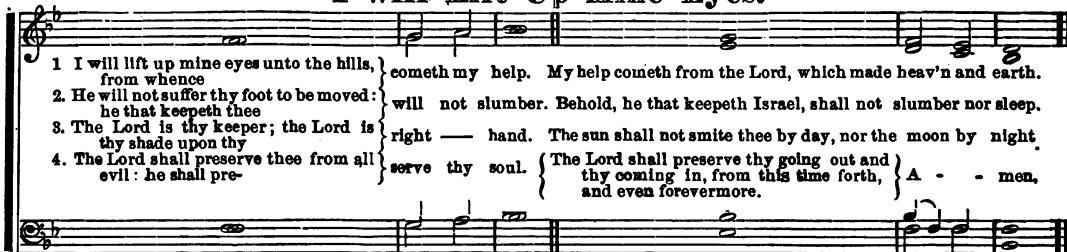
He hears its cries in the des-ert bleak, And hast-ens a-way to find his sheep,
 The glad angels ech-o 'round the throne, "Re-joice, for the Lord brings back his own."

The Lord's Prayer.



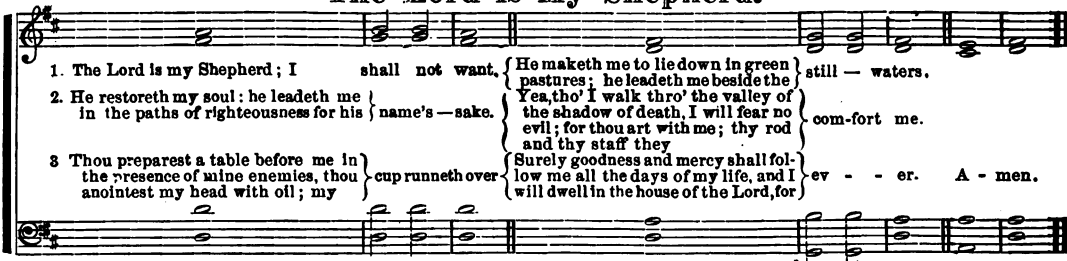
1. Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name; Thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven.
 2. Give us this day our dai - ly bread; And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass a - gainst us.
 3. And lead us not into temptation, but { us from evil. } For thine is the kingdom, and the { ever and ever. A - men.
 deliver power, and the glory, for-

I will Lift Up Mine Eyes.



1 I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, } cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord, which made heav'n and earth.
 from whence
 2. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: } will not slumber. Behold, he that keepeth Israel, shall not slumber nor sleep.
 he that keepeth thee
 3. The Lord is thy keeper; the Lord is } right — hand. The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.
 thy shade upon thy
 4. The Lord shall preserve thee from all } serve thy soul. { The Lord shall preserve thy going out and
 evil: he shall pre- thy coming in, from this time forth, } A - - men,
 and even forevermore.

The Lord is My Shepherd.

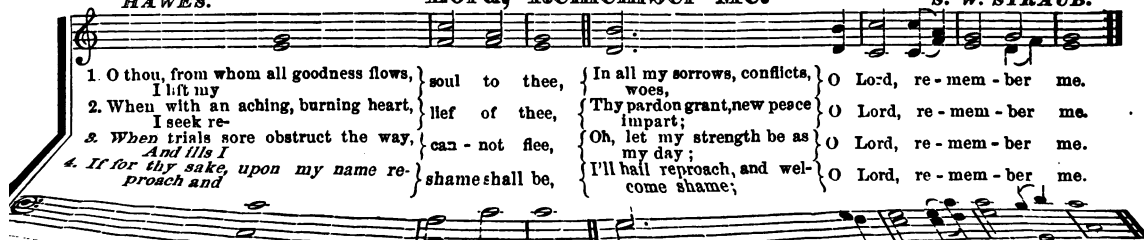


1. The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want. { He maketh me to lie down in green } still — waters.
 pastures; he leadeth me beside the
 2. He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me } name's—sake. { Yea, tho' I walk thro' the valley of } com-fort me.
 in the paths of righteousness for his } the shadow of death, I will fear no
 evil; for thou art with me; thy rod
 and thy staff they
 3. Thou preparest a table before me in } cup runneth over } ev - - er. A - men.
 the presence of mine enemies, thou } low me all the days of my life, and I
 anointest my head with oil; my } will dwell in the house of the Lord, for

HAWES.

Lord, Remember Me.

S. W. STRAUB.



1. O thou, from whom all goodness flows, } soul to thee, { In all my sorrows, conflicts, } O Lord, re - mem - ber me.
 I lift my } woes,
 2. When with an aching, burning heart, } lief of thee, { Thy pardon grant, new peace } O Lord, re - mem - ber me.
 I seek re- } impart;
 3. When trials sore obstruct the way, } can - not flee, { Oh, let my strength be as } O Lord, re - mem - ber me.
 And ill I } my day;
 4. If for thy sake, upon my name re- } shame shall be, { I'll halt reproach, and wel- } O Lord, re - mem - ber me.
 prouch and come shame;

MARIA STRAUB.

S. W. STRAUB.

[EXPLANATION.—This piece is to be sung by six girls, three small and three larger. The first, third and fifth voices should be Alto, the others should be quite high voices. Each should bear a card (about 4 x 6 inches) suspended from the neck. These cards should bear the following words, printed on them, 1st "Be," 2nd "ye," 3d "doers," 4th "of," 5th "the," 6th "word." The girls must form a line, so that these words will form the sentence, "Be ye doers of the word." These cards should all be reversed at first, while the accompanist plays the melody through, (making an accompaniment with the left hand,) the girls should march (keeping step) upon the platform, and when the melody has been completed, the first singer moves a step forward, reverses her card (showing the word "Be,") and sings her solo, then, without stopping the melody, the second singer steps to her side, reverses her card and sings; and so on until all are standing in the new row, with the sentence completed, when all sing the remainder of the piece, and march off keeping step to the melody as it is played once more.

1st v. Be to ev-'ry pro-mise true, E'er the good-ly thought re-new, Faith-ful God's com-
2d v. Do-ers of the good and right, Sol-diers in the good-ly fight, Fol-low where your
3d v. The true hearts that o-ver-come, In the strife a-against the wrong, Gain the vic-t'ry

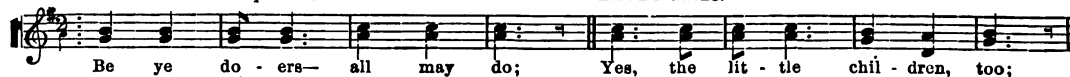
mands o-bey, Trust-ing him from day to day. 2d v. Ye who love the bless-ed Lord, Join with fer-vent
Lead-er goes, Trust him, for the way he knows. 4th v. Of the ma-ny du-ties done, E'en the least will
for the Lord, Free-ly, glad-ly he'll re-ward. 6th v. Word e-ter-nal, God's own word, Be ye do-ers,

sweet ac-cord, E'er his pre-cepts to ful-fill; Love to do, who knows his will.
Je-sus own; What re-ward could sweet-er be, Than 'ye did it un-to me.
who have heard; Be ye do-ers, oh, be true, Teach-ers, par-ents, chil-dren too.

Admonition---Concluded.

ALL. *Without Accompaniment.*

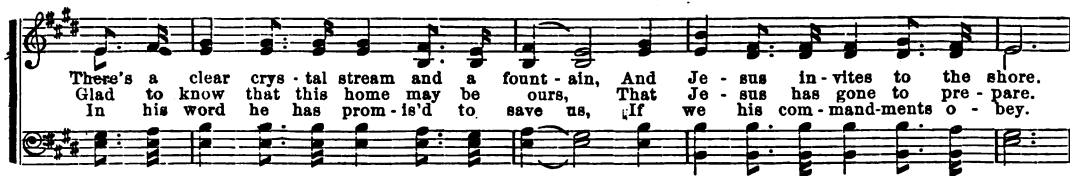
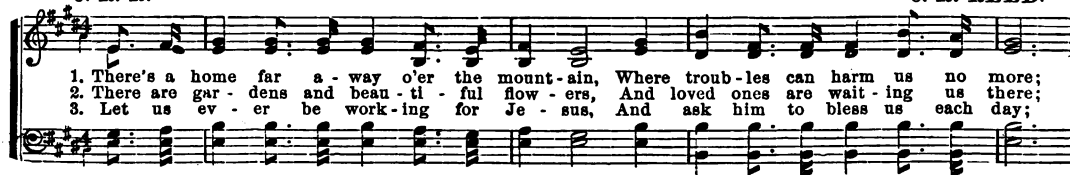
LITTLE GIRLS.



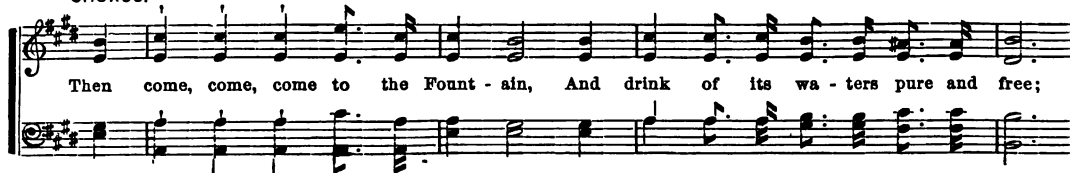
There's a Home O'er the Mountain.

C. R. R.

C. R. REED.



CHORUS.



Jesus is Waiting.

155

MARIA STRAUB.

F. J. MOORE.

1. Bring in the chil - dren, oh, bring them all in, Help them to turn from the path - way of sin;
2. Bring in the chil - dren, oh, keep them from harm, Save them from dan - ger and cru - el a - larm;

Guide their young feet, oh, the dan - ger be - hold! Bring them all safe in the heav'n - ly fold.
Go take them in from the storm and the cold, Bring them all safe in the heav'n - ly fold.

D. S. Wait - ing to give them rich bless - ings un - told; Bring them, oh, bring them in - to the fold.

CHORUS. D. S.

Je - sus is wait - ing to wel - come them in. Wait - ing to guard them from dan - ger and sin.

M. S.

Save Me, Lord.

S. W. S.

1. Je - sus, now I come to thee, Oh, save me; I am on the trou - bled sea, Lord, save me.
2. Sav - ior, thy sal - va - tion bring, Oh, save me; Save me from the tide of sin, Lord, save me.
3. Lord, I come, con - fess - ing all, Oh, save me, In thy ten - der arms I fall, Now save me.

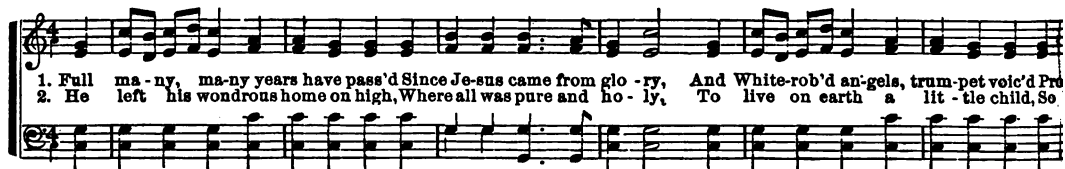
CHORUS.

Save me, Lord, oh, hear my cry, Save me, or I sink and die; Oh, the waves are roll - ing high - Save, or I die!

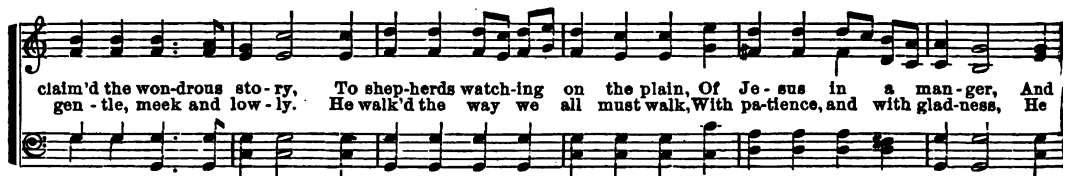
To-Night He Comes to Earth Again.

M. E. SERVOS.

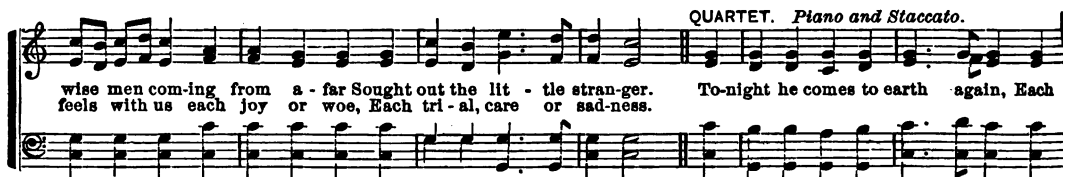
S. W. STRAUB.



1. Full ma-ny, ma-ny years have pass'd Since Je-sus came from glo-ry, And White-rob'd an-gels, trum-pet-voic'd Pre
2. He left his wondrous home on high, Where all was pure and ho-ly, To live on earth a lit-tle child, So



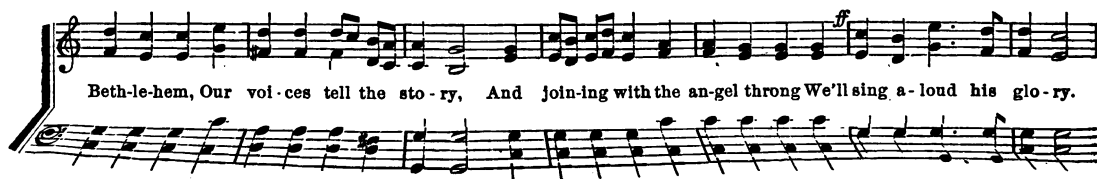
claim'd the won-drous sto-ry. To shep-herds watch-ing on the plain, Of Je-sus in a man-ger, And
gen-tle, meek and low-ly. He walk'd the way we all must walk, With pa-tience, and with glad-ness, He



QUARTET. *Piano and Staccato.*
wise men com-ing from a - far Sought out the lit - tle stran-ger. To-night he comes to earth again, Each
feels with us each joy or woe, Each tri-al, care or sad-ness.



FULL CHORUS.
heart be-comes a man-ger, Each knee with sa-cred love shall bend Be-fore the lit-tle stran-ger; Our home shall be his



Beth-le-hem, Our voi-ces tell the sto-ry, And join-ing with the an-gel throng We'll sing a-loud his glo-ry.

He Loves Me, Too.

157

MARIA STRAUB.

(Infant Class Song.)

S. W. STRAUB.

1. God sees the lit - tle spar - row fall, It meets his ten - der view; If God so loves the
2. He paints the lil - y of the field, Per - fumes each lil - y bell; If he so loves the
3. God made the lit - tle birds and flow'rs, And all things, large and small; He'll not for - get his

CHORUS.

lit - tle birds, I know he loves me, too. He loves me, too, he loves me, too, I
lit - tle flow'rs, I know he loves me well. He loves me, etc.
lit - tle ones, I know he loves them all. He loves me, etc.

know he loves me, too; Be - cause he loves the lit - tle things, I know he loves me, too.

Hark! We Hear the Voices Calling.

EMILY ZIMMERMAN. *Vigorous.*

CHORUS. H. ZIMMERMAN.

1. We are sail - ing on the o - cean, To a home be - yond the tide,
Sing - ing songs of glad ho - san - nas, As thro' calm and storm we ride,
2. When the waves are rush - ing mad - ly, On the storm - y, an - gry deep,
Fear we not, for Christ our cap - tain, Ev - er calms the storm to sleep.
3. Guide our bark, our Sav - ior guide it, O - ver to the oth - er shore;
When we all are safe - ly o - ver, We will praise thee ev - er - more.

Hark! we hear the voic - es

Hark! etc.

Hark! etc.

Hark! we hear the voic - es

call - ing, Call - ing from the oth - er shore; We are com - ing, we are com - ing, Soon our voy - age will be o'er.

call - ing,

Call - ing from the other shore.

We are coming, we are com - ing,

Soon our voyage will be o'er

Joyful Tidings.

MARIA STRAUB.

W. A. GODEN.

1. Oh, joy-ful, joy-ful tid-ings, Be-hold the emp-ty tomb, The Sav-ior has a-
 2. Oh, joy-ful, joy-ful tid-ings, The Lord with us a-gain, Re-stor'd the glo-rious
 3. Oh, joy-ful, joy-ful tid-ings, The Lord a-gain to know, Re-joice, ye re-en-

D. C. Go tell them he is ris-en, The Lord a-gain is here! O spread the joy-ful

Fine. DUET.

ris-en, And scat-ter'd is the gloom! He burst the drear-y pris-on,
 treas-ure, The life and light of men! He rose to live for-ev-er,
 light-en'd, With new-born love a-glow! He comes to cheer and com-fort,
 tid-ings, Let all the na-tions hear.

CHORUS.

DUET.

CHORUS.

The Lord of life and light; "Go tell them he is ris-en," They say, the an-gels white.
 Tri-umph-ant from the grave; He rose with might-y pow-er To suc-cor and to save!
 To show us more of love, To light us thro' the dark-ness, And fit us for a-bove.

America.

1. My coun-try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
 2. My na-tive coun-try, thee—Land of the no-ble, free—Thy name I love; I love thy
 3. Let mu-sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees, Sweet free-dom's song; Let mor-tal
 4. Our fa-thers' God, to thee, Au-thor of lib-er-ty, To thee we sing; Long may our

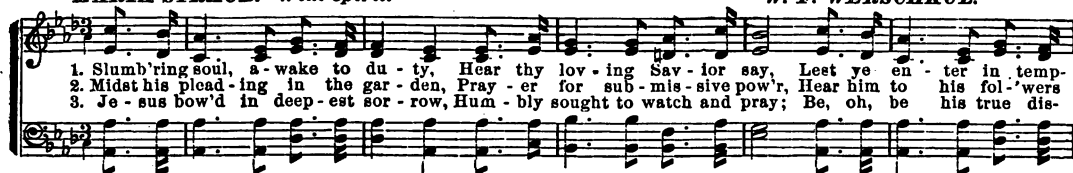
fa-thers died, Land of the pil-grim's pride; From ev-'ry mount-ain's side Let free-dom ring.
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem-pled hills; My heart with rap-ture thrills Like that a-bove.
 tongues a-woke; Let all that breathe par-take; Let rocks their sil-lence break, The sound pro-long.
 land be bright With free-dom's ho-ly light; Pro-tect us by thy might Great God, our King.

Hear, O Hear.

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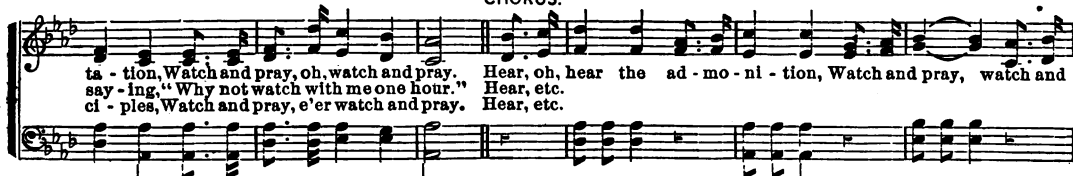
MARIA STRAUB. *With spirit.*

W. F. WERSCHKUL.



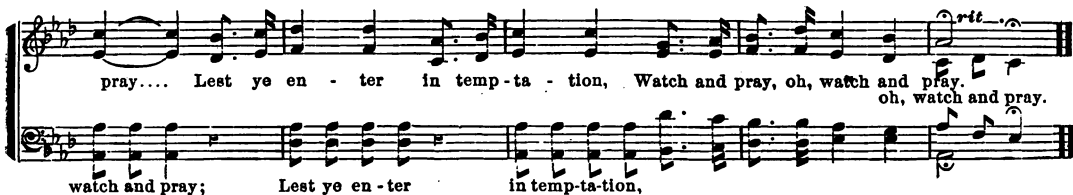
1. Slumb'ring soul, a-wake to du-ty, Hear thy lov-ing Sav-ior say, Lest ye en-ter in temp-
 2. Midst his plead-ing in the gar-den, Pray-er for sub-mis-sive pow'r, Hear him to his fol-l'wers
 3. Je-sus bow'd in deep-est sor-row, Hum-bly sought to watch and pray; Be, oh, be his true dis-

CHORUS.



ta-tion, Watch and pray, oh, watch and pray. Hear, oh, hear the ad-mo-ni-tion, Watch and pray, watch and
 say-ing, "Why not watch with me one hour." Hear, etc.
 ci-ples, Watch and pray, e'er watch and pray. Hear, etc.

Hear him say, hear him say, Watch and pray,



pray.... Lest ye en-ter in temp-ta-tion, Watch and pray, oh, watch and pray.
 oh, watch and pray.
 watch and pray; Lest ye en-ter in temp-ta-tion,

MARIA STRAUB.
With energy.

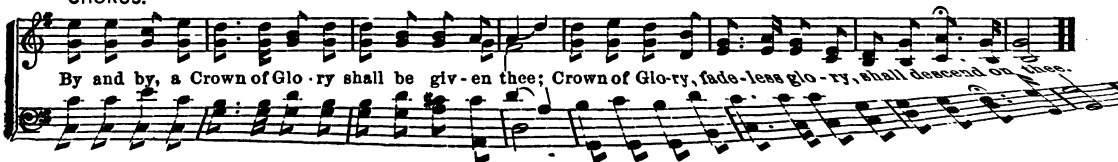
Crown of Glory.

S. W. STRAUB.



1. La-bor faith-ful in the vine-ward, La-bor for your Lord; By and by he'll crown your la-bor With a bright re-ward.
 2. Love to do your Savior's bidding, Know he lov-eth you; Fol-low in the way of goodness, Keep the end in view.
 3. Soon, oh, soon your Lord will come to Set his ser-vant free, Take you where a crown of glo-ry Shall be giv-en thee.

CHORUS.



By and by, a Crown of Glo-ry shall be giv-en thee; Crown of Glo-ry, fade-less glo-ry, shall descend on thee.

What will the Recompense Be?

EBEN E. REXFORD.

S. W. STRAUB.

1. Har-vest-er, har-vest-er, gath-er thy sheaves! The Master is com-ing this way; My heart o'er its fol-ly and
 2. Har-vest-er, har-vest-er, faith-ful to God, O seek by the way-side and find, Grown in the weeds where the
 3. Har-vest-er, har-vest-er, work with a will, Soon will the har-vest be done; While standing in i-dle-ness,
 4. Har-vest-er, har-vest-er, dal-ly no more, And think what the Mas-ter would say, "O gath-er the sheaves till the

CHORUS.

i-dle-ness grieves And the hours it has squan-der'd a-way. Gath-er, gath-er, gath-er the sheaves,
 rank bram-bles nod, The wheat for the sheaves you would bind. Gath-er, etc.
 soul, art thou still? What have thy fold-ed hands won? Gath-er, etc.
 har-vest is o'er—Go work with the reap-ers to-day. Gath-er, etc.

Bound in the har-vest by thee; O soul, if thy hand hath pluck'd nothing but leaves, What will the recompense be?

Jesus, Lover of my Soul.

S. B. MARSH.

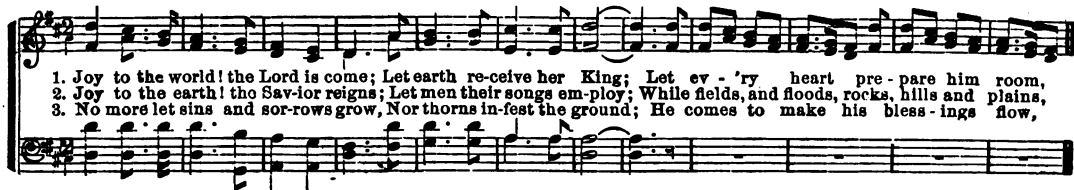
Fine.

D. C.

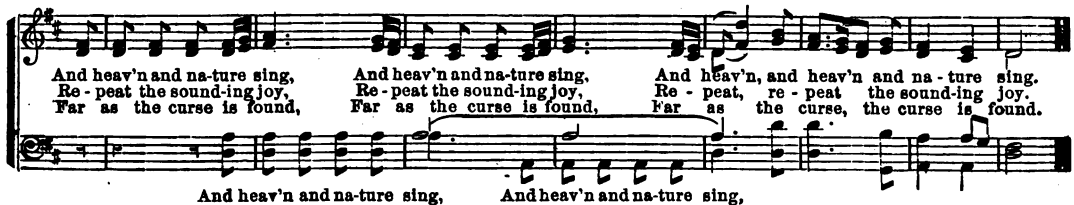
1. Je-sus, lov-er of my soul, Let me to thy bo-som fly { Hide me, O my Sav-ior, hide, }
 { While the wa-ters near me roll. While the tem-pest still is high; } { Till the storm of life is past; }
 d. c. Safe in-to the ha-ven guide, O, re-ceive my soul at last.
 2. Oth-er ref-uge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on thee; { All my trust on thee is stay'd; }
 Leave, O leave me not a-lone, Still sup-port and com-fort me; { All my help from thee I bring; }
 d. c. Cov-er my de-fense-less head With the shad-ow of thy wing.

Joy to the World!

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1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re-ceive her King; Let ev-'ry heart pre-pare him room,
2. Joy to the earth! the Sav-ior reigns; Let men their songs em-ploy; While fields, and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
3. No more let sins and sor-rows grow, Nor thorns in-fest the ground; He comes to make his bless-ings flow,



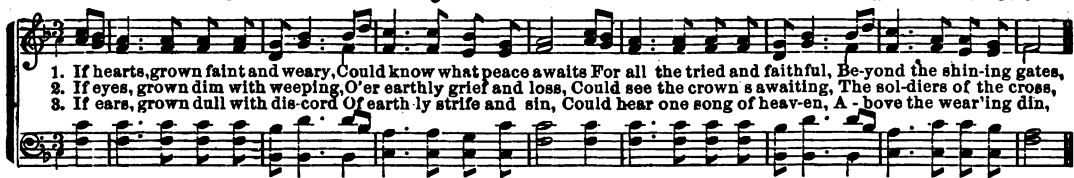
And heav'n and na-ture sing, And heav'n and na-ture sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na-ture sing.
Re-peat the sound-ing joy, Re-peat, re-peat the sound-ing joy, Re-peat, re-peat the sound-ing joy.
Far as the curse is found, Far as the curse is found, Far as the curse, the curse is found.

And heav'n and na-ture sing, And heav'n and na-ture sing,

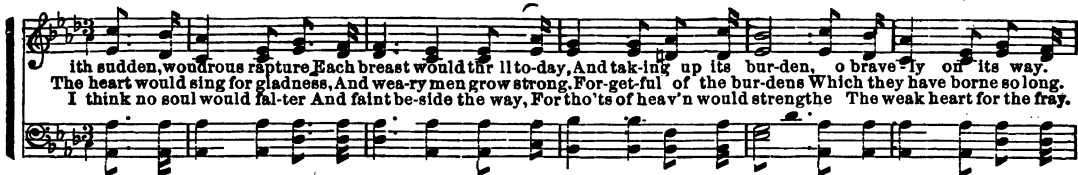
EBEN E. REXFORD.

Beyond the Gates!

S. W. STRAUB.

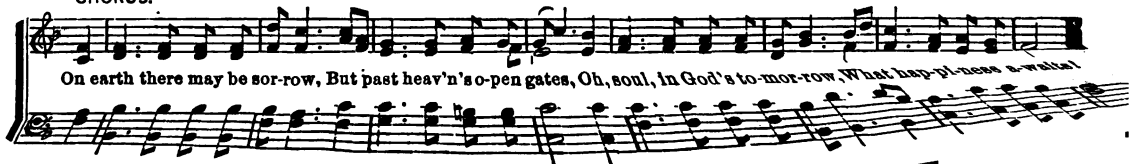


1. If hearts, grown faint and weary, Could know what peace awaits For all the tried and faithful, Be-yond the shin-ing gates,
2. If eyes, grown dim with weeping, O'er earthly grief and loss, Could see the crown s'awaiting, The sol-diers of the cross,
3. If ears, grown dull with dis-cord Of earth-ly strife and sin, Could hear one song of heav-en, A-b'ove the wear-ing din,



ith sudden, wondrous rapture Each breast would thril-to-day, And tak-ing up its bur-den, o brave-ly on its way.
The heart would sing for gladness, And wea-ry men grow strong, For get-ful of the bur-dens Which they have borne so long.
I think no soul would fal-ter And faint be-side the way, For tho'ts of heav'n would strengthe The weak heart for the fray.

CHORUS.



On earth there may be sor-row, But past heav'n's o-pen gates, Oh, soul, in God's to-mor-row, What hap-pi-ness a-waiteth!

The Christian Father-Land.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

S. W. STRAUB.

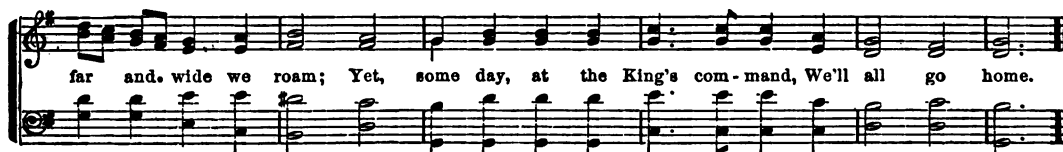


1. Heav'n is the Chris-tian's fa - ther-land; We're far a - way from home, And home-sick hearts will
 2. Heav'n is the Chris-tian's fa - ther-land; And with faith's clear - er sight We see our Fa-ther's
 3. Heav'n is the Chris-tian's fa - ther-land; Home of my soul, to thee I stretch an ea - ger
 4. To thee, oh, well-loved fa - ther-land, My heart is al - ways true; My soul is full of

CHORUS.

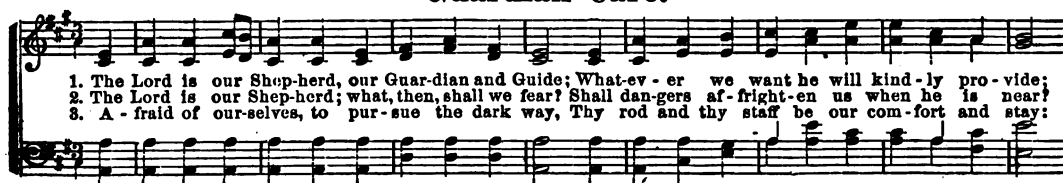


un - der-stand How wea - ri - ly we roam. Heav'n is the Chris-tian's fa - ther-land, Tho'
 beck'n - ing hand, And flash - ing bea - con light. Heav'n, etc.
 long - ing hand, A - cross the sound-ing sea. Heav'n, etc.
 rap - ture grand, To see thy hills in view. Heav'n, etc.

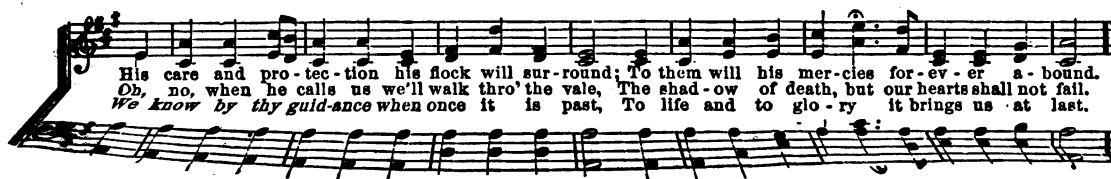


far and wide we roam; Yet, some day, at the King's com-mand, We'll all go home.

Guardian Care.



1. The Lord is our Shep-herd, our Guar-dian and Guide; What-ev - er we want he will kind-ly pro-vide;
 2. The Lord is our Shep-herd; what, then, shall we fear? Shall dan-gers af-fright-en us when he is near?
 3. A - fraid of our-selves, to pur-sue the dark way, Thy rod and thy staff be our com-fort and stay:



His care and pro-tec-tion his flock will sur-round; To them will his mer-cies for-ev - er a-bound.
 Oh, no, when he calls us we'll walk thro' the vale, The shad-ow of death, but our hearts shall not fail.
 We know by thy guid-ance when once it is past, To life and to glo-ry it brings us at last.

Our Treasures.

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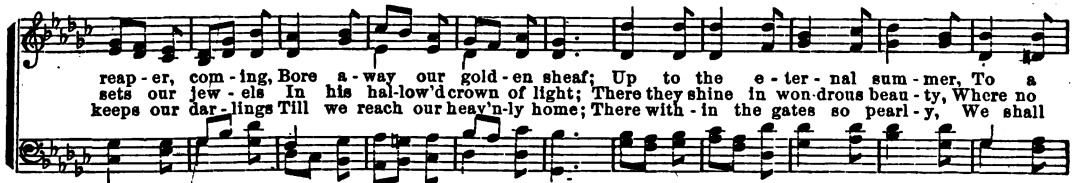
M. E. SERVOS.

(For the funeral of a child.)

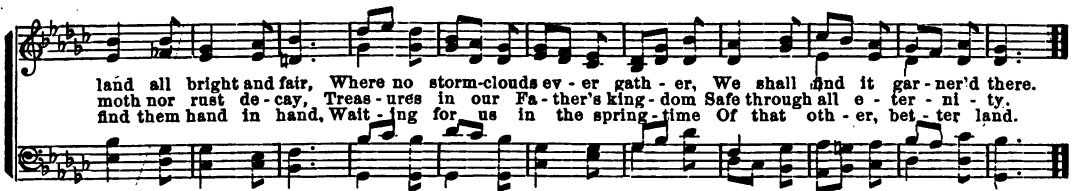
S. W. STRAUB.



1. Gen - tly as the wind of au - tumn Car - ries far the tint - ed leaf, So the an - gel
2. As we weave the au - tumn treas - ures In - to wreaths of col - ors bright, So the Mas - ter
3. As we keep the rich - est leaf - lets Till an - oth - er spring shall come, So our Fa - ther



reap - er, com - ing, Bore a - way our gold - en sheaf; Up to the e - ter - nal sum - mer, To a
sets our jew - els In his hal - low'd crown of light; There they shine in won - drous beau - ty, Where no
keeps our dar - lings Till we reach our heav'n - ly home; There with - in the gates so pearl - y, We shall



land all bright and fair, Where no storm - clouds ev - er gath - er, We shall and it gar - ner'd there.
moth nor rust de - cay, Treas - ures in our Fa - ther's king - dom Safe through all e - ter - ni - ty.
and them hand in hand, Wait - ing for us in the spring - time Of that oth - er, bet - ter land.

Old Hundred.



1. From all that dwell be - low the skies, Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise;
2. E - ter - nal are thy mer - cies, Lord; E - ter - nal truth at - tends thy word;
3. In ev - 'ry land be - gin the song; To ev - 'ry land the strains be - long;



Let the Re - deem - er's name be sung Through ev - 'ry land, by ev - 'ry tongue.
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.
In cheer - ful sounds all voic - es raise, And fill the world with loud - est praise.

In the Shelter of the Rock.

REV. E. HOFFMAN.

S. W. STRAUB, by per.

1. In the shel-ter of the Rock, Je-sus hide me, That no e-vil and no harm May be-tide me.
 2. Neath the shel-ter of the Rock, Lord re-ceive me; When the tem-pests gath-er round, Nev-er leave me.
 3. Shel-ter'd in the o-pen Rock, Fa-ther hear me; With the bless-ings of thy love, Sweet-ly cheer me.
 4. From the shel-ter of the Rock, Fa-ther take me, When the glo-ries of yon heav'n Shall a-wake me.

CHORUS.

In the shel-ter of the Rock, let me rest (let me rest), In the shel-ter of the Rock, let me

rest (let me rest), In the shel-ter of the Rock, In the shel-ter of the Rock, I am blest.

Coronation.

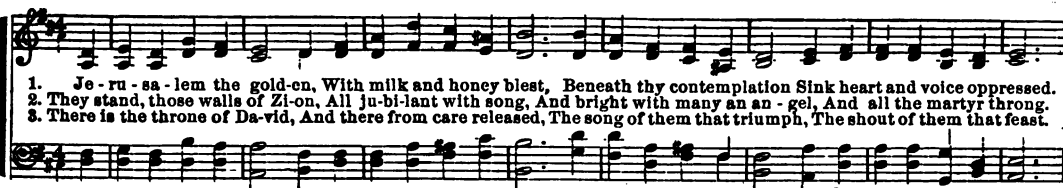
HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name, Let an-gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem,
 2. Let ev-'ry kin-dred, ev-'ry tribe, On this ter-res-trial ball, To him all maj-es-ty as-cribe,
 3. Oh, that with yon-der sa-cred throng, We at his feet may fall; We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song,

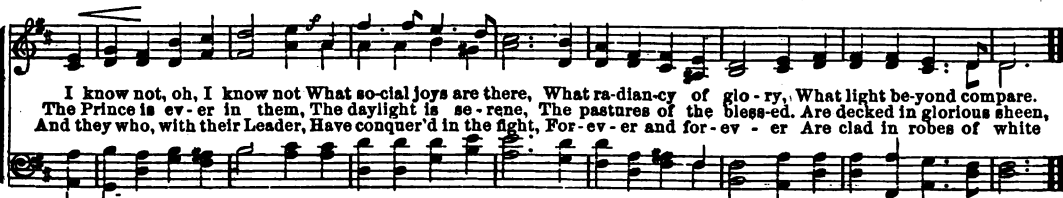
And crown him Lord of all; Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown him Lord of all.
 And crown him Lord of all; To him all maj-es-ty as-cribe, And crown him Lord of all.
 And crown him Lord of all; We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song, And crown him Lord of all.

Jerusalem the Golden.

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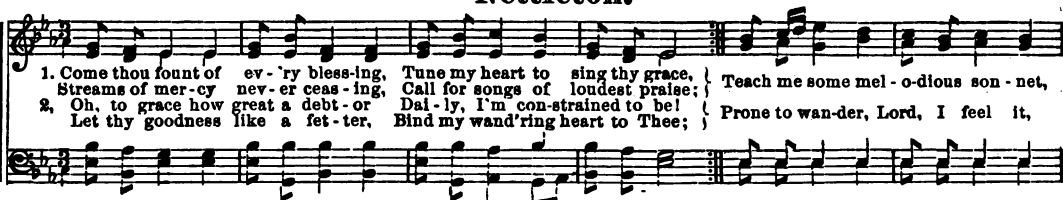


1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold-en, With milk and honey blest, Beneath thy contemplation Sink heart and voice oppressed.
2. They stand, those walls of Zi-on, All ju-bi-lant with song, And bright with many an an - gel, And all the martyr throng.
3. There is the throne of Da-vid, And there from care released, The song of them that triumph, The shout of them that feast.

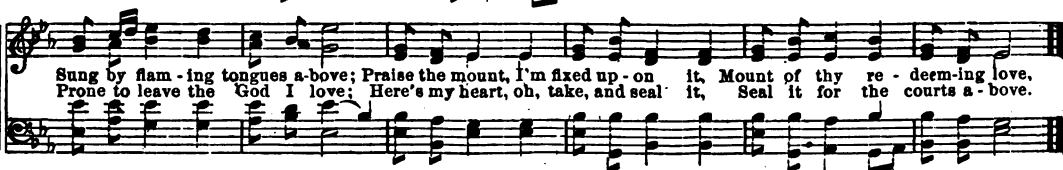


I know not, oh, I know not What so-cial joys are there, What ra-dian-cy of glo-ry, What light be-yond compare.
The Prince is ev-er in them, The daylight is se-rene, The pastures of the bless-ed, Are decked in glorious sheen,
And they who, with their Leader, Have conquer'd in the fight, For-ev-er and for-ev-er Are clad in robes of white

Nettleton.

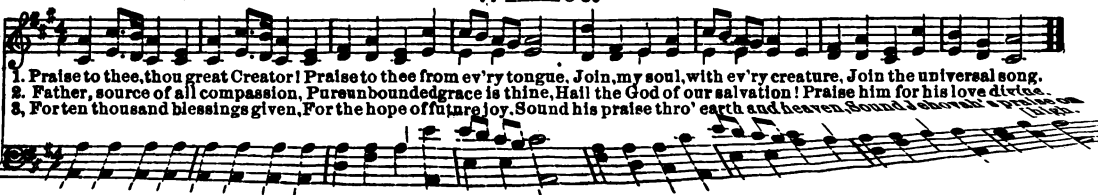


1. Come thou fount of ev-ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace, } Teach me some mel-o-dious son-net,
Streams of mer-cy nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loudest praise; }
2. Oh, to grace how great a debt-or Dal-ly, I'm con-strained to be! } Prone to wan-der, Lord, I feel it,
Let thy goodness like a fet-ter, Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee; }



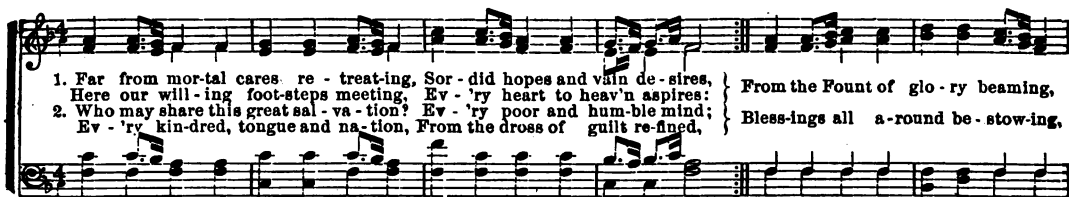
Sung by flam-ing tongues a-bove; Praise the mount, I'm fixed up-on it, Mount of thy re-deem-ing love.
Prone to leave the God I love; Here's my heart, oh, take, and seal it, Seal it for the courts a-bove.

Wilmot.

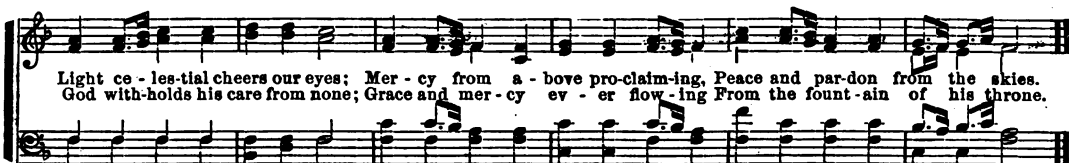


1. Praise to thee, thou great Creator! Praise to thee from ev'ry tongue. Join, my soul, with ev'ry creature, Join the universal song.
2. Father, source of all compassion, Pure unbounded grace is thine, Hail the God of our salvation! Praise him for his love divine.
3. For ten thousand blessings given, For the hope of future joy, Sound his praise thro' earth and heaven, Sound a shout of praise on

Greenville.

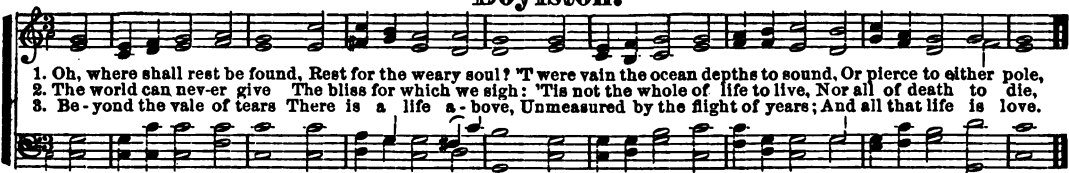


1. Far from mortal cares re - treat-ing, Sor - did hopes and vain de - sires, } From the Fount of glo - ry beaming,
Here our will - ing foot-steps meeting, Ev - 'ry heart to heav'n aspires: }
2. Who may share this great sal - va - tion? Ev - 'ry poor and hum - ble mind; } Bless - ings all a - round be - stow - ing,
Ev - 'ry kin - dred, tongue and na - tion, From the dross of guilt re - fined, }



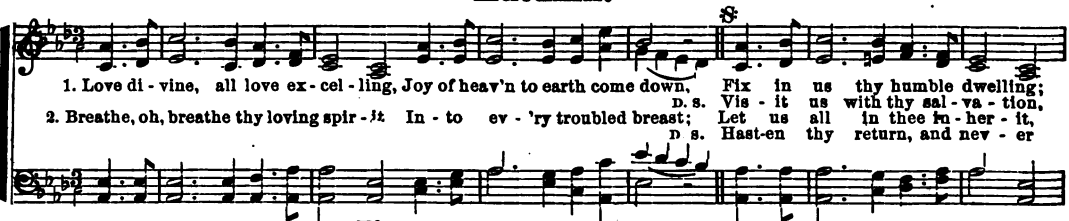
Light ce - les - tial cheers our eyes; Mer - cy from a - bove pro - claim - ing, Peace and par - don from the skies.
God with - holds his care from none; Grace and mer - cy ev - er flow - ing From the fount - ain of his throne.

Boylston.



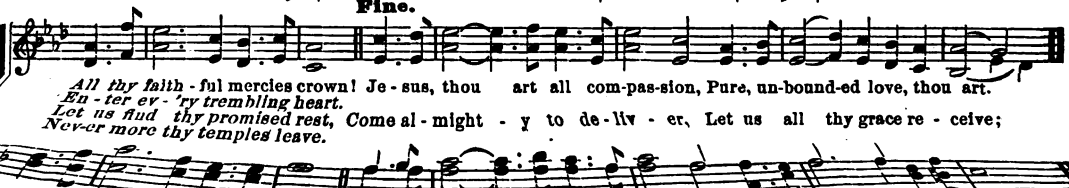
1. Oh, where shall rest be found, Rest for the weary soul? 'T were vain the ocean depths to sound, Or pierce to either pole,
2. The world can never give The bliss for which we sigh: 'Tis not the whole of life to live, Nor all of death to die,
3. Be - yond the vale of tears There is a life a - bove, Unmeasured by the flight of years; And all that life is love.

Autumn.



1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cel - ling, Joy of heav'n to earth come down, Fix in us thy humble dwelling;
2. Breathe, oh, breathe thy loving spir - it In - to ev - 'ry troubled breast; Let us all in thee in - her - it,
D. S. Vis - it us with thy sal - va - tion,
D. S. Hast - en thy return, and nev - er

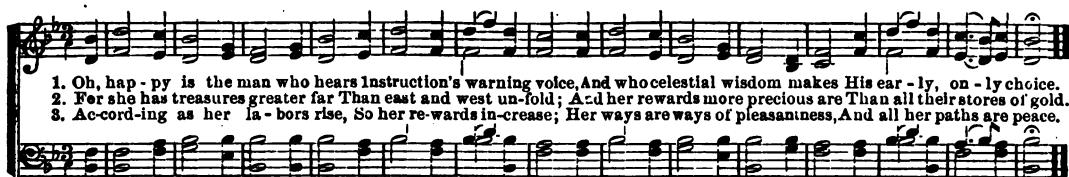
Fine.



All thy faith - ful mercies crown! Je - sus, thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure, un - bound - ed love, thou art.
En - ter ev - 'ry trembling heart.
Let us find thy promised rest, Come al - might - y to de - liv - er, Let us all thy grace re - ceive;
Never more thy temples leave.

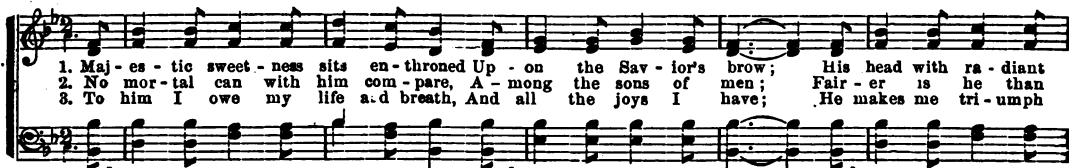
Balerna.

167

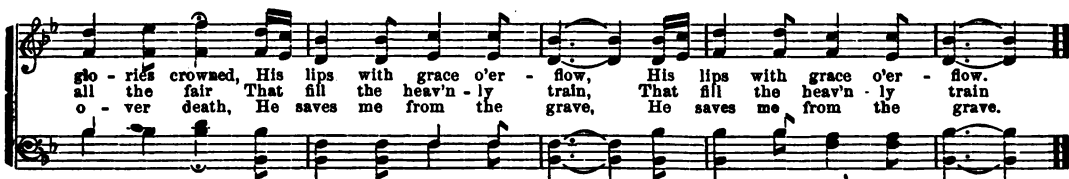


1. Oh, hap - py is the man who hears instruction's warning voice, And who celestial wisdom makes His ear - ly, on - ly choice.
 2. For she has treasures greater far Than east and west un - fold; And her rewards more precious are Than all the stores of gold.
 3. Ac - cord - ing as her la - bors rise, So her re - wards in - crease; Her ways are ways of pleasantness, And all her paths are peace.

Ortonville.

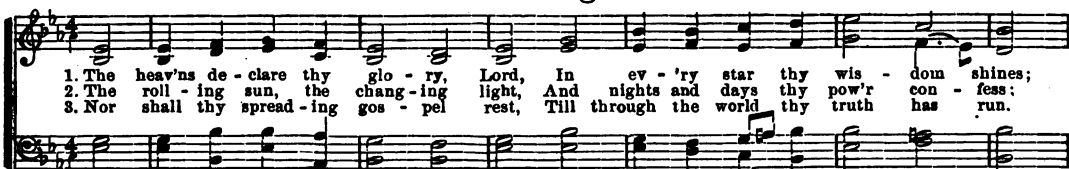


1. Maj - es - tic sweet - ness sits en - throned Up - on the Sav - ior's brow; His head with ra - diant
 2. No mor - tal can with him com - pare, A - mong the sons of men; Fair - er is he than
 3. To him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have; He makes me tri - umph

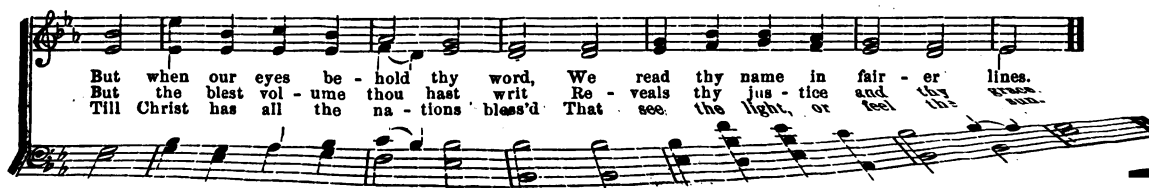


glo - ries crowned, His lips with grace o'er - flow, His lips with grace o'er - flow.
 all the fair That fill the heav'n - ly train, That fill the heav'n - ly train.
 o - ver death, He saves me from the grave, He saves me from the grave.

Uxbridge.



1. The heav'n's de - clare thy glo - ry, Lord, In ev - 'ry star thy wis - dom shines;
 2. The roll - ing sun, the chang - ing light, And nights and days thy pow'r con - fess:
 3. Nor shall thy spread - ing gos - pel rest, Till through the world thy truth has run.



But when our eyes be - hold thy word, We read thy name in fair - er lines.
 But the blest vol - ume thou hast writ Re - veals thy jus - tice and thy grace.
 Till Christ has all the na - tions bless'd That see the light, or feel thy sun.

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